

Bowdoin Orient.

VOLUME IV.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

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Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 6, 1874.

No. 1.

THE ORIENT.

A bark sails forth from a friendly lee,
Her canvas swelled by the rising gale;
The songs of her crew well up from the sea,
And soft the chorus floats over the vale.

Though the raging storms in wrath arise,
And rack her sides with pitiless power,
Lo! the promised bow in the brightening skies
Gives the sailor joy in danger's hour.

Let us hope for the best, whate'er betide;
Perchance as calm as a summer's day
O'er the untried waste our bark may glide,
And anchor drop in the well-known bay.

Prosper our voyage, ye favoring gales!
Trembling and doubt shall assail us no more;
Proudly the ORIENT yields to her sails,
And leaves in the distance the vanishing shore.

OUR GENERAL SOCIETIES.

Coming down to us from the early days of the College, a legacy of the good old time, mingled with legends of the "whispering pines," we have the history of the two societies, Peucinia and Athenæa.

What stirring scenes have been within these halls, once familiar to the tread of a host of those whom the world has since come to know and value!

How many Ciceros to be have risen here, and with trembling limbs supported by some friendly chair, pronounced their first orations!

How many, who in their college days presented these infant libraries with works of favorite authors, have later enriched them with the productions of their own pens.

Longfellow may have here learned to dream those dreams that afterward took living form for our own generation; perhaps Hawthorne was already then musing on the dark problem which he was destined never to solve.

This, however, is not particularly relevant to the subject in hand.

The fact is abundantly demonstrated that there was once a real interest in the exercises of these two rival societies. Alumni speak with a fervor that is not all assumed, of what Athenæa and Peucinia once were and once did; how they contended for eligible candidates; how in their secret assemblies they proposed, weighed, and determined great questions of importance to themselves, to the college, to mankind; how the ties that bound the brothers of either society, entered into their whole college life and intercourse with each other.

Alas, how great the change!

The human heart can not bear the same allegiance to many objects as to a few objects; "our set" is an institution necessitated by the limitations of our nature.

As the grand national union of our sister States, after having so dearly won its independence, so triumphantly established its prosperity, began to be assailed by the influence of narrower, sectional interests, so the broad league which our predecessors had formed, has been weakened and well-nigh broken by a system of more exclusive associations.

The enthusiasm felt for Athenæa and Peucinia to-day, is a mere reflection from the love of their old members, — the ghost of a recollection; their mystic symbols, once the theme

of unnumbered speculations to the uninitiated, are no longer mystic, no longer symbols; the sacred precincts are profaned, and even the ill-omened Yagger may now gain admittance to those sanctuaries from which his polluting footsteps would once have been prevented by a more formidable than Cerberus.

About four years ago, the Bowdoin Association of the East, thinking to arouse a new enthusiasm for these objects of their ancient devotion, offered a prize of fifty dollars, to be contested for annually by members of the two general societies. If any method of procedure could attain the purpose, it might fairly be supposed to be the one adopted.

What has been the result?

Three debates have already been held, we all know with what success. There has been some very good debating; the average has not been above mediocrity; some has been entirely bad.

Why has this been?

Partly because Bowdoin has not abounded in excellent debaters; partly because the best debaters with whom she has been favored, have had no good opportunity of becoming known to the college at large.

The meetings provided for by the constitution of each society, very often have not been held at all, and always when held, except in case of elections, have been very thinly attended; so that when the time of electing disputants for the prize debate comes round, members often vote on a man from once hearing him, or because they have heard some one else say that such a party is reported to be a very good debater. It may be here suspected that the writer is a sorehead in regard to the last election; the most discouraging aspect of the whole matter is that no one cares enough about it to feel sore; not but that the winning of fifty dollars, or half that sum, is a most happy consummation here as well as elsewhere, but because the great majority of students feel themselves incapable of ac-

quitting themselves with credit in such a position.

But while censure must attach to both societies, we would here make a distinction. For the last one or two terms the Athenæan has been in charge of officers who have labored faithfully to put things on a sound basis and in working order. Meetings have been quite regular; the library has been well managed; and finances have been looked after with becoming care. All that regulations can do to give new life has been done, and with considerable success; but it takes mere regular habits and proper hours a long time to renovate a system that has been running down for years. Peucinia meanwhile has been very lax in all these things; two terms have elapsed since the work of re-arranging and cataloguing the library was entered upon, and the work is not yet done. This delay may be chargeable to no one in particular, certainly is to no one alone; the whole society, with one or two exceptions, has shirked. Of course no money could be collected while affairs were in this condition.

Now there are three courses for us in this matter: first, to leave things as they have been, to go to the bad entirely; second, to turn the libraries over to the college,—which could be done only by the consent of the Alumni; third, to make it our duty, individually and collectively, whether officers or not, to see that the duties of the societies are performed and the rules obeyed.

The evils of the first course are very apparent. Nobody will care to join a library association and pay fees for the use of books which he is at perfect liberty to borrow or steal, whenever he wishes to do so. On the other hand, were the libraries given to the College, we should probably not be allowed to take out books for vacation, which is a great benefit; or, if we could retain this privilege, the resigning of our charge at all would be an acknowledgment of our inability to man-

age our own property; nobody respects a man who needs a guardian all his life.

The third is the only course entirely satisfactory, and must, in theory at least, commend itself to all. The late success of *Athenæa* is encouraging. The matter lies in our own hands.

THE SUMNER CLUB.

This is the name of an association that has lately been formed at Bowdoin, having for its object the acquisition of political knowledge. Discussions and essays on political subjects will constitute the exercises. Students from the two upper classes compose the members. No one is debarred from the club by his politics. That it bears the name of Sumner is simply a mark of respect for the man, and not of approbation of any party or creed to which he belonged. In every way, in the objects proposed, and the means of obtaining them, it is worthy of all success. All acknowledge this who are acquainted with it; and yet many say that it is doubtful if it survives the term. In fact, there is danger lest it prove a "*probitas laudatur et—alget.*" It is of no use to deplore such a result; the question is, How shall it be avoided? One thing only is wanted, something that shall awaken an interest sufficient to insure regular attendance and prompt discharge of duties. If members will once carefully examine their present political knowledge, the most of them will seek no further for a motive. They will find that knowledge crude and imperfect, composed of a strange medley of truth and falsehood, and all more or less colored by political dogmas which they have received without question from their fathers. Even those whose knowledge is exact and systematic, who have tested its accuracy and have thought for themselves, will find much of it of a kind that every day renders more and more useless. They know more about Mason and Dixon's line than Free

Trade, more about the Freedmen's Bureau than the Currency. Formerly such a state of things was permitted: now we are come upon different times. New questions yet undecided demand attention. Men are beginning to distrust the old catch-words. They are looking for the dissolution of the old political parties. It is inevitable, and may come before we leave these college walls. When that time does come, we might as well attempt to sell dish water, as to serve up for valuable facts and figures the old political slops which the most of us now possess. The Sumner Club is an attempt to meet this difficulty. By the investigation and discussion of new questions as they arise, it affords its members an opportunity to acquire political knowledge of a kind that is already useful and will soon be absolutely necessary. It is for them to decide whether they will avail themselves of it.

GLASS BREAKING.

Near the close of last term the south end of Maine Hall witnessed a scene well calculated to surprise one unacquainted with college ways. Almost every pane of glass in the hall windows was broken by a few students, while many more stood by laughing and applauding. This is not a rare case, but one of common occurrence. So far as we have ever been able to ascertain, the Faculty do nothing about it except to average the repairs. No one objects to paying his share of the damages, because it is so slight as to be inconsiderable. I object to the act itself and protest against its practice. Such puerile tricks are disgraceful to any one who has arrived at the years of discretion. They are much more so to those who, as in the present instance, are placed by their class seniority in a position to give examples to the rest of the college.

I do not know but I wrong boys in calling these puerile tricks. I know they would dis-

own them. Even that old acquaintance of ours, the child,

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,"

knows enough not to smash his rattle, and to lay aside his straw for future use when he is done with it. It would seem that the philosophic Senior, if he must have an amusement equally simple, might at least copy the child in the rest, and choose one that is cheap and lasting.

I can understand, if I can not now appreciate, the motives of the Sophomore when he smashes glass. He has some vague idea that the reputation of his class and his own honor are at stake, and that he is thus supporting them. I can even believe that the man who stole the College Bible thought he was perpetrating a joke. These men, though mistaken, acted understandingly. I fail utterly, however, to conceive of any motive that can actuate persons, long past the period to which such acts of folly are supposed to belong, to their committal. Their actions are appropriate to that character alone, according to President Hopkins, peculiar to man, who "knoweth not what or why he worketh."

THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

It is becoming a very common practice in our colleges, to dispense with the use of text-books in the study of the Natural Sciences, substituting therefor a system of lectures by the professor. This method must of course have some great merit, else it would not have been adopted by so many of our leading institutions; but, like most of the motives by which college faculties are actuated, the advantages have been most successfully hidden from the student. No doubt there are professors from whose lectures greater benefit can be derived than from the ordinary text-book; but that the same is true of the average instructor, we think there is reason to doubt.

Most of our text-books are written by men long eminent in their profession, which can hardly be said concerning many of those into whose hands it is the lot of the student to fall. Again, though he know his subject thoroughly, it is not every man that is able to present it to a class in a way that will be at once interesting and instructive,—brief, yet lucid. The qualities requisite for a good public lecturer are rare; those for a good college lecturer are no less so; the latter has only this advantage, that his hearers can not leave him when bored, as those of a man who is heard only for the merit of his performance, are allowed to do.

With all deference and humility we would suggest that, before a professor be allowed to experiment upon a class, he be required to give proof of his abilities in that direction by a specimen course upon some new topic, to be delivered before the faculty, who, provided with pencil and paper, will endeavor to jot down the words as they fall from the lecturer's lips; that this be continued daily for about three weeks, after which they will be required to stand examination upon the same with one day's notice. If they pass the "quiz" let them engage the lecturer.

One of our instructors lately said, in speaking of this same thing: "It has been my experience, that when my attention was directed to the point of my pencil, if a difficult point came up, I was unable to take it in."

It is undeniably so. Let the lecturer be ever so able, in order to cover the ground of an ordinary lesson from a text-book, he is obliged to go faster than the student can well follow with his pencil, so that his notes are disconnected, illegible, or even erroneous.

These we presume he is expected to fill out and correct by his reading. But does he do it? Many a man "*studies*" a science for weeks with no text-book nor book of reference but Webster's Dictionary, and uses that but sparingly.

The amount of his knowledge at the end of the term is limited; his notes are then laid away and forgotten—generally lost.

Of course there are certain subjects that can not well be taken up except by lectures, but they are few and constantly growing fewer; whenever it is possible, we think the student who cares to make real progress would choose text-books.

THE VETO.

Once more the man who has sat for the past few years so silently and almost morosely at the White House, deserves the thanks of the country.

Though no statesman or diplomat, he has once more taught traducers and enemies that the path believed to be right is adhered to with unflinching determination.

We have neither space nor inclination to enter upon a discussion of the principles involved in the matter. Let him who wishes to investigate, read the speeches of the upholders of both views, and also the comments of papers throughout the land and world.

No measure passed by both Houses probably ever caused such universal denunciation and reproof among the intelligent classes.

What a sad example is here afforded!

Congress, in direct opposition to the wishes of the whole land,—yea, in opposition to the prayers of millions,—enacted that honor was at a discount; said that which inevitably would have led, by stages of slow decay, to repudiation and ruin.

Between us and that condition simply stood Ulysses S. Grant. With his indecision we fell. But he faltered not. Upon the 22d day of April the greatest act of his life was accomplished, as the gratitude of a nation testifies.

But the best of the whole thing is the part the Press has taken, and the influence it

had upon President Grant. Its utterances have been, throughout the whole affair, of the most candid, able character. It is a credit to us that in all these paper discussions a tone of courtesy somewhat new has been observed. Had there been no press, Inflation would have cursed us with all its evils.

ROSONORA.

The languid river idly rolled
Its waters o'er a bed of gold.

The full-orbed moon with mellow light
Threw beauty on the sleeping night,

And silvered with encircling ray
The rugged walls of castle grey,

That, since the days of knightly dream,
Had stood beside the quiet stream.

A fair young girl—so legends tell—
Once bloomed within this winsome dell.

Sweet ROSONORA! the wild rose
With less of grace and beauty grows!

Alas! how soon her life's young day
In all its brightness passed away!—

One lovely eve, the castle's hall
Was thronged with guests—her birth-night ball.

A clustering group of flowers rare
Had met her gaze that morning fair,

Which, growing by the river's side,
In beauty bent them o'er the tide:

And, as her maid's arranging hand
Among her dark curls drew a band

Of sparkling gems, a fancy came,
A wreath of those wild flowers to frame.

With girlish haste she quickly found
The waving clusters—but the ground

Gave way! No echo told the tale,
As o'er her closed the river pale.

Changed was the scene in that gay hall!
For festive-mirth—the gloomy pall.

Still rolls as then the river cold;
Still is the tale by peasant told,

Though time has measured in his flight
Long ages since that fatal night.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

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(The first number of the ORIENT for the
new year is sent to all old subscribers, and
will be continued, unless ordered to be
stopped. All communications should be
directed to "BOWDOIN ORIENT, Brunswick,
Me. Box 1131.")

AN INTRODUCTION.

If in this article you think to find anything
of ability or of research, then turn away and
read not a word, for this is simply a familiar
little talk about nothing, simply an — Intro-

duction. As books are preceded by prefaces
never read, as animals go through certain
strange movements when first they meet, as
men chatter about nothing when introduced,
so we propose to do, and say a few words of
no importance.

After this first dip of the editorial pen we
pause for breath, and glance out upon the
College grounds. We see a man. We look
at him. He does not look at us. We wonder
about what he is thinking. The conviction
forces itself upon us that the man doesn't
care particularly whether this is the first or
forty-first dip of the editorial pen. In fact he
looks as though he were indifferent regarding
the mighty thoughts rushing through our
heads in such rapid succession that it is im-
possible to commit them to paper. Has that
man a heart? Yes, and in all probability he
is but a representative of the world at large,
which goes its bustling, noisy way, uncon-
scious that at this moment one of the editors
of the ORIENT is endeavoring to write an
introduction for the year.

But for us this is really an occasion of
much importance. We appreciate the fact
that for one year we are to relate to Bowdoin's
students, alumni, and friends her joys and
sorrows, her successes and failures. If the
numbers of our literary world are few, they
are rendered many and critical through love,
and a desire to discharge the trust reposed in
us as well as in us lies. Hence, as we make
our bow, with an adroit movement, one hand
is placed beneath our coat tails, and a placard
bearing the word CHARITY is thrust in view of
the audience.

To the able Board of Editors going — or
gone — out, we, as underclassmen, extend
heartly thanks for the high-toned and inter-
esting manner in which the ORIENT has been
conducted for the past year; and in doing
this we feel that the unanimous voice of the
College is expressed. May the shadow of
that Board never grow less.

The Spring again is here. Once more the ball and bat are taken from the dusty closet, and the faithful old Delta patiently bears the tramp of hurrying feet, while the indolent sit upon the fence and commune with the youthful population of the town. Even as this is written shouts arise from the group assembled to witness the first match of the season between the two lower classes.

The Summer comes. The time when we walk lazily down to the sluggish Androscoggin, and comment, those of us who never sat in shell, upon the prospects and appearance of the crew, as the strong glide swiftly by. The oars enter the water with splash and splutter, but emerge gently and quietly, while the falling drops seem to tinkle, "Peace," "Peace." Charmed by the beauty of the scene, we are almost lulled to sleep, but the voices of comrades in words more forcible than choice, reminding us of supper, dispel the happy state.

Fall. Now the familiar song, accompanied by the melody of dropping, rustling leaves, floats sweetly over Campus.

Winter. Not "of our discontent," but of pleasant social gatherings.

These are our pleasures, but amid them all there are duties, feelings of preparation for life-work.

To strengthen these feelings, to aid these duties, will be not the least of our labors; and if at the end of the year we can be assured that this has been done, or a student cheered and blessed for a moment amid perplexities; that an alumnus has been reminded of pleasant hours spent here; that a friend has learned to respect and love our College; then, if these satisfactions are experienced, the remembrances of ORIENT work will be surrounded by almost a holy light, and all blots and erasures of the editorial page will be illumined and made glorious through the good.

Two members have been added to the Faculty, and one subtracted.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The editorial handkerchief is always ready to do its best in wiping away the tears of any crying evil connected with the college. We are not, however, always ready to vouch for its cleanness. If any one is not satisfied, we offer them our sheet itself.

The forty-second annual convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, will be held in Albany, Wednesday and Thursday, May 13th and 14th, under the auspices of the Union Chapter. L. H. Kimball, C. F. Kimball, W. Pulsifer, and E. H. Kimball, are delegates from the Bowdoin chapter.

The reason why. It seems from the editor's own mouth that the reason why no notice of the last Senior and Junior Exhibition appeared in that dashing exponent of Brunswick's secular condition, was because the programmes of said exhibition were printed in Lewiston. Hereafter, committees on all such occasions will know, if they desire to curry a notice, they must obtain their printing in town; but if they prefer to be a little independent, let them look elsewhere for such jobs. *Transact in exemplum.*

LOCAL.

The meanest thing out—a coal fire.

The students have returned *en masse* this term.

Seth L. Larrabee has been appointed captain of the artillery drillists.

The Juniors are studying Botany, under the instruction of A. G. Whitman.

During the short vacation, Brunswick was favored with eight or nine hibernal visitations.

The *Graphic* is the best patronized by students of any paper in the College Reading Room.

The student who bet promiscuously on Dawes, has lost all faith in politics, as well as his appetite for oysters.

Read Prof. J. B. Sewall's article on "Paper Money in America," published in the *Congregationalist* of Thursday, April 16th, 1874.

College Bible, Verse 9, Chapter ii.: "And a new commandment I give unto you—that ye call at the office and settle your term bills."

The ivy planted by '74 no longer lingers. '75 will try their hand at it, unless there is need of one more experiment upon that devoted class.

The worst instance of blind cheek is that of the student who sought an excuse for the avoidance of the vicissitudes of church going on the ground of religious scruples.

F. C. Robinson of '73 has been appointed Assistant Professor in Chemistry, in place of Prof. R. L. Packard, who has accepted a position under government at Washington.

It was with plaintive voice, and after nature, disturbed by unwonted feelings, had performed the whale's legended feat, that the Freshman sung:—

"It was my *first* eigar!"

The firm of Messrs. Briggs & Standish, booksellers, is doing a rushing business. He who, for the last seventy years, has "turned an honest penny" that way, mourns in his desolate shop and thinks of the days that are no more.

The Senior and Junior Exhibition passed off very creditably to all concerned. The various parts were well written and delivered, and listened to by an interested and appreciative audience. More especially were the Greek, German, and Latin versions instructive and amusing.

If the proprietor of that cow, which the same haunts the campus, does not remove her, he will be obliged to furnish her with a new nose whereby to dig for the grass roots, which are yet in embryo.

At a special meeting of the Peucinian Society, held at the close of last term, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected disputants for the St. Croix prize: Ferguson Hunter of '74, Hill of '75.

Hurrah! hurrah! Peucinia!

Bright beams for aye her blazing star!

If she is judged by twelve good men,

She'll wind Ath'eneans up again.

The books of Peucinia have been re-arranged and classified, and the library is now in fine running order.

The programme for drill this term is rather a pleasing one, for some at least. The Seniors—happy Seniors!—have hastened at the sound of that stern trumpet for the last time. The Juniors, if we understand it rightly, are to have artillery drill every third day, alternating with lectures on the science of war, and *field practice* in throwing up fortifications. The two lower classes are to be "put through" the infantry tactics for yet a little while. They are divided into two companies, under charge of the following officers, appointed by Major Sanger: Co. A—Captain, F. C. Payson; 1st Lieutenant, J. A. Morrill; 2d Lieutenant, F. M. Stimson; 1st Sergeant, O. C. Stevens; 2d Sergeant, W. A. Robinson; 3d Sergeant, W. Alden; 4th Sergeant, O. C. Gordon; 1st Corporal, W. H. G. Rowe; 2d Corporal, Bion Wilson; 3d Corporal, ———. Co. B—Captain, C. S. Andrews; 1st Lieutenant, J. G. Libby; 2d Lieutenant, C. H. Clark; 1st Sergeant, C. A. Whittemore, 2d Sergeant, E. B. Newcomb; 3d Sergeant, F. R. Kimball; 4th Sergeant, J. H. Payne; 1st Corporal, G. F. Pratt; 2d Corporal, C. G. Burnham; 3d Corporal, C. G. Wheeler. All of these officers are chosen from the Sophomore class.

Members of the Senior and Junior Classes met for the purpose of organizing a political club, near the end of last term. A constitution and by-laws were drawn up and adopted. It was voted that the club should be named after the late and much respected Charles Sumner. The object of this club is that the students may become better acquainted with the affairs of our government. It is a most surprising fact that the majority of our students know comparatively nothing of the doings of our legislatures and of Congress. It is hoped that the Faculty and friends of the college will manifest some interest in this movement, and that this club may become a permanent organization. It is quite essential that young men who are just stepping out into active life, should have some understanding of the political questions of the day—questions that our most able statesmen have not been able to master, and over which they are still debating. It is also hoped that we shall be able to make arrangements by which we can procure all speeches and information from the headquarters of government, that may be useful for our purposes. The officers elected for the present term are as follows: President, S. V. Cole; Vice President, F. B. Osgood; Secretary, S. C. Whitmore; Treasurer, Myles Standish; Nominating Committee, G. B. Wheeler, C. H. Hunter, E. H. Hall; Executive Committee, A. G. Bradstreet, C. J. Palmer, H. G. Briggs.

The Sophomore class at the Wesleyan University "embraces four young ladies." An appreciative exchange thinks that it would be more conducive to comfort if there was one apiece all round.

Dramatis persone: Two students, meeting on the street. First Student—"What's the matter with Jim? I haven't seen him in a long while." Second Student—"He's sick." First Student—"Well, where's Bob? is he sick too?" Second Student—"No! he's *sorry* for Jim."—*Vidette.*

The following Regulations, adopted by the Boards at their recent meeting, are announced for the information of all concerned.

ROOM RENT.

On and after Commencement in 1874, the rent of rooms shall be charged according to the following schedule:—

	Winthrop Hall, ROOMS.	Maine Hall, ROOMS.	Appleton Hall, ROOMS.
\$75 00	21, 22, 23, 24	5, 8	
70 00	8, 25, 26	6, 21, 22	21, 22
65 00	5, 6, 27, 28	11, 12, 24	5, 8, 23, 24, 25, 26
60 00	11, 12	9, 25, 26	27, 28
50 00	9, 10, 29, 30	10, 27, 28	6, 9, 11, 12
45 00	31, 32	15, 16	10, 17, 18
40 00	19	29, 30	3, 4, 19, 20
35 00	15, 16	13, 14	1, 2, 29, 30
30 00	13, 14	31, 32	13, 14, 15, 16, 31, 32

The price is for the whole room for one year, and includes the daily care of the room.

Students may retain their rooms through the course.

TERM BILLS.

Term Bills are due at the close of each term, and if not paid at the commencement of next term, interest shall be charged at current rates. On the fifteenth day after the commencement of each term, the Treasurer shall send to the Faculty a list of delinquents, and no person on such list shall be allowed to attend recitations until his dues are paid. No student shall be admitted to a higher class till all his term bills are paid, except in special cases by permission of the President and Finance Committee. If payment is unwarrantably delayed the Treasurer shall put the bond in suit.

This regulation will take effect at the close of the present term.

JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN, *President.*

March 31st, 1874.

Professor—"Can you give an early instance where men were warned against the evils of paper currency?" Student—"Yes, sir: the disciples were warned to take no *scrip* for their journey."—*Advocate.*

EDITORS' TABLE.

In the last number of the *ORIENT*, one We said good-bye; now another We wishes our Exchanges prosperity. As our acquaintance is short, our remarks may have a value as first impressions.

The first on our table, the *University Herald*, mentions fault having been found with the students, that the young ladies and gentlemen "snuggled down so closely" in the reading-room. That this should be the case furnishes proof to the arguments against mixed colleges. All our dreams of Arcadian simplicity in them have vanished since we find that snuggling has to be prohibited.

We hope that the *Madisonensis* will obtain a new board of editors, so that it will not expire; if the advice given by that journal is heeded, we fear no trouble. It speaks of our whiskey quotations, and says that "the women crusaders look with suspicion on the *ORIENT* because it was managed by *Good-ale*." Now that Goodale is no longer on the board, and all ale is prohibited, they have no reason for suspicion.

The *Amherst Student* gives a statement of the finances of that college, which shows that, in the light of Mr. Micawber's philosophy, they are not happy. If rumor is to be credited, were the statement concerning this college published, we should be in sackcloth and ashes, as everything now looks as if we were waiting for "something to turn up." We notice an article on "Choosing a Profession," as being very good, and hope we may have a continuation of it.

The *Harvard Advocate* has some very good poetry in it. Its department of exchanges seems to be very well edited; we notice especially a criticism on the *Hamilton Lit.*, which we think is a model in its way.

The *Yale Courant* is full of Yale items, and a discussion which we did not follow. Its

exchange editor seems to have hit the peculiarities of its exchanges in a very happy manner.

The *Chronicle* has an article on "The Student's Diet," which recommends lunch at noon and a hearty meal about five o'clock, as students generally do their hardest work in the evening.

The first number of the *Crescent* contains a poem by Will Carleton.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'46.—J. S. H. Fogg is practicing medicine in South Boston.

'46.—C. H. Emerson is located as preacher at Creighton, Neb.

'49.—G. A. Perkins is acting pastor of the Congregational Church at Pownal, Me.

'54.—C. M. Herrin has a very extensive law practice at Houlton.

'60.—W. G. Frost has retired from the practice of medicine, and has moved from Freeport to Bath, where he has opened an apothecary store.

'63.—W. E. Green is residing at Stockton, Cal., and holds the position of Judge of County and, *ex officio*, of Probate Court, San Juanquin County.

'67.—N. Gray left Portland a short time ago, and is practicing law with C. C. Powers of '69, at No. 28 School street, Boston.

'67.—F. K. Smyth is Principal of the Freeport High School.

'69.—H. S. Whitman is Chase Professor of Ancient Languages at Dean Academy.

'70.—C. A. Page is teaching the Warren High School.

'70.—D. S. Alexander severed his connection with the *Daily Gazette* of Fort Wayne,

on the first of March, having been its managing editor for nearly a year. The efficient manner in which he performed his editorial work may be inferred from the following complimentary paragraph taken from the editorial columns of the *Daily Sentinel*, which has always been opposed to the *Gazette* in politics and nearly everything else: "As will be seen in a card published in the *Daily Gazette*, D. S. Alexander, Esq., has withdrawn from its editorial management. Mr. Alexander, by his energy and ability as a writer, has done much to place our morning contemporary high among the journals of Indiana, and though he may have an able successor, the vigor of his pen and the general enthusiasm which he instilled into his journal will never be forgotten by its many readers. We regret to lose him from the editorial fraternity of this city, but we hope he will speedily attach himself to some metropolitan organ, where petty influences will not interfere with the scope of his editorial ability. Though we have had occasion to differ with Mr. Alexander, our differences have all been generated in the course of editorial duties, to be dropped as soon as they were done. We wish our friend the highest success and honors of editorial life."

'73.—H. C. Chapman has just been appointed Principal of the Brunswick High School.

CONVENTION OF THE PSI UPSILON FRATERNITY.

The forty-first annual convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity was held yesterday in the rooms of the Historical Society, under the auspices of the Lambda Chapter of Columbia College. Mr. Julian Davies, of the Class of 1866, presided, and the Secretary was Mr. C. R. Buckley, of the Class of 1874. The delegates present were: Theta Chapter, Union College, Edward Alexander; Delta, Univers-

ity of New York, S. L. Beckley, R. W. Stevenson, and J. F. Russell, Jr.; Beta, Yale College, R. W. Kelley, William Kelley, C. F. Colter, Samuel Isham, and C. F. Russ; Sigma, Brown University, Wm. D. Howland; Gamma, Amherst College, George W. Atwell, Edmund R. Smith, and George F. Forbes; Zeta, Dartmouth College, Clarence M. Pierce; Lambda, Columbia College, C. R. Conger, F. W. Hinricks, and Dubois Smith; Kappa, Bowdoin College, R. A. Gray, Wm. H. Moulton, and L. A. Rogers; Psi, Hamilton College, C. Hemenway, P. H. Smith, Jr., and C. S. Truacks; Xi, Wesleyan University, D. Dorchester and A. Underhill; Upsilon, University of Rochester, Wm. H. Nichols; Omega, University of Chicago, Charles Otis; Phi, University of Michigan, James W. Barrett.

The fraternity was established at Union College in 1833. The membership is at present about 350, and yesterday there were present members whose standing dated back as far as 1838.

In the afternoon about 100 members of the fraternity assembled at Delmonico's, on Twelfth street, Fifth avenue, where the annual dinner was served up. Judge Van Vorst presided. Among those present were Judge Sedgwick, John G. Saxe, John C. Smith, W. Robinson, Waldo Hutchings, Malcolm Campbell, P. C. Smith, and other prominent members of the society. When the cloth was removed, the following toasts were given and appropriately responded to: "Our Fraternity," "Divinity," "Law," "Medicine," "Sister Chapters," &c. Judge Van Vorst, J. G. Saxe, W. Mitchell, and P. C. Smith, were among the principal speakers of the evening.—*New York Times*, Apr. 9th.

Let's have an Inter-collegiate "sing." We respectfully suggest Terra del Fuego as the place of holding the same.—*University Herald*.

Scene: Two Juniors quizzing each other on Geology. Mr. J.—“Mr. W., what would you compare a stratum to?” Mr. W.—“The most direct comparison I think would be a *hen*.” Mr. J. (nonplussed)—“A what do you say?” Mr. W.—“I say a *hen*, sir, because it is a *layer*.”—*College Herald*.

Scene: Class of young ladies. Teacher —“Why is the age at which members can be admitted to the House of Representatives limited to twenty-five years?” Young lady —“I suppose young men do not arrive at the age of discretion until twenty-five.” Immense laughter. Visitors from Amherst mightily discomfited.—*Amherst Student*.

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Brunswick for—

Augusta—8.25 A.M.; 2.40 and 6.55 P.M.; 1.55 A.M. (Pull.)

Bangor—2.40 P.M.; 1.55 A.M. (Pull.)

Bath—7.40 and 8.25 A.M.; 1.20, 2.40, 4.50 and 6.55 P.M.

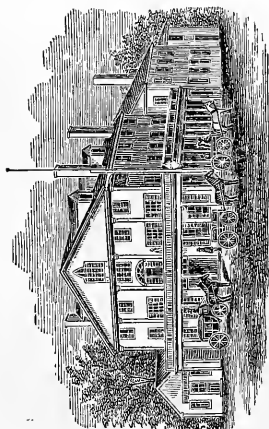
Boston—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 and 4.40 P.M.; 12 M. (Pull.)

Farmington—2.40 P.M.

Lewiston—7.40 A.M.; 2.40 and 6.55 P.M.

Portland—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 and 4.40 P.M.; 12 M. (Pull.)

Waterville—2.40 P.M.; 1.55 A.M. (Pull.)



TONTINE HOTEL

S. B. HARMON, Proprietor.

Bowdoin College.

The means of instruction in this College have recently been largely increased, so as to meet the wants of all classes of students. The following is the present organization:—

1. The regular Classical Course: which is that pursued in the leading American Colleges.
2. The Scientific Course: which has been shaped to meet the demand of modern times, special prominence being given to the Natural and Physical Sciences, and to Modern Languages.
3. A complete course in Engineering, Civil and Mechanical, affording the best facilities for theoretical and practical study.
4. Arrangements are made for Post-Graduate Studies, to be extended through two years, affording a substantial basis for technical and literary Professions. Instruction can now be given in the following lines of advanced study: 1st, Languages and English Literature. 2d, Natural History. 3d, Chemistry and its applications. 4th, Engineering. 5th, Jurisprudence and Political Science.
5. The Medical School of Maine is connected with this College, and is in a flourishing condition.
6. Instruction will be given in Military Science by an accomplished officer of the United States Army.
7. Special students, not candidates for a degree, will be received in cases where it may be thought advantageous to the student.
8. Graduates of other colleges, or other students whose proficiency will warrant it, will be received into the Post-Graduate Course.

ANNUAL EXPENSES.

Tuition, \$75. Room rent (average), \$25. Incidentals, \$20. Board in town from \$110 to \$150.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 20, 1874.

No. 2.

[From the *University Quarterly*. Furnished through the kindness of
C. H. WELLS.]

A COLLEGE TALE.

BY T. B. READ.

In the archives of Bowdoin—meaning by archives, in this case, the garret of Maine Hall—is to be seen an old and faded flag. On a ground of white is a bristling swine, done in dubious brown. Astride this fierce animal, holding on by the ears, is a full-uniformed military officer. Above his head is the awful inscription, "Bowdoin's First Heat." Thereby hangs a tale. Deeming that the history of Maine would be incomplete without the recital, we venture, at our peril, to take up this story of demi-gods and heroes.

As early as 1820, the students were annually warned to appear "armed and equipped as the law directs." Accordingly, being incorporated into the town company, they occasionally improved the good-nature of the inhabitants by choosing under their astonished noses, students as chief officers. Besides this, they indulged, say excellent old ladies, with suitable unction, in other "highly unbecoming and indecorous tricks." It is credible, also, judging what is past by what is present, that there was no lack of practical jokes. At last, it being rather too much for the townspeople to endure, the legislature passed a bill exempting students from military duty. Then did peace, like the dews of evening, settle once more upon Brunswick. Its citizens rejoiced in warlike dignities. They became corporals and lieutenants and captains, and were happy. Unconscious innocents! little knowing the future and the bellying cloud of disaster above. But the military spirit was on the increase throughout the state. Valorous individuals

talked of slaughter, and of glory won on tented field. "Our people must become citizen-soldiery. It is the only safety for a free people; the only bulwark of our free institutions." And the valorous individuals went on, as ever, conquering and to conquer. As the result of all this, in 1836, it seemed good to the legislature of Maine to pass a law requiring students to train. It seemed good to them, also, to make sarcastic remarks indicative of contempt, which was not wise. This act, contrary to custom, went into effect soon after it was passed. Of course there was commotion in college. Stump oratory was rampant. Every man with the gift of language and ability to collect together six others, gave vent to sentiments of rebellion in firm and determined tones, and backed them by irrefutable arguments. But it is a singular fact, that irrefutable arguments do not always hold sway in this world, nor prevent warrants from coming. Every student was summoned; sick or well, present or absent, it made no difference. For the selectmen were efficient and determined to sacrifice all things to duty—having an eye likewise to the fines. The collegians, finding that stump oratory came to little, held a meeting, heard speeches, passed resolutions of a complimentary nature, and determined to train. From that time it seemed as if college had become a barrack. "Forward, march," "Right and left oblique," were the only sounds to be heard. At dinner, instead of peaceful request to pass the potatoes, rang the warlike command to march down that detachment of beef-steak, or order out that platoon of potatoes, or squadron of pie. Meantime, active preparation went on behind the scenes. Only sometimes, by glancing at the windows, you

might see "hideous forms shrinking from sight," and fancy college had turned menagerie and all the animals got loose.

At length came on the eventful day. The roll of war-drums and roar of artillery heralded and ushered in the dawn. The rays of the rising sun slanted across the baleful banners flung from the peaceful halls of learning. The village spire, forgetting to point heavenward, draped its summit in the folds of a fearful flag, on which you might have read the soul-inspiring, foe-disheartening "BELLUM." The sun reached the zenith. From all quarters the motley crowd poured into the college grounds. Every man was a masterpiece. The ingenuity of weeks had not been put forth in vain. Some glowered in painted faces. Masks transformed some into fantastic demons. Gorgeous whiskers, putting to shame all the music teachers for miles around, bristled on the cheeks of the "mailed minions" of war. Through huge goggles leered the mocking images of old age, and around sides shaking with laughter were tied melancholy badges of despair. The head gear was equally varied. Broad-brimmed beavers, smart cocked hats, hats of every size, shape, and fashion, from a clown's bag to a general's *chapeau*, topped heads brimming with wisdom. Plumes of all styles—of old rope, feathers, brooms, and brushes—waved from tin caps and *chapeaux de bras*. One Peucinian, worthy even of our time, mounted a helmet of bark, from which floated down the majestic pine bough—"pinos loquentes semper." For arms they bore claymores and cimeters, iron or wooden, rusty guns rendered trustworthy by padlocks, handspikes, poleaxes, scythes, bayonets, spears, case-knives, brooms, and saws. And had the calculus been born into the world, that "sublime instrument" would have adorned every hand. As for body equipments, every battle-field from Bannockburn to Queenstown seemed to have stripped its dead and furnished its share. No eye ever

before beheld such motley groups. All the nations and tribes, from Lapland to Australia, were mimicked and caricatured to perfection. Thus the crowd stood, each convulsed with laughter at the comical costume of the other: And thus equipped, they were marshalled in order of classes, the Pandean and Pandowdy musical bands marching in the van, beneath a flag inscribed, "The de'il cam' fiddlin' through the town." The medical class followed with a banner bearing an armed skeleton, surrounded by the motto, "*Magna est Medicina et praevalēbit.*" The Seniors and Juniors carried the flag we have already described. The Sophomores were cheered on by the goddess of Victory and Death, with the motto, "*Dulce et decorum pro patria mori,*" and the Freshmen by a jack-ass rampant, and beneath him, "The Sage Ass, what made the LAW."

[Concluded in next issue.]

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

Notwithstanding "new departures" our college curriculum is still, in some respects, a good exemplification of Herbert Spencer's remark, that "among mental as among bodily acquisitions, the ornamental comes before the useful." Ample provision is made for the study of Latin, Greek, French, and German, while Italian and Spanish are optional. Term after term, and year after year, we are drilled upon these languages, of which two are already dead, and as to the remaining the most of us are likely to be in a similar condition before we shall have any occasion to speak them.

Instruction in English Grammar there is none. This is attributable to one of two things; either to some tradition, originating in that remote time when men were ashamed to speak their mother tongue and handed down from generation to generation among the Faculty, that the English is a low and barbarous language; or to the fact that the student is supposed to be already a proficient in this

department of study. As our professors themselves converse chiefly in English, and encourage its use among the students, I presume I may safely reject the first hypothesis.

What, then, shall I say of the proficiency of the student? With regard to the Classical Course this is purely a supposition. No attempt is made to test its truth. A successful examination in English Grammar is not one of the requisites to admission. In the Scientific Course some pretense of such an examination is made. But one need attend only a few recitations to see how insufficient it is, how utterly it has failed to exclude those ignorant of English Grammar. Here it is that the full measure of the evil first becomes apparent. Men who can give with ease all the parts of irregular Greek and German verbs, hesitate and blunder when asked to do the same in English. The Latin Subjunctive, with all its uses, is like an old acquaintance to some who are comparative strangers to our Potential. This is of such frequent occurrence that one of our professors once remarked that he was tempted to discontinue the recitation and give a few lessons in English.

I do not speak against the study of other languages, and I trust I fully appreciate the aid given by them to the understanding of our own. Broad generalizations and great laws can be deduced from wide observation and experience, that can be obtained in no other way. There is also a pleasure in tracing out the analogy of language that imparts to our English studies, when we do pursue them, a zest which the illiterate can never know. But all this is merely subsidiary: it can never take the place of a thorough, systematic drill in the first principles of English Grammar.

It is one thing to call attention to an evil; it is another, and often a much more difficult thing, to discover a suitable remedy. In this case two ways are open, either to make some provision for instruction in this study during

the college course, or to make so thorough an examination in it as to preclude the possibility of gross ignorance being a successful candidate, one of the requisites of admission. The latter course has many things to recommend it over the former. Any addition made to the present curriculum would necessitate the crowding out of some other study, or the devotion of less time to each. Either course is alike to be deprecated. Neither our studies as a whole, nor the time allotted to each of them will permit of any curtailment. On the other hand, the standard of the college is raised with the requirements. These are already far too low. Every addition to them is a step in advance for Old Bowdoin.

This study properly belongs to the period of fitting, in order that throughout his whole course the student may possess knowledge so fundamental as this. As it is now, some of our themes must present remarkable instances of what one of our professors was polite enough to call "poetical constructions." Boys often begin to fit for college so young that what little English their head contains generally drops out as other, and doubtless in their opinion greater, things drop in. What does that matter to them? it is not a part of their fit; it is not required. So they go on grubbing up and storing away old Greek and Latin roots, all unconscious that they want the most essential part of a good education. Some even leave college without being fully aware of the extent of their loss. The class laughs at their blunders and they think this kind no more serious than the hundred others made in every recitation. Once among men, however, in society, in the pulpit, at the bar, and one of those little mistakes will cause a loss that no accomplishments and no eloquence can retrieve.

Here I rest my case, fully satisfied if I have drawn sufficient attention to the subject to provoke more ample discussion and inquiry. These will discover the truth of the matter, and, that once known, action must follow.

7. A. 5

OUR PECULIAR VICE.

One of the most dangerous fallacies into which the student is likely to fall, is the idea that mental labor is an exercise to be avoided whenever possible.

The tendency seems to be to consider as the chief end of man, to try, not how much it is possible to do in life, but how little it is possible to do and live. Acting on this principle, the collegian, after having fixed upon some profession or business which he intends to follow, sees no use in studies that do not tend directly toward fitting him for that particular vocation. The prospective physician finds no good in Calculus, nor the engineering student in Greek.

Now, if the dislike for these studies originates in a real desire to employ the time devoted to them in the prosecution of such other studies as will directly equip one for his chosen profession; if the engineer cares to be nothing but an engineer; the merchant nothing but a merchant; the loafer nothing but a loafer, it is all well, but a college is not the place for them.

It is not of such that we are to speak; there is a far more numerous class, and a far less excusable condition; we have in mind those who come to college with the intention of standing well in their classes, of doing faithful work, and of graduating with honor.

But a new experience awaits them; they meet, perhaps for the first time, opponents whose ability and ambition are equal to or even greater than their own. Victory is not so easy as it seemed to the imagination of the recent graduate from the High School or Seminary. So after a short struggle he discovers that Greek is hard, and not much used in modern conversation; that Logic is hard, and no great help in the ball room; that Calculus is hard, and many men have been great and honored without it,—in short that College is a mistake. His views change; he won't be a "plug"; he will be one of those who could be smart if he had the inclination.

So he settles down into a listless, apathetic state, ponies his Greek, ponies his Latin, reads his Analytics, smokes his pipe, peruses Charles Reade, and promenades the street, waiting to be out of college so that he can do something and show the world what he is. It is true that he can point you to many examples of brilliant men who wasted their college course, but whose after life has entirely redeemed them.

Granted; but such men were either of great natural endowments, or there came a time at last when they recognized the value of work and bent themselves to it. Since exertion is distasteful, we have only the hope that we are born to become famous. But it is exceedingly hazardous for the average man to rest on his oars and wait for the flood-tide of genius to turn the current and bear him without effort up the stream. The great probability is, that he will be grounded on the flats, and find himself obliged to dig clams for the rest of his life; while those who put their trust in a "white ash breeze," will be making slow but sure progress toward the wished-for haven.

Again, suppose a man to have talents, still there is no good reason why study will not improve him. If any man has attained eminence, after throwing away the first part of his life, he has done so in spite of his early course, not because of it; if we have not his abilities, we certainly cannot afford to imitate his errors.

College education is designed to give a general culture, to develop a man in all his powers, and fit him to bring to bear upon whatever he may afterward undertake, a well-balanced judgment and a logical insight that will more than compensate for the additional time spent in preparation. Without these qualifications a man will fail in almost any profession; with them, and a determination to labor, he need fear to enter none.

Are the studies of the college curriculum well adapted to secure this end? We think

they are. Consider the formation of an ordinary Latin or Greek sentence; the collocation of words, and the syntax, differ very much from the English; there are words that may be in any of three or four cases, may have any of a score of significations; there are expressions susceptible of many different renderings; you must consider the bearing of the context, trace the subtle clues of mode and tense, and weigh, compare, contrast, select, words. Now we can not analyze sentences without analyzing thoughts; we can not divide words without dividing ideas; we can not study the thoughts and ideas of others without strengthening and increasing the same in ourselves.

The study of Mathematics is similar, though different, inasmuch as it is more exact. Latin and Greek present certain evidences from which may be derived a probable conclusion; Mathematics allows certain conditions from which the result can be obtained with absolute certainty.

Both cultures are needed; Mathematics for reasoning, the Languages for judgment. Many a student loses much of the benefit of his college course by failing to recognize the fact that it is not so much what he gets here as the way in which he gets it, that should be the most important consideration.

He says: If I recite as well, and take as good rank as others, does it make any difference how I get my lessons? Most decidedly it does. What would you say to a man who, having watched the operations of the finest base-ball clubs, should, on this ground, claim to be a first-class player himself? He understands the rules of the game, has studied carefully the method of the best players, but never had a ball in his hand for actual practice.

You would probably reply to him: My self-complacent but idiotic friend, have you ever put your fingers out of joint in that noble pastime? have you ever broken a leg or an arm? have you ever been struck by a hot ball? If not, don't presume to call yourself a base-

ballist. When the student says: I shall never make practical use of these studies, therefore why waste labor upon them? he overlooks a very important part of the question. If there is no practical use in the studies themselves, the only good to be derived from them is mental culture; if he relies on foreign aid, the culture too is lost.

There is another consideration, and a very important one, that should impel a young man to the faithful performance of his college duties. We come here at that stage of growth when the boy is just developing into the larger proportions of the man; at the time when the easily controlled tendencies of youth are hardening into character for life.

Now are we forming, the greater part of us, the habits which will best sustain us in our struggle with the world? Is this idle, dilatory, irresponsible student never to be anything different? O, yes; when he is out of college. Then the sooner he leaves the better, for he is already desperately deep in the mire, and every day sinks him deeper. There is no safety but in constant action. Resist the very first inclination to shirk. You read the new magazine at the expense of your History; you lose the whole point of a lesson in Calculus, rather than make yourself master of it by ten minutes' additional study; you begin to have great faith in the co-operative system, and take your book into a classmate's room, spending half a day in talk, with an occasional fit of guessing out some plausible rendering of Cicero. When these and similar symptoms are observed, it is time for you to perceive the error of your ways and act accordingly.

If you do so in season, and set yourself squarely, methodically, doggedly at work, whether you make a great figure in college or not, whether at the end you wear the toga or go out with that graceless honor named a "Dissertation," you will at least have the consciousness that you have relied on yourself, and in the hardest time never cried for quarter.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Faculty, the Alumni, and Undergraduates of all classes, are earnestly requested to write for the ORIENT.

We wish students would discontinue the use of spittoons, or unite in a petition to have the first yagger found emptying the contents of one into a well, hung, drawn, and quartered. The thing is becoming an intolerable nuisance.

Our brother of the *Telegraph* should have a seat upon the Faculty. In a recent issue he solves a problem which we understand that body has found somewhat puzzling. He

gravely announces that those cannon were fired in honor of the President's veto. Of course after this the Faculty will discontinue all further investigations. Query: Were the men who stole the elevating screws, inflationists?

We have noticed, in several newspapers, conflicting accounts in regard to Bowdoin appearing at Saratoga this summer. To settle all doubts, we will say that she will not be represented in the coming regatta.

In our opinion, Saratoga is, without doubt, a better place for the race than Springfield; but it is too far away for us to think of sending a crew. So few undergraduates could be present to witness the race that we think we can derive much more profit and pleasure from having a regatta of our own at home.

Another and better reason for Bowdoin's non-appearance is that, under the present regulations, the Military Department requires so much surplus time and energy that the men can not give that amount of work to the training that would be required of them, were they intending to go to Saratoga.

We have by no means left the Association for good, but intend to wait till Fortune is more favoring, when we will again enter the lists.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of certain students to revive those old-time feuds between the college and the authorities of the depot. It is rather a hard thing to say what their object is in thus doing. It is about as romantic business as fighting windmills in the days of Don Quixote, and we fear the result will be little better. Now and then the depot is rather a nice place to loaf in, and the society found there is good. No one objects to the students being there as long as they mind their business and treat other people as one man should always treat another. But when a student interferes with the order and

regulations of the place, he must expect no favor. Should he render himself amenable to the law, we trust the law will vindicate its rights. If any student feels that he has made a mistake in striving for a liberal education, and can only remedy the error by following his natural bent and becoming a hackman, we would suggest that he seek some larger scope for usefulness in such an avocation than is afforded in Brunswick. There are certain things connected with a student's life and conduct at college which, even though not commendable, savor a little of the "brave days of old," and which have a tinge of the romance about them, removing, in a measure, the full degree of acrimony otherwise attaching itself to them; but this depot folly is not of such a character. The principal actors in these scenes must be informed (if they are ignorant of it) that the sympathy of the college is not with them. If they chance to be summarily disposed of, the general voice will cry, "Served them right."

We find the following in the *ORIENT* of October 30th, 1871, and earnestly recommend it to the attention of the students as one of those "truths that wake to perish never":—

"The duty of the hour is to subscribe for the *ORIENT*.

"*EVERY FRESHMAN* should subscribe, that he may have a complete history of his course from the beginning.

"*EVERY SOPHOMORE* should take the *ORIENT*, for its news columns will contain a full account of his various pranks.

"*EVERY JUNIOR* should sustain the *ORIENT*, for while it is emphatically a college paper, it is, in a peculiar sense, a paper of the Junior class.

"*EVERY SENIOR* should have the *ORIENT*, for it will review the public exercises of the leading class in college.

"*EVERY MEMBER OF THE FACULTY* takes the *ORIENT* already."

We take this opportunity to thank Mr. Sargent and his gymnasts, for the excellent exhibition that they gave at the close of last term, in behalf of the navy.

Our thanks are also due to the ushers for their gentlemanly services, and to Mr. Standish for his peculiar success in selling tickets.

C. H. HUNTER,	} <i>Com.</i>
W. H. MOULTON,	
F. R. UPTON,	

[The above communication was received too late for our last issue.—EDS. *ORIENT*.]

The Executive Committee of the Navy offer the following prizes, to be rowed for on or about the 4th of July: To the winning crew in a race between six-oared shells: six silver cups and a set of colors; four such cups to the winners of the race between four-oared shells; and a cup to each of the winners in the single scull, wherry, and tub races. If a sufficient number enter for the wherry and tub races, two prizes will be offered. The first two prizes may be contended for by either class or mixed crews. We wish the undergraduates to wake up to boating interests, and make this affair enjoyable and successful.

W. T. GOODALE,	} <i>Ex. Com.</i>
C. F. KIMBALL,	
W. H. MOULTON,	

LOCAL.

Depot!

Base ball!

Has Spring come?

The scavengers have; campus-cleaning.

The ordnance has been mutilated.

Miss Anna Lytics believes in cremation.

Geo. C. Cressey is assistant in the Brunswick High School.

It is reported that a band of "*Night Templars*" has been organized!

The Arkansas difficulty calls for the immediate action of the "Sumner Club"!

The scientific Freshmen have one lesson per diem, and still they are not happy.

The President has taken the class in German during the temporary absence of Prof. Young.

It is rumored that thirteen of the class of '74 propose to take a post-graduate course in military science.

Upon post-examination, he was found to be saturated with this stuff—what do you call it?—Nicotine? No.

The citizens of Brunswick have done well. Let us give them credit. At last report they had subscribed \$5000 for the college.

Botanical recitation room. Prof.—"Of what does natural history treat?" Junior (decisively)—"Of moral influences."

The north end of Appleton has a "whist club" that advertises to warn any other similar organization within the college walls.

The Faculty are providing "sheep-skins" for '74. We learn that one of their number has contracted to furnish them cheap.

The introductory game of ball was played recently by the Sophs. and Freshmen. The latter were the victors. The score stood 33 to 16.

Junior, scanning—"In sig | nis na | num eu | jus, dam it——" Prof.—"Wait a moment; that last might do for a remark, but as a scansion it is a little imperfect."

A. G. Bradstreet, S. V. Cole, D. O. S. Lowell, A. H. Powers, F. K. Wheeler, and H. G. White, are to contend for the '68 prize. The orations will be delivered June 1st.

Under the skilful management of the com-

mittee, namely, W. E. Hatch, P. P. Simmons, F. O. Baston, C. H. Wells, and C. W. Hill, "Ivy Day" bids fair to be a pleasant occasion.

Reading Room election: President, F. B. Osgood; Vice President, Will Alden; Secretary, A. Sandford; Treasurer, J. H. Payne; Executive Committee, E. H. Hall, F. C. Payson, E. H. Blake.

When a student fills his stove with the wood now furnished by the college, we consider it to be the worst kind of "wooding up." In case of a conflagration, we confidently recommend it as a "first-class fire extinguisher."

'76 has made the following selection for class officers: President, J. A. Morrill; Vice President, J. H. Payne; Secretary, W. Alden; Treasurer, A. T. Parker; Committee on Odes, O. C. Gordon, C. H. Clark, E. A. P. Yates; Committee of Arrangements, W. H. G. Rowe, E. H. Kimball, J. G. Libby.

Warm time along the coast! The belligerent, head-cracking god is with us. The far-famed "military disposition" shows itself. When now the spirit is up and at it, let those save themselves who can. The classic ground around the "old oak tree" bids fair to be renowned as a second Marathon.

A chess tournament between Bowdoin and Portland is in progress. Bowdoin is represented by D. O. S. Lowell, G. B. Wheeler, and C. A. Black; Portland by H. A. Merrill, W. W. Sabin, and E. D. Jacobs. The game is played by postal cards. It is hoped that this will renew again the flagging interest Bowdoin has manifested in the game of late.

Dramatis personæ: Female cousins and lady friend, at the tea table, quizzing Senior about the prospective Mrs. ——. Female cousin—"Is she a person of good taste?" Senior (excitedly)—"Taste good? Well, I should say, if I am any judge of such things,

that she tastes *pretty* nice." Cousins smile audibly. Senior blushes and puts butter in his tea.

The Juniors finished Latin last Friday. The following "impromptu" was offered by one of the class:—

In the Junior recitation room
We are sitting, boys, to-day,
While the fifteenth grind of Juvenal
Is dwindling fast away.
Without, the day is beautiful
And all we could desire,
But sorrow fills our every heart,
For 'tis our last satire.

The class of '70, Brunswick High School, held a reception in Tontine Hall, Wednesday evening, May 6th. Quite a number of students were invited, including some of those valiant debaters known to the world at large as the class of '76, and several bold, bad medics. Nevertheless it was quite the thing to be there. The company was large, and in the best of spirits. The class of '70 are the best of providers, and an excellent collation was spread. Then dancing was in order, and the assembly tripped away the time into the "wee sma' hours." The whole affair passed off pleasantly, and all departed, wishing their hosts many such enjoyable occasions.

We were a little amused the other day by a scene that occurred on the campus. A "little dorg," emulating the example of that typical lamb that Mary had (we think it was May), had followed his or her mistress, and was patiently loafing around the south wing of the chapel, amusing himself or herself by snapping alternately at fleas and the heels of timid Freshmen whom fate sent that way. "But a change came o'er the spirit of his or her dream." The cajoling voice of insinuating Juniors fell on the ears of this classic *canis* like rain-drops on a cotton umbrella. Their desire was to convert the beast into a carrier-pigeon whereby to dispatch a note to the noted mistress. But their hopes were fleeting, for

the dog was. Distrust *pierecd*, the epicene. With *noise* and tumult, ten valiant, lusty Junes strove for a closer interview. With feet big with hope they fled along the broad main walk—in advance, the hound, with tail parallel with the ground, and left eye glancing back. The posts were passed as Tam O'Shanter passed the bridge, with the goblin crowd of howling, demoniac, frenzied J.'s close pressing on the rearward flank, but distanced. Thus there came no weird story to the ears of the fair owner; a simple tale was all. It wagged.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'55.—Thomas H. Little, who for some years past has held the position of Superintendent of the Wisconsin Institute for the education of the blind, was severely burned about his head and right hand in the fire which destroyed that Institution, April 13th, while attempting to save the life of one of the pupils. At last accounts Mr. Little was slowly recovering.

'57.—Hampden Fairfield is engaged in the practice of law in Saco.

62.—Albion Burbank is Principal of Exeter High School.

62.—C. W. Milliken is practicing medicine in Shullsburg, Wis.

'65.—J. E. Moore is practicing law in Thomaston.

'68.—Geo. Chandler is teaching an academy in Franklin, N. H.

'68.—F. E. Hitchcock is practicing medicine in Rockland. He was in town last week.

'71.—E. H. Lord holds the position of Professor of Natural Sciences in the Lowell High School.

'72.—Simeon Meads is Principal of Limerick Academy.

'72.—M. Coggan has been hired for another year as Principal of Nichols Academy, Dudley, Mass. The *Southbridge Journal*, edited by Whitaker of the same class, says: "He has brought the school from almost nothing to its present high position, and the trustees were very wise in refusing to let Mr. Coggan leave." C. C. Sampson of '73 is Mr. Coggan's assistant.

'72.—Everett Totman is in business in Fairfield.

Albert Woodside of '69, J. W. Keen of '70, Geo. Cummings of '72, and J. M. Boothby, '73, are attending medical lectures this term.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The advent of Spring shows itself among our exchanges, by the increased number of items in regard to base ball and boating.

The spring also brings Daniel Pratt perambulating this terrestrial orb, investigating the intricacies of the universities of learning, and seeking to procure the pecuniary assistance of the, we apprehend, not sufficiently eleemosynarily inclined students. At Amherst they were poetical, at Williams they conferred on him the degree of G. A. G. B. (Great American Gas Bag). The *Trinity Tablet* says that he looked more seedy than ever, leaving us to wonder how that could be. They report Daniel as saying that the worry and vexation he was subjected to was enough to confuse a bedbug.

The ladies must always have the first place on our table, and the *Vassar Miscellany* well represents them among our exchanges. Its outward appearance is all that could be desired, and the care and ability displayed on its columns, speak well for the culture within. The fact that the literary parts are all con-

cerning matters of general interest, makes this one of our most readable exchanges; though we think that the true field of a college paper is the recording and remarking upon local matters, since that is what the majority of its readers care most about. The title of one article seems especially happy in a ladies' magazine, "The Points of Contrast in the Love of Hamlet and Ophelia, Romeo and Juliet"; but the article leaves us lost in a maze of beautiful images.

The senior class in Chemistry seem to have been studying brewing practically by visiting Mr. Vassar's works; they said the ale tasted very well.

The *Beloit College Monthly* contains an excellent article on reading, which strongly urges reading, word by word, good books. Often we see students in the libraries picking out some trashy book with which to pass away the time on Sunday. What value can they place on time if they have to make an attempt to pass it away. If they ever have ambitious dreams, let them consider that a day never gave but twenty-four hours to any man, but to some men the minutes were priceless. Read trash to pass away time! Time, the most precious of all the gifts that we enjoy on this earth, a gift which may almost be said to include all others.

It gives a long account of a literary contest between six of the Western colleges held at Galesburg, Ill., which seems to have been a very successful affair. T. E. Egbert of Chicago University, took the first prize, of \$100, and G. T. Foster of Beloit College, the second, of \$75.

The *Targum*, in an article on books and authors, shows, in a very strong light, the folly of reading trash. In its "College Dots" we notice "The Diet of Worms" served up in a new style. It also contains a long poetical fragment which ends with the sentiment,

"Sweet woman will forever be
Of vanities the vanity."

The *Bates Student* opens with a juvenile story which is hardly worthy of a place even in its columns. It also has an "Invocation to Spring" to hasten, which does not seem to have had the effect we should have expected, coming from that ever-verdant source. For fear that the students do not read their English Literature carefully, there is an outline of the play of Hamlet given. The author settles the question concerning Hamlet's madness, and comes to the conclusion that he was not mad. Towards the end of his article he makes known two wonderful discoveries that "the play of Hamlet can not be read attentively without much profit," and that "one, two, or three readings do not satisfy, nor with the same number can we discover all its beauty and strength."

We hardly expected such profound remarks from the *Student*, but the greatness of the subject has evidently had the effect of bringing out the greatness of the writer's mind.

Hamlet seems to trouble our exchanges. The *Chi Phi Quarterly* has "established beyond cavil the reality" of his madness, while the *Vassar Miscellany* takes good care to look after his love, and the *Student*, with that immensity of intellect not capable of grasping any part, takes the whole play.

The *Nassau Literary* opens with a prize essay on "The Works of Daniel Webster"; it also contains some very heavy articles on Wordsworth and George Eliot. Taken as a whole, it well sustains the reputation Princeton enjoys for scholarship. We are glad to see that it is to be a monthly instead of a quarterly visitor. The "Olla Podrida" contains many good things. In an account of the Centennial Tea Party we should like to ask what the "coiffure style" of hair dressing is?

We earnestly hope that Princeton will succeed in getting a new hotel. We heard a gentleman say that on a visit there he went to one hotel and thought he had made a mistake and got in a groggery, so he went on to

the other, which was so poor that all the time he stopped there he was wishing he had remained at the other.

Brunswick hotels are models in comparison to those at Princeton, although George Washington never stopped at any of them.

The *Chronicle* gives an account of the recent troubles at Ann Arbor, which seem to show a curious state of affairs there. The account was published before the last action of the faculty was taken, suspending so many:—

"During the latter part of last week, at a special meeting of the faculty, three Sophomores and three Freshmen were "suspended for hazing." This indefinite charge included smoking out, and pumping, but probably not rushing. The news did not reach the public until Saturday evening, when it spread rapidly through the city. On Monday morning the order in chapel was exceedingly bad; in the afternoon, a large procession, consisting of about one hundred and fifty students from both classes, headed by an omnibus containing the suspended members, passed through the streets, stopping before the houses of various professors, cheering those supposed to be favorably, and giving groans for those unfavorably, disposed to their cause. They also followed one or two professors through the streets, hooting and hissing them. On the next night they had a union supper at Hangsterfer's, where the final signatures were put upon a paper, which informed the faculty that the signers were equally guilty with their six comrades, and intimated a desire to suffer with them. A union meeting was held on the following evening (Wednesday), the proceedings of which showed that the classes had cooled down. A committee was instructed, by a unanimous vote, to present an apology for the insults offered to the professors by the procession two days before; a vote was then taken by ballot upon the question as to whether the petitions to the faculty should be withdrawn or allowed to remain, and it resulted in favor of the latter by a majority of more than two-thirds. The Freshmen claim truthfully that they have never had any official notice from the faculty that hazing is considered an illegitimate sport; it never has been so considered heretofore, and they say they did not know it to be so now. As the matter stands, six men have been suspended for the remainder of this college year, more than half of each of the two classes have asked that their friends be restored, or that they be suspended also; upon which request the faculty will probably take action next Monday evening.

The consequence is well known—thirty-nine Sophomores and forty-two Freshmen suspended. In their editorial columns they have an article in which they seem to uphold the

right of hazing. We know not how much the six that were suspended first deserved it, but from their own account we should think that every one who took any part in the proceedings afterward richly merited their reward. They seem to be in advance of most of the colleges in this country, in the fact that Freshmen are suspended for hazing.

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Brunswick for—

Augusta—8.25 A.M.; 2.40 and 6.55 P.M.; 1.55 A.M. (Pull.)

Bangor—2.40 P.M.; 1.55 A.M. (Pull.)

Bath—7.40 and 8.25 A.M.; 1.20, 2.40, 4.50 and 6.55 P.M.

Boston—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 and 4.40 P.M.; 12 M. (Pull.)

Farmington—2.40 P.M.

Lewiston—7.40 A.M.; 2.40 and 6.55 P.M.

Portland—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 and 4.40 P.M.; 12 M. (Pull.)

Waterville—2.40 P.M.; 1.55 A.M. (Pull.)

Pure Drugs. Careful Preparation. Low Prices.

ROGERS'S

Family Drug Store,

SWIFT'S BLOCK, BRUNSWICK, ME.

Physicians' Prescriptions accurately prepared from the best drugs, in strict accordance with the directions and intent of the prescriber.

On hand a full line of—

STANDARD DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERY,
DYE STUFFS,

FANCY SOAPS,
SHOULDER BRACES,
BRUSHES IN VARIETY,
CHOICE EXTRACTS,
&c. &c.

SYRINGES,
TRUSSES,
HAIR OILS,
SPONGES,
&c. &c.

ALL KINDS OF

PATENT MEDICINES

are kept on hand, including a number of Proprietary Medicines put up at this store. These are sold upon their merits alone; no one will be urged to buy anything of the kind.

Mr. R. B. MELCHER, already favorably known in Brunswick, will be found at this place. Mr. M. has had five years' experience in the business and comes highly recommended by his former employer, R. O. Farr, of the firm of Farr & Frost, Druggists, Bath, Me.

Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended, it is hoped that strict attention to business may merit a continuance of the same.

Bowdoin College.

The means of instruction in this College have recently been largely increased, so as to meet the wants of all classes of students. The following is the present organization:—

1. The regular Classical Course: which is that pursued in the leading American Colleges.

2. The Scientific Course: which has been shaped to meet the demand of modern times, special prominence being given to the Natural and Physical Sciences, and to Modern Languages.

3. A complete course in Engineering, Civil and Mechanical, affording the best facilities for theoretical and practical study.

4. Arrangements are made for Post-Graduate Studies, to be extended through two years, affording a substantial basis for technical and literary Professions. Instruction can now be given in the following lines of advanced study: 1st, Languages and English Literature. 2d, Natural History. 3d, Chemistry and its applications. 4th, Engineering. 5th, Jurisprudence and Political Science.

5. The Medical School of Maine is connected with this College, and is in a flourishing condition.

6. Instruction will be given in Military Science by an accomplished officer of the United States Army.

7. Special students, not candidates for a degree, will be received in cases where it may be thought advantageous to the student.

8. Graduates of other colleges, or other students whose proficiency will warrant it, will be received into the Post-Graduate Course.

ANNUAL EXPENSES.

Tuition, \$75. Room rent (average), \$25. Incidentals, \$20. Board in town from \$110 to \$150.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JUNE 3, 1874.

No. 3.

A COLLEGE TALE.*

BY T. B. READ.

[CONCLUDED.]

Then commenced the march. Slowly swelled the solemn strains from the Pandean and Pandowdy. Standards waved and horns blew most melodiously. Welcome worthy the noble commander, who appeared just then to pluck the fadeless laurels of that fadeless day. He merits particular description, says the ancient chronicler, and so, having materials, we describe him. On his head was a diminutive hat. Over his shoulders drooped the "waving folds" of an ox-tail plume. Wooden goggles bestrode his nose. Behind his back clattered an old hat, a canteen, a tin-kettle, a cigar box, a wooden firelock, and heaven knows what else. His horse was a strange animal "compound of horse and jack-ass." Price eight dollars, as was afterwards discovered, for he died on the field of glory.

Receiving with shouts of applause their hero, who bowed to the very verge of equilibrium, the troops marched down Main street, crossed into Back Stand, and proceeded to the place of training behind the bank, where now a row of quiet cottages, each one like the other, peacefully rear their roofs—their commander amusing them meantime with comical remarks, pleasant no doubt then, but unappreciable at this present. Arrived on the ground, the deep-mouthed cannon thundered them salute. They were then drawn up before their captain to listen to the roll-call. "Attend," commanded he, "and answer to your names." The whole troop thronged round the affrighted officer. "One at a

time," trembled he in terror-stricken tones. The clerk called the first name. "Here!" "Here!" shouted all the posse in a breath. Next name. "Here!" "Here!" from all again. The colonel, as before, makes a few jocose remarks which can not be smiled at now. At last, order was restored, and the roll-call went on. Then began the examination of equipments. They stepped forward, one by one. "Mark him down—no equipments," shouted the captain, grown quite valorous now, finding no personal injury intended. The spectators nearly split their sides, while rage was filling the hardened bosom of the man of war. But what could he do, when his officers were "grinning around him like bears at bay"? This ended, they were ordered to form a line. "We've formed a line, but we can't keep it," mourned the valiant defenders of their country. "Form a line or march off the field," roared the despairing and discomfited captain, biting his lips.

Loudly swelled the strains of triumph from Pandean and Pandowdy. Wreathed with earliest victory and laureled with the latest renown, the conquerors left the field, their swords unsheathed, their guns unfired, but their souls lifted heavenward by the glowing consciousness of battle done for truth and right. So they marched on, through the verdant streets of Brunswick, and the shaded lanes of Topsham, until they reached the college grounds. There, as everywhere, noble tongues were burning to eulogize noble deeds.

"Fellow-students and soldiers," began the orator, whose speech has come down to our day, "fellow-students and soldiers, you have earned for yourselves and your country never-fading laurels. When dangers and perils

* From the *University Quarterly*. Furnished through the kindness of C. H. WELLS.

thickened around your devoted country, when her *hardy yeomanry* were no longer able to defend her soil and her liberties, *you* have nobly stepped forth to her rescue. You have doffed your students' gowns and assumed the mailed dress of war. You have exchanged the badges of literary distinction for the toils and dangers of the battle-field. You have extinguished the midnight lamp and lit in its place the fiery torch of Mars. If you have followed Minerva in the flowery paths of literature; if you have toiled with her up the rugged steepes of science, you have also followed her in the ranks of war and glory. If you have twined about your brows the prizes of poetic distinction, you have also encircled your temples with the wreaths of military glory. Yes, fellow-students! side by side we have followed in the career of literary fame, and shoulder to shoulder will we advance in the cause of liberty, law, and our country.

"Soldiers, you have deserved well of your country, and think not but that she will fully discharge the debt. Students and soldiers, let this be our motto, 'War and science, military glory and literary distinction, now and forever, ONE and INSEPARABLE.'"

Thus have we endeavored to collect and preserve whatever might be valuable of a scene and action which still lingers in dim tradition about the college walls. Of its consequences, it suffices to say, that it was the prime cause of that utter contempt into which general musters have sunk within the bounds of Maine. As to its immediate effects, no pen can do it justice, for no pen can bring back the quaint antics of the actors, the jolly laughter of staid professors, or fill again the windows with the giggling groups, or line the sidewalks with the grinning sovereigns.

Some of the Juniors, who have remained, have been compared to the "Wandering Jew, who wanted to die, but couldn't."

THE SITUATION.

Thus far the present editors have prided themselves on their silence in regard to our military department. The recent turn of affairs, however, seems to demand a re-opening of the discussion in the columns of the ORIENT. We hope to show that the hostility to this part of our curriculum is not the result of any hasty prejudice, but the sentiment that has formed itself in the minds of those who, at first accepting the movement with favor, have by experimental knowledge of its workings, been led to their present conviction. We hope, moreover, to show that the present unusual attitude of the students toward the authorities, is justified by the circumstances of the case, and that it is the only course of action that promised the abolition of an institution as injurious to the college as it is repugnant to the collegian. We desire the candid attention of those who have the interests of Bowdoin at heart.

In the first part of the academical year '72, our college was on the *qui vive* for the coming of the military drill. It was to be something new; it would give an opportunity for show, and it promised a pleasurable relief from the monotony of regular studies. The idea of imbibing a military education in our leisure moments, and becoming, without effort or cost of any kind, trained soldiers, while we steadily pursued our way toward law, theology, or medicine, was very captivating to the student, even as it had taken the fancy of the college authorities. So when at last the officer detailed by Government had come, and the Juniors had begun their drill in the south wing of the Chapel, we underclassmen waited impatiently for the time when we too should be allowed to participate in the exercise. So all the college welcomed the military innovation. What better circumstances could be desired for its trial?

If the experiment had deserved to succeed it would have done so. Its failure is not

chargeable to the students; they were mere instruments for the testing of a theory; they were simply victims which, like rabbits, dogs, and toads, were to be sacrificed for the furtherance of human knowledge, or to gratify the curiosity of an experimenter. The true seeker after knowledge, however, will accept the teachings of nature just as they are granted him, without trying to warp them to conform with any preconceived notions of his own.

We do not object to being used as "specimens" to a certain extent, when there is a prospect of good to be obtained thereby; but we do object to being needlessly sacrificed for the benefit of an exploded theory, merely because the experimenters consider it inconsistent with their dignity to acknowledge themselves in error.

The hostility to the drill began as soon as it became a general and regular exercise. The reasons for this have been set forth so often and so forcibly in the *ORIENT*, that we need only to recall them very briefly to the minds of its readers.

To begin with, it fulfilled none of the purposes which were alleged as the reasons for its introduction. The physical advantages afforded by the drill are as nothing compared with those of the Gymnasium. The former gives an exercise which is uniform for all, the stoutest athlete and the puniest bookworm stand in the same ranks, carry the same arms, and are put through the same evolutions. What is painful to one through his weakness, is irksome to another from his strength. Again, those muscles are the most employed which are already the best developed. The gymnasium, on the other hand, gives facilities for a systematic training according to individual needs. As to the knowledge of military matters acquired by this course of instruction, we will only say that, although some of us have drilled more or less for two years past, yet there are very few among us to-day compe-

tent so instruct a squad of four men according to Upton's tactics.

But it is claimed that we shall thus learn lessons of obedience and self-control, or, if officers, acquire a bearing of dignity and command. However desirable such a result might be, we can readily perceive that it has not been attained. It is one of the weakest points of the whole system that the officers are the fellow collegians and often the classmates of those whom they command. The latter of course feel under no great obligation to obey for a part of the twenty-four hours those with whom they associate on equal terms for the rest of the time. So the officers, either incompetent, or obliged to devote several hours a day to military studies, knowing the general state of feeling and often sharing it themselves, with very little authority at all and not caring to use that little, manage as best they can, and the farce drags on.

It is very well in theory to say that the time spent in this exercise is only a small part of what most students waste daily, and that consequently everything acquired in this interval is pure gain; but it is certainly not right to call a busy man from his work to an exercise of doubtful advantage; and if a man is disposed to be idle, the time for any new duty is just as likely to encroach upon his hours of labor as upon his hours of idleness. He will reason: If the professor of Greek or Mathematics requires that I shall learn Military Science, that professor of Greek or Mathematics is of course willing that I shall know less of Demosthenes or Calculus. This argument may be fallacious, but it convinces the student, as some professors can testify.

Let us now mention a specific grievance. Early in the history of the drill, some of the authorities, observing probably the increasing lack of interest in the new exercise, seem to have laid their heads together for the discovery of some charm which should make these wrong things right and restore the enthusiasm

originally manifested for the "military" and still deserved by its remarkable merits. The charm was the gray uniform. It was hoped that such a dress would arouse a certain pride and give the thing a more decided military appearance. This uniform was to consist of cap, pants, and coat, the latter profusely adorned with beautiful brass buttons, and the whole to cost only thirty-two dollars or about that sum. We were not obliged to get this uniform at that time, but were made to understand that obtaining it would soon become compulsory. An especially strong argument was made on the ground that, being of a neutral color and made of good cloth, a part of this dress could be worn as an article of ordinary apparel, thus making it an economical investment. Under these circumstances more than a hundred such uniforms were taken, and the parents of the victimized grimly paid the bills. The Faculty had not yet learned to consult the fathers of their students in the management of college affairs. We have just mentioned the stress laid upon the *utility* as a strong inducement to this investment. But hardly was this step taken, and the mass of students equipped, when there was issued the "Regulations for the Interior Police and Discipline of the Bowdoin Cadets." In this remarkable document we find a law making it an offense of the first order to wear any part of the uniform when off duty. Obviously here is an inconsistency. To be sure, this law for very evident reasons was not enforced; the puzzle is why it was framed at all.

Thus matters stood in the collegiate year '73; some, indeed, liking the drill or remaining indifferent; some making use of all means to avoid it; many, somewhat more scrupulous but not less hostile, drilling and grumbling as they drilled. When our friends asked us in regard to the affairs of the college, we told them of the unpopularity of this new feature and of the havoc it was making. An atmos-

phere of sham seemed to pervade the institution, and Seniors advised the underclassmen to go elsewhere. Doubtless there is more or less of this feeling everywhere; but there must be something wrong with a college when all its students say upon graduating, "I wish I had gone elsewhere for an education." But there was hope; this thing would of course be abolished at Commencement; so we told our friends, and so we thought. But no; the experiment had not received a fair trial; it must be continued for another year. Here was a great mistake, whether it originated in obstinacy that would not or in blindness that could not see which way the tide was setting. Does any one think there would have been any hesitation in accepting the decision after a year of *success*? So the next year began and the drill went on as before, with ever increasing manifestations of dissatisfaction. At last it was made obligatory upon the students to provide themselves with some sort of uniform. To be sure, all that was required was a blouse; the gray uniform might be obtained instead; but it was placed squarely before us to provide ourselves with one of these or leave college. The blouse consisted of a piece of blue flannel and ten brass buttons. It was unlined, and cost, with the cap, about five dollars. Clad in this exaggerated necktie we were to face the rigors of the fall and be fired with a new enthusiasm for military duties.

The Board was to hold a special meeting near the end of the fall term, and here there seemed to be another chance for the abolishment of the drill. It was determined to petition this body, and measures were accordingly taken for that purpose. Out of one hundred and thirty-three to whom the petition was presented for signing, we believe only six refused to put their names thereto. A member of the Senior Class, and one whose college course had been without reproach, was selected to present this paper to the Board. Before taking this step, however, he

asked the advice of certain members of the Faculty as to whether there was anything improper in such a course. Although rather favoring the drill, these gentlemen replied that the movement was a perfectly legitimate one, and the best way of obtaining the end desired. Accordingly, the petition was presented to the Boards, and its advocate summoned before a committee to argue the case, which he did at some length. It was stated, however, that decision upon the matter would be deferred until the next meeting of the Boards, which was to be very soon. It was advised, moreover, that a written statement of the case be presented at that time.

At a time subsequent to this event, President Chamberlain expressed himself to the student who had managed the affair, as very well satisfied with the manner in which it had been conducted, and said that a very good impression had been left on the minds of the committee before whom the case had been argued. The next meeting of the Boards was, we believe, during vacation, and Mr. Bradstreet, the member of the Senior class who had previously presented the petition, was out of town. He wrote, however, to one of the trustees, with whom he happened to be somewhat acquainted, expressing his readiness to appear before them if needed. He was not called for, and that was the last of the petition.

"But the Seniors have been excused from drill," say the newspapers, whose oracular wisdom has so readily solved our problem, "and this is a great concession."

Very well; the Seniors are not in the rebellion; if only the same concession had been made to the other classes, there would have been no rebellion at all. The reason now alleged for the non-action of the Boards in regard to the petition, is that the matter was not presented in the proper way. Certainly a sentiment very different from this was expressed last fall. If a petition to the Boards

must come through the Faculty, or any particular authority, surely we might have been informed of that fact at the time; unless, indeed, it was designed that the matter should not be presented in proper form, a thing it would be difficult to believe. It could hardly be a true regard for the interests of the college that would allow a mere technicality to deter it from the consideration of so important a matter. On the other hand one member of the Faculty has lately said that he would have used his influence against the drill, if that petition had not been handed in, which compelled him in self-defense to take another course. This means that the reason why that exercise is still retained in Bowdoin is because the students have asked to have it abolished. Is that a noble spirit?

During the last winter term, Gymnasium practice was substituted for drill, and there was no disturbance. Here it may be in place to say, since many papers have accused us of dreading mere physical exertion, that probably no one of those who refuse to drill would have objected to the exercise of the Gymnasium, had that alternative been presented. With the spring the drill was revived, and the old trouble was revived at the same time.

One night the linchpins and elevating screws were stolen from the cannon; one gun was partly dismounted, but afterwards voluntarily replaced by some of the students. This outbreak was not of the college at large; it was the unauthorized act of one or two persons; as a whole we refuse to bear the blame.

Did we feel individually shocked and insulted by this demonstration? No; why should we? Were our consciences smitten by the destruction of U. S. property? No; such damages are always repaired and the cost is divided among the students. The inscriptions on the Chapel, which soon followed, were a very different matter. This proceeding was almost universally denounced as mean and cowardly,

[Continued on p. 31.]

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Seniors have decided to hold their Class Day exercises on the Friday after Commencement Day, instead of the Tuesday before, as was at first intended. It has always been the custom to have these exercises after the graduation of the class has taken place and we should be sorry to have the old custom broken up. The exercises of this day belong peculiarly to the class; the officers of the occasion are chosen by the class, and all the arrangements for it are made by them without the intervention of the College government. Although we presume that Tuesday was selected by the Faculty simply as a matter of convenience, and not with a view to controlling any part of the exercises, yet we think it is fitting that the class should

receive the diplomas before they participate in these exercises, which seem particularly fitting for a farewell act.

"If, as is reported, the Bowdoin students have decided to return to college and renew their matriculation pledge, accepting the Faculty's ultimatum as a compromise, the difficulty is in a fair way to be settled in a manner honorable to both sides, and in this complication favorable to the best interests of the institution. The good conduct of the students throughout the entire difficulty, and their readiness to return even with a not particularly well-defined prospect of immediate riddance of the hated system that excited their active opposition, is unimpeachable testimony to the loyalty and love which they still bear for the college of their choice. The college authorities should be ready to improve in a similar spirit the opportunity that is now extended to them. They have seen the general disfavor that the practice of military drill in a professedly classical institution has met with in educated circles since discussion was excited by the present trouble, and their tardy convictions should have received a quickening impulse to effect its abolition. Of the drill there has been a wonderful unanimity of condemnation even in quarters where the action of the students was not justified, and the earliest solicitude of the Trustees and Faculty should be to dispense with a system whose only influence has been to alienate, temporarily at least, the young men and their instructors, between whom there should be the utmost cordiality and co-operation. Let the college do but its appointed work, and its students will form a constituency upon which it may fully rely and of which it may well feel proud."

In looking over the comments of the press—for, against and neutral—we have seen nothing that seems so nearly to express the opinion of the majority of the students as the above, which we cut from the *Boston Post*.

The students entered upon this course of action without having fully considered what its results would be, but without the slightest feeling of malice, or any desire to strike a blow at the College; they lost sight of the fact that they could not resist the drill without resisting the lawful government of the College. Then we think that there has been

a very serious misunderstanding as to the way in which their petition was received by the Boards. This had much to do with causing the rebellion—for such we must call it. Upon calm after-thought these things have presented themselves very forcibly to the great majority of the “rebels,” and we think they will greatly overbalance any other considerations. We feel assured that the students will almost unanimously take the course marked out for them by the Faculty, and the course which, in our opinion, is the only honorable and manly one for them to pursue. If they do this, they at least show that they entered upon this resistance to the drill actuated by honorable motives, and not from malice or personal pique.

[Continued from p. 29.]

and as offering a personal insult to Major Sanger, which was very far from expressing the true sentiment of the students. There was even talk of a general meeting for the purpose of denouncing the whole performance. The perpetrators would not dare to-day to confess the deed before their classmates. All these things, however, tended to precipitate matters. The authorities determined to draw a tighter rein.

On Wednesday, the 20th of May, just before the Juniors broke ranks after artillery practice, an order was issued forbidding any hostile demonstrations while leaving the drill ground, and threatening any offenders in this respect with summary punishment. Here was a crisis. Whatever had been the rules hitherto, we had always been allowed to express our disapprobation of the drill, at least verbally.

On breaking ranks, a noise was raised in the crowd—a shout it may have been, or a groan—in any case a “demonstration.” Six of our number acknowledged their offense before the Faculty, and were either suspended or dismissed. Most of these had been previ-

ously considered without reproach in the matter of conduct and obedience to law. We do not claim that these offenders should have gone scot free. We do not deny Major Sanger's right to give such an order; we do not deny the right of the Faculty to punish such an offense. Nay; we even grant that there was no other course for them under the circumstances. It is that very fact, that the present laws can not be maintained without the ruin of the college, that should plead most strongly for the repeal of those laws. It is the incompatibility of the two systems whose union is here attempted, to which we would call the attention of those whose business it is to consider the matter.

The position we now occupy in regard to the college authorities is well known. We have refused to drill, and are bound to suffer alike the consequences. The newspapers say that on our entering college we knew that the drill was to be a regular exercise, and that when matriculated we bound ourselves to obey the laws of the college. This is not strictly true of all, yet just now we will not dispute it. Now, such being the case, it is asked how we can explain our present conduct. We can say this at least. Before going to Bowdoin, we examined the catalogue, and found there a statement of the advantages offered by the college. Induced by this, we shaped our studies as was required, and entered. Under the supposition that the promises deliberately made in the catalogue were to be fulfilled, we were matriculated, and agreed to obey the laws. Now we put the question to the most candid judgment of our readers—are we to be held by our promises to the college, when the promises previously made by the college to us have been long since broken many times?

Take a marked example. For the past year we have had no instructor in Elocution. So far as we have heard, no class has received any training in that department during this

time. Yet before we entered college this was promised us; and even the last catalogue issued says repeatedly that weekly instruction in Elocution is a part of the regular curriculum. This statement may seem to have the taint of "dirty linen," but even dirty linen sometimes needs to be aired. But the Faculty say they have tried to keep the promises. Very well; but having failed, and with the prospect of again failing, why do they keep up the pretense?

Is it from the height or humility of their station, the excellence or the worthlessness of their characters, that college bodies are not held responsible for their engagements, while the student is is brought rigidly to the mark? In either case, a statement of the fact in the catalogue would prevent a misunderstanding. As it is, the broken pledges of the Faculty, if they do not entirely free us from our obligation, at least afford a very good reason why that body should not throw stones.

There are other examples of this kind, but we need not adduce them.

In regard to our right to question the decisions of those who make our laws, let us consider. It is well to remember that nothing like a defense of the drill on its own merits is now attempted. Now it seems to us that in matters of this nature, an idea should be tested as much by itself as by the position of its promulgators. A maxim of Solomon would be worthless unless true; Darwin is still obliged to defend himself in every new position; should, then, an exploded theory be still respected, merely because originated by college magnates? Are we obliged to accept their infallibility?

The press has characterized our action as, mutiny and rebellion; ever virtuous where virtue is cheap, it has been almost unanimous in the condemnation of what it regards as an unlawful resistance to constituted authority. We accept the lesson. Our difficulty in obtaining popular approval—nay, the very in-

justice often done us by the press—has taught us how dangerous it is to oppose the regular course of "law and order." Does not this give assurance that another outbreak of this kind is not likely to occur, even if a sufficient cause should again be given.

If any should compare our action with that of the students in Michigan University, a Junior has put the matter very tersely thus: "In Michigan University, the fellows were suspended for hazing; here, it is the Faculty that is doing the hazing."

But the Faculty say they have no power of themselves to abolish the drill. Very well; their course was to send us home, and they have done so. We were willing to endure so much, if we could thereby attain our purpose at last. In a short time the Boards are to meet, and they will have power to abolish it; we have taken our present course with the hope of showing them the expediency of so doing. Lately an announcement has come giving us the choice of returning to the drill within ten days, or being expelled. So be it. If for our offense we are to suffer the greatest penalty that college law can inflict, we trust that the students will not be the only ones to learn wisdom from the events of the past few weeks.

LOCAL.

Let me drill.

Oh! let me sign.

The Modocs drill now.

"When will the drill come back?"

The Seniors attended their last recitation, Monday.

Some of the Freshmen say the drill is unpopular.

The Seniors miss the underclassmen very much. Quite so.

D. O. S. Lowell took the Military prize. The rest of the class withdrew.

Bro. Tenney, of the *Telegraph*, says the boys are wrong; consequently they must be right.

The new barge has arrived, and is a fine boat. It formerly was owned by the Emeralds of Portland.

The Regatta will undoubtedly have to be postponed *sine die*; the drill takes precedence of all things else.

"On account of the diminution in size" of the Freshman class, their lessons have been doubled in length.

Look out for the change of time on the railroads. We print elsewhere the new time table, which took effect June 1st.

The Senior class resolved to dispense with the final exercises at Chapel, on account of the absence of the underclassmen.

The "fair ones" say, the students have had their "blaze of glory" and now must drill for the remainder of the term.

The B. B. B.'s have had a "tart" and decide that the boys must hang together, although the Faculty have them foul.

A. P. Wiswell and A. L. Crocker of '73, have been in town for a few days. We were glad to see them on the campus once more.

On account of circumstances over which they had no control, the Bowdoin Cadets did not participate in the ceremonies Memorial Day.

The Juniors who have remained in town, have amused themselves by hanging around the college fence, watching those who have had to drill.

The morning after a majority of the three lower classes were "borne to the depot on the shoulders of their classmates," only seven

attended prayers and recitations in the three lower classes.

The Prof. of Ornamental Carpentry has been dragging the wells and cisterns in search of the elevating screws, &c. They have not been found as yet.

Lamson of Portland, has been in town, taking views of the buildings, and taking class and society groups. His work is giving excellent satisfaction.

The Sophomore prize declaimers have been appointed, viz.: Andrews, Atwood, Hall, Jameson, Parker, Perry, Prince, Robinson, Sargent, Stevens, White.

The Junior prize declaimers are viz.: Clarke, Harriman, Hill, Hunton, Powers, Larrabee, Rogers, Simmons, Standish, Upton, Virgin, and Whitmore, S. C.

The first day after the departure of the insurrectionists, three students presented themselves for drill. Did the others commit the "contumacious" or "overt act"?

The Sophomores were "wheedled and cajoled" into allowing the Freshmen to wear tall hats and carry canes, on account of their gallant conduct in the recent troubles.

Some faint-hearted Seniors, fearing lest the underclassmen should return soon, very profitably occupied their time, Sunday, by calling on the fair sex.

Seventy-four played a game of ball, Monday, two nines being chosen from the class. As a shower came up at the fourth inning the game was declared drawn. Score: 93—93.

The students are very fortunate, they receive the undivided attention of the Profs. The ladies are also very fortunate, as they receive the undivided attention of the Seniors, now that the Freshmen are gone.

The "stern parents" did not see fit to send their sons back, as readily as was inti-

mated. Undoubtedly they have been "wheeled, cajoled, and threatened" into submission, by their rash, impetuous sons.

A strange coincidence. As the bugler could not be found to call out those who were still destined to be "ground down by the iron heel of military despotism," it was decided to ring the chapel bell; but it didn't ring.

Uncle John—"When I was a young man of your age, I was a great, green, hulking country boy." Freshman—"Don't the young men get over their greenness earlier now, than formerly?" Uncle John—"Yes, they get over their greenness, and very often become so ripe they get rotten."

The Senior class and Scientific divisions of the Junior and Sophomore classes presented Prof. White with an elegant ice pitcher and goblets. It was an elegant present to a noble man. The memorial was written by Shaylor of Portland, and was a beautiful specimen of penmanship.

Prof. White proposes to take his class in Zoölogy to Goose Island, for a week's study in that department. We hope that this excursion may prove so pleasing and profitable as to warrant its being repeated in the future. Certainly, no college in the country has facilities equal to ours for practical study at the sea-side.

Last Monday evening the '68 Prize Exhibition took place in Lemont Hall, before an audience somewhat smaller than usual; but, we presume, fully as appreciative. The following was the programme:—

Christianity as a Means of Civilization.	A. G. Bradstreet.
Mahomet	S. V. Cole.
Force of Character	D. O. S. Lowell.
Duty of the Citizen	A. H. Powers.
The Aim of a Liberal Education....	F. K. Wheeler.
Trial by Jury	H. G. White.

The Committee awarded the prize to S. V. Cole.

A cheeky young Freshman, upon answering "no" to the question put by the Prof., politely informed the grave Professor that he hadn't money to get home with; the Prof. hauled out a return ticket to ———, and handed it to the Freshman, who immediately went out and sold it to some fellow-sufferer, as he had a mileage ticket in his pocket.

SENIOR PARTS.

The following appointment of "Senior parts" has been made:—

Salutatory—S. V. Cole.

Orations—A. G. Bradstreet, L. H. Kimball, D. O. S. Lowell, C. J. Palmer, F. K. Wheeler.

Philosophical Disquisitions—H. H. Emory, W. T. Goodale, C. H. Hunter, H. K. White.

Literary Disquisitions—W. R. Hemmenway, H. Johnson, T. Kneeland, H. W. Philbrook, T. C. Simpson.

Disquisitions—J. P. Bickford, A. L. Perry, C. E. Smith, G. B. Wheeler.

Discussions—M. W. Davis, E. O. Howard, C. F. Kimball, W. H. Moulton.

Dissertations—E. Gerry, Jr., E. S. Hobbs, I. S. Locke, A. H. Powers, M. W. Payson.

The above appointments are made by the Faculty according to the rank in scholarship of each student during the entire course.

ALPHA DELTA PHI.

[We take from the *Albany Journal* the following report of the Alpha Delta Phi Convention, which was holden at Albany, May 13th and 14th; and at which the Bowdoin Chapter was represented by L. H. Kimball, C. F. Kimball, and Woodbury Pulsifer.]

The Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, which has been holding its annual convention in this city for the last two days, had a grand public celebration at Tweddle Hall last evening. The hall was crowded by one of the most brilliant audiences of the season, who were entertained for over two hours, by a feast of music and oratory.

The exercises opened by musical selections from Rossini and Meyerbeer, rendered in most

admirable style by Gilmore's 22d regiment band, under the direction of P. S. Gilmore. Rev. Dr. Darling of this city, chaplain of the Fraternity, then offered a prayer, after which the presiding officer of the evening, Lewis Collins, introduced Rev. D. N. Vanderveer, of the Union Chapter, who delivered the address of welcome. Mr. Vanderveer is an easy and effective speaker, and during the delivery of his address was frequently interrupted by applause.

After several other selections by the orchestra, rendered in a manner that would have done credit to Thomas, the presiding officer introduced the orator of the evening, Moses Coit Tyler, who was received with hearty applause. Mr. Tyler said, before opening his address: "I will take the great liberty of interpolating into my speech something which, although unexpected, will no doubt be agreeable to the audience, who must be tired. I will ask the brethren of the Fraternity to give us one or two verses of one of their most familiar songs." The Fraternity arose and heartily accepted the invitation, rendering the song, "Hail to Thee," in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Tyler then proceeded with his address, which had for its theme the history of "Early American Colleges." The orator made a most favorable impression, and in the natural ease of his style, his purity of diction and originality of thought and expression, showed himself to be a speaker of very marked ability, and a thinker of high attainments.

A number of Fraternity songs were rendered by the members of the Order, to the satisfaction and delight of the audience. Prof. Gilmore's orchestra was rapturously received, and created an impression that will no doubt be lasting in Albany, by the high quality of music given last evening, and the admirable manner of its rendition. The exercises of the evening were concluded by a benediction by the chaplain, Rev. Henry Darling. The Fraternity then repaired to the Delavan House, where a grand banquet was served in their honor. The spread of delicacies as well as substantial, was fairly captivating, and convivialities were indulged in to a quite late hour.

The forty-second annual convention of the "Alpha Delta Phi" may be counted a splendid success.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The last number of the *Williams Vidette* shows what can be done in a college paper, having nearly all its articles about college matters, to make it interesting. There was not a single article in it but what we read and enjoyed. It contains a long account of the class races on the Hoosic. They have many difficulties to overcome there; all their rowing is done on a small inland stream, their races being simply against time. Only one boat was used for all the races, the crews changing. The Sophomores had first choice, and won the race, two miles in 15 minutes 9 seconds. The Freshmen went over the course in 15 minutes 28 1-2 seconds. The Seniors, whose turn came next, had the misfortune to break the top off their rudder; but their coxswain was equal to the emergency; he cast himself back in the boat, reached over the edge, and seized the rudder in his hands, guiding the boat, so that after all their time was quite good, 15 minutes 31 seconds. The rudder was sent off and mended, but the Juniors, whose turn came next, broke a rowlock before finishing. This race speaks well for the enthusiasm for boating at Williams. We do not believe they would complain of walking a mile to reach one of the finest sheets of water in New England. In an article on boating, the writer advises the dividing of the students into two boat clubs, composed of the alternate classes.

The *Madisonensis* seems to be very much offended at our presuming to wish them long life. We hasten to tell them, if they have many more numbers like the last, we shall most cheerfully withdraw our wish. We wish they would inform us from what source they took the quotations they used in their criticism on the ORIENT. We notice that the reading room at Madison seems to be in the same condition that ours was before the present regime. We should think they had seen

ours in past days and were describing it: "To be sure we have what is *called* a reading room. But what is it? an old shell with bare floors, hardly a chair, an old stove that needs a mustard plaster on the chimney to make it draw, a coal bin in one corner of the room, and behind it the brooms and oil can, the racks for the papers half the time out of order, and no locks on them to prevent the few graceless scamps we have among us from stealing."

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Brunswick for—

Augusta—8.25 A.M.; 2.45 and 7.17 P.M.; 12.35 A.M. (Pull.)

Bangor—2.45 P.M.; 12.35 A.M. (Pull.)

Bath—7.35 and 8.20 A.M.; 1.20, 2.45, 5.35 and 7.10 P.M.

Boston—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 P.M.; 12.30 A.M. (Pull.)

Farmington—2.45 P.M.

Lewiston—7.35 A.M.; 2.45 and 7.10 P.M.

Portland—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 and 5.35 P.M.; 12.30 A.M. (Pull.)

Waterville—8.25 A.M.; 2.45 P.M.; 12.35 A.M. (Pull.)

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Family Drug Store,

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Physicians' Prescriptions accurately prepared from the best drugs, in strict accordance with the directions and intent of the prescriber.

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STANDARD DRUGS,
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CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERY,
DYE STUFFS,

FANCY SOAPS,
SHOULDER BRACES,
BRUSHES IN VARIETY,
CHOICE EXTRACTS,
&c. &c.

SYRINGES,
TRUSSES,
HAIR OILS,
SPONGES,
&c. &c.

ALL KINDS OF

PATENT MEDICINES

are kept on hand, including a number of Proprietary Medicines put up at this store. These are sold upon their merits alone; no one will be urged to buy anything of the kind.

Mr. R. B. MELCHER, already favorably known in Brunswick, will be found at this place. Mr. M. has had five years' experience in the business and comes highly recommended by his former employer, R. G. Farr, of the firm of Farr & Frost, Druggists, Bath, Me.

Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended, it is hoped that strict attention to business may merit a continuance of the same.

Bowdoin College.

The means of instruction in this College have recently been largely increased, so as to meet the wants of all classes of students. The following is the present organization:—

1. The regular Classical Course: which is that pursued in the leading American Colleges.

2. The Scientific Course: which has been shaped to meet the demand of modern times, special prominence being given to the Natural and Physical Sciences, and to Modern Languages.

3. A complete course in Engineering, Civil and Mechanical, affording the best facilities for theoretical and practical study.

4. Arrangements are made for Post-Graduate Studies, to be extended through two years, affording a substantial basis for technical and literary Professions. Instruction can now be given in the following lines of advanced study: 1st, Languages and English Literature. 2d, Natural History. 3d, Chemistry and its applications. 4th, Engineering. 5th, Jurisprudence and Political Science.

5. The Medical School of Maine is connected with this College, and is in a flourishing condition.

6. Instruction will be given in Military Science by an accomplished officer of the United States Army.

7. Special students, not candidates for a degree, will be received in cases where it may be thought advantageous to the student.

8. Graduates of other colleges, or other students whose proficiency will warrant it, will be received into the Post-Graduate Course.

ANNUAL EXPENSES.

Tuition, \$75. Room rent (average), \$25. Incidentals, \$20. Board in town from \$110 to \$150.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JUNE 17, 1874.

No. 4.

The following letter speaks for itself. It is only one out of the many letters of similar import received by the students.—[Eds. ORIENT.]

I have the honor to inform you that at a Peace Meeting held in Plimpton Hall, New York, on Tuesday evening, June 2, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That while we would not be held as countenancing resistance to properly constituted authorities, yet we cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing our sympathy with the determined efforts of the students of Bowdoin College to induce the Faculty and Trustees to abolish the military drill, and the earnest hope that they may be ultimately successful in obtaining the abolition of a course of instruction alike oppressive to the pupils and opposed to the spirit of Christianity.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the President of the College, and the representatives of the students.

You are requested to make known to your fellow students these resolutions, and to express to them the hearty interest felt in their cause by many unknown friends.

I have the honor to be truly yours,

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE,

President of the meeting.

E. UNDERHILL, }
H. M. SLOCUM, } *Secretaries.*

103 East 53th Street, New York, June 3d, 1874.

AN OLD TOPIC.

Among all the sources of wonder that college workings afford to the uninitiated there is none more fruitful than the subject of hazing. Why one body of young men should persist in persecuting another, and why the latter should tamely submit to so degrading a system of injustice, are questions very apt to puzzle the minds of the good people who have never experienced the peculiar vicissitudes of a college course.

The self-conscious undergraduate at home on vacation retails as coming under his own observation all the traditions that the history of the college has accumulated for his use, and crowds of boys with eyes, mouth, and ears wide-stretched to drink in wonder, hang on his words. But if there happens to be among the listeners some lusty youth just come to man's estate, or some father proud of his stalwart son, he shakes his head with a significant jerk, and hints that there are some who would not be trodden down so easily. It is with this defiant spirit that the Freshman sometimes spends two or three weeks before coming to college in arming himself for the defense, hunting among his friends and acquaintances for all sorts of murderous weapons, from the little revolver of modern times to the rusty single-barrel of fifty years ago and the battered dagger of mysterious history, wherewith to repel the audacious Sophomore whose misfortune it shall be to attempt any tricks on him. It seems different, however, as soon as he enters the college grounds. For the first few days the Freshman is fully occupied with the endeavor to keep his feet and find his way where everything is new and strange—new men, new scenes, new customs. Meanwhile he is subjected to a course of treatment admirably calculated to reduce his courage, and take away all the confidence and even all the self-respect of which he may have been previously possessed. He is cheated and fooled on all sides; nothing is explained to him, but if he blunders he is laughed at as green; he is puzzled and terrified by professors, ridiculed, sneered at, and snubbed by students. Seeing that others treat him as a fool, he begins to

think he is a fool and acts accordingly. Many a one who could resist an open attack without flinching, loses all his fight when laughed at. A man will endure a great deal so long as his self-esteem holds good; break that down, and his whole camp is undermined, he must yield.

The Freshman consults with his classmates, and their shakiness confirms his own. So matters stand at the beginning of the year; the Sophomores, confident, experienced, and united in purpose; the Freshmen, apprehensive, bewildered, and united only in their fears. Our hero very likely occupies a room apart from all his classmates, and where there is no one to help, or even to sympathize with him, in time of trouble. Things being in this state, some night early in the term a terrific uproar strikes upon the startled ear of the victim, as he sits in his lonely room poring over the *Livy* for to-morrow. He listens nervously, and listening does not tend to re-assure him. With beat of drums and bray of horns, with jangling bells and clashing cymbals, with all appliances for discord that nature or art has lavished upon the Sophomore, a yelling, groaning, frantic crowd comes swarming up the stairs. The door opens, and a host of masked, fantastic figures pours in. These are generally harmless enough in reality; that giant-like form is very likely some lank, spindle-shanked individual, by no means formidable, whose bones merely afford a convenient frame for the building up of an impressive figure; behind yonder mask that looks so grim, is a face as frightened, perhaps, as that of the Freshman himself. But the latter does not know all this, and to him these apparitions look dangerous.

So he begins to sing and dance at their bidding; mounts the door, scans *Livy*, and makes speeches, until his persecutors are satisfied. If he demurs at anything, he is greeted with a yell that starts his very hair, and sets him in motion immediately. An hour afterwards, tossing in his bed, he remembers the

pistols, and wonders how he could ever have thought of using them.

For a time now the subjugation is complete; then familiarity begins to wear away terror; the thin places in the deception become apparent; the Freshmen become more acquainted with each other, and work more together; so that by the last term of the year they often become somewhat difficult to manage. Now comes the great day when they pass up into another class. It is a time of jubilee. Tall hats are donned; canes and horns are fished out from secret places, where they have lain concealed for weeks, and the night passes away with feasting and merriment, perchance the firing of cannon.

This is natural. Hold a piece of cork, or any other light substance, under water for a time, and upon being released it will come up with a leap. It is precisely so with the college boy; the lighter the material the higher the rebound.

Our quondam Freshman is free at last, and ready to take vengeance, not upon those who have oppressed him, but upon the next Freshman class. So the thing goes on and is perpetuated. Now is there any excuse for such a practice? There are many who think so.

Unjust as it is, considered abstractly, unwarranted as it was in its origin, the custom of hazing has now a claim upon the Sophomore which it is not easy for him to disregard. When the Freshman do certain things, which are of no account in themselves, and which anyone out of college would be at perfect liberty to do, these acts become real and pointed insults to the Sophomore class, when they are judged by the law of college precedent and custom.

The Freshman comes from the fitting school or from home, where he has been looked up to and served by admiring relatives and associates; he feels himself to be the great addition to the college for that year; he

is credulous, inquisitive, loquacious; his too strongly marked individuality is constantly obtruding itself and transgressing a multitude of rules and conventionalities. It devolves upon the Sophomore to tone down these characteristics and force him into the grooves prepared by college law and custom.

"College law and custom," sneers the great Public, "what do college law and custom amount to?" To just as much, our dear Public, as a great deal of the red tape and conventionality which you require and the violation of which you punish so severely; the great sanctimonious World is very fond indeed of hazing, in its own way.

Nor does the Sophomore take such malicious delight in his work as might be supposed. It is true that for a few days, while his liberty is new, he generally enjoys the sport; but after that he proceeds often from an actual sense of duty, being spurred on by the upper-classmen, who like to see things lively. In spite, however, of all excuses, the principle of the thing is wrong. If a man makes himself disagreeable, he is only exercising a good, broad, democratic privilege; the best course is to keep away from him. They take a great responsibility who attempt to set him right by pumping. The spirit of hazing, too, degenerates into meanness, when it prompts to breaking his windows or stealing his property.

Again, those are often made to suffer who are entirely inoffensive, not for their faults, but for their position; not because they are odious, but because they are Freshmen. Moreover, the practice is sometimes carried so far as to inflict permanent injury upon the objects of persecution. The attention of the public has been of late very forcibly called to this matter, and college faculties are making strenuous efforts to put an end to the most objectionable practices of the system. This object is sure to be attained in time, though the process is necessarily a slow one. College sentiment, aided by wise restrictions, must be

left to work the change, as it is sure to do in time.

At Bowdoin, hazing, though experiencing periodical revivals, is steadily declining; a step in the right direction has lately been taken in granting to the Freshmen certain privileges not previously enjoyed by them. It will be the duty of '77 to make a similar concession to the incoming class and carry the work along. The sooner this long-standing evil is removed the better, and when hazing is done away, we may hope to see public attention called to some other features of the college system which also need to be remedied.

ZOOLOGICAL EXCURSION.

THE ORIENT informed us in its last issue that Prof. White was intending to take his class in Zoölogy to Goose Island, for a week's practical study of the specimens which could be collected there. Well, we started for the desired locality as early as we could assemble ourselves on Monday morning, the 8th of June. I will not try to describe the ride from the college to the sea-shore—how we were jolted about over roads deep-rutted with many seasons' travel; how we discovered after toiling on for some time that it had all been in vain, for our books of reference had been left behind; how it was decided that the team, with one or two, should go back, while the remainder should await its arrival where they were, or press forward, as inclination might dictate; how the team went on once more, after having returned for the books, and having received again all its passengers but three; how, as the company journeyed on, their notice was attracted by sounds issuing from an old forest church, and upon a nearer approach they discovered one of their missing comrades, apparently having forgotten that Zoölogy was the proper theme for his efforts, discoursing volubly from the pulpit to a delighted audi-

ence made up of the other two. But it is enough to say that, with all our mishaps, we arrived only about a half an hour too late to get our boat off on the morning tide. We did not feel very badly about this, for we knew that we had only to wait and the tide would be in again; then, too, we had decided not to try to do any studying the first day, but to spend all our time in getting settled, so that we might begin a course of uninterrupted study on the second morning. In accordance with our before-mentioned strong expectation the tide came in during the day, and we had all our baggage on board the sloop and were sailing down the bay while yet the quarter part of the afternoon was before us. Most of us had our own ideas about sailing the boat, and being free-born Americans, each one thought he had as much right to hold the tiller as any one else. This was a bad state of things, but some one hit upon the happy expedient of *electing* a captain. This idea seemed to strike everybody favorably, and the company immediately proceeded with the election; without much wire-pulling or ballot-stuffing, one of our number was selected who had the requisite nerve and strength, and who could handle his authority well, as we had learned from experience.

Before starting from home we had discussed much and received much gratuitous advice as to where our encampment should be made; and we had finally decided that it should be on the shore of Apple-tree Cove, on the western side of the lower island. As our boat glided along over the water we were all on the watch for any opening which bid fair to be our cove. We had almost come to the conclusion that we had been deceived, and that our chart was wrong, for we could see no opening in the whole length of the island, when presently our boat was headed toward the shore, and but for our confidence in our skipper, we should have thought she was running into certain destruction upon the

jagged rocks which lined the shore. We watched intently, and all at once we descried a little opening between two projecting rocks, and then almost before we could realize it we had shot through the narrow passage and were in a little land-locked bay, with our sails down and our anchor overboard. It was with a happy sensation that each one looked around this beautiful cove, on whose sheltered waters our little craft might ride easily at anchor in the maddest gale. As we gazed around, our eyes first met a heavy growth of spruce, which had been undisturbed for years; then turning farther round we saw the little sparkling brook which was to furnish the camp with its indispensable supply of water, come trickling down from the higher land; then, beyond, the gently ascending slope of grass land,—“Just the place to pitch the tent!” every one cries in a breath,—in the midst of which stand two old solemn looking apple trees, from which, I presume, our harbor derived its name.

Then we landed ourselves and our baggage as fast as possible,—camp-kettles and blankets, tents and provisions, all in a heap on the shore. At this point there was a division of the company; those having an unconquerable desire for zoological specimens and no great stock of patience, seized their rubber boots and the dip-net and started for the shore, headed by the Professor, there to catch any strolling crabs and jelly-fishes that might come in their way; those having a more practical turn of mind immediately commenced to pitch the tents and carry the baggage to them, and in short to prepare for the approaching night. Last but not least, let me mention him, afterwards called our *bravny cook*, who commenced as naturally as a duck takes to the water, to build a fire-place and to get supper ready for the eight hungry men, all of whom were now engaged in arranging our habitations before the approaching night-fall. Some of our party have had the reputation of being light eaters, but if any of the readers

of this could have looked into our tent and seen the way in which they went through the generous bill of fare, they would have called us hearty men, and pronounced our cook no novice at his trade. Then came the night. We all had good beds, and were tired enough to sleep, but during the first part of the night our skipper was in such a state from the strong coffee he had drank as to preclude any possibility of sleep; then, as the skipper gradually subsided, the mosquitoes gathered in battalions about us, and with their singing and biting managed to take about half our attention from our sleep.

Morning came at last, and with it our work. As soon as our breakfast was over we assembled for the study of the morning's specimens, already collected by some of the early risers. In the afternoon we were accustomed to take the boat and run to some neighboring island to collect specimens for study and for comparison with those of our own island. Here, too, we found there was a difference in the inclinations of the company. Some would start out and collect mollusks, lobsters, star-fishes, and such other denizens of the sea as they might find; while others would set about collecting milk, eggs, vealsteak, and whatever the cook suggested would add to our bill of fare. This was our course of life, and a very pleasing and profitable one it was, too. Of course we were obliged to deviate from it somewhat; once in the while we were obliged to stop study for a time to entertain most welcome company, and to look over the *mail* which came by them somewhat irregularly.

In the midst of our prosperity came calamity; the *brawny cook*, while engaged in a frolic with one of the table-boys, sprained his ankle so severely, that we were obliged to doctor him to the best of our ability. Under our skillful treatment he was able to go about the next day on crutches, prepared by the ingenuity of one of our number. By the aid of

his crutches he could go about and have the general oversight of the culinary department, and consequently it was kept up to the high standard it had at first assumed. Having all that we could desire for our bodily comfort, and all the facilities that we could ask for pursuing our studies, we made rapid progress, and soon became familiar with the form, size, and habits of our commoner marine animals. We also tested the edible qualities of many of our specimens. It was no uncommon thing to hear the chief cook shout to the man at the stove —

“Are those *Lamellibranchiata* boiled till the shells open?” or, “Some one take out the meat from the claws of that *Crustacean*.”

Thus, under the watchful eye of the Professor, we learned from experience what it would have taken many more hours and much more hard labor to have learned from our text-books; and we fixed it all in our memory by being constantly in the midst of the animals we were studying. Our excursion was something of an experiment, not as to method of study, for that has long been approved by those best qualified to judge, but as to the practicability of taking a class in the midst of a term and arranging it so that it should be convenient for all to go. It has proved a perfect success; the work was well done, with full as much profit to ourselves as though we had remained in college; we have gained an invaluable fund of practical knowledge of the inhabitants of our bay; and although somewhat browned by our exposure to the sun, we have come back invigorated, and ready for the hard work which precedes the approaching examination for admittance to the Senior Class.

As we were coming home, and thinking over the week that had passed so quickly, we said among ourselves we wished it could have been a month instead of a week, so that we might have enlarged our collections and familiarized ourselves with minuter details.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Now that the base-ball fever is raging in college, can not something be done to improve the grounds? They might be laid out in another part of the field to great advantage; as they are now, the sun seems to interfere very seriously with the fielding. But if that is not practicable, it would be very little labor to smooth over the in-field and level down the hillocks around the bases. Why cannot we have some Ruskinites in college, with public spirit enough to take shovel and hoe and work on it. There are very few base-ball grounds equal to ours naturally; and few, that are used so much, neglected to such an extent.

In our last issue there were a few omissions, which we will now rectify. Among the Senior parts, the name of Mr. F. W. Hawthorne should have appeared among the fourth part men. Also E. A. P. Yates should have been mentioned among the Sophomore appointments for prize declamation.

Within the past few weeks we notice the death of two students from drowning; one at Cornell, the other at Wesleyan University. We think that the students are altogether too reckless here; only last fall a member of the Junior class came very near drowning while in bathing, and the men who last summer were working on the bridge, said they were heartily tired of picking students out of the water.

The Commencement Concert will take place Wednesday evening, July 8th, instead of Tuesday evening as has been the custom. The Senior Class have been very fortunate in securing the services of the following eminent artists: Miss Annie Louise Cary, the Temple Quartette, and the Germania Band. The Concert bids fair to be the best ever given in Brunswick. All the seats are reserved, and tickets may be obtained on and after Tuesday, June 30th, at the store of Mr. Charles Griffin.

We are glad to see that the students accept the situation and go back to the drill in a manly way. As long as they have to drill, they might as well make a "virtue of necessity" and gain all the good they can out of it. A true man, when he has a disagreeable duty to perform, always does it as well as he can. It is by far the best way for all of us, after having taken a step which we acknowledge may have been hasty and wrong, not to show our spleen by shirking the drill, since thus we shall lose the sympathy of every right-minded man.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK, JULY 5-11.

SUNDAY.

P.M.—Baccalaureate before the Senior Class.

TUESDAY.

EVENING.—Junior Prize Exhibition.

WEDNESDAY.

9 A.M.—Business Meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa.

3 P.M.—Address before the Alumni by Rev. John O. Means, D.D., of Boston Highlands, Class of '43.

EVENING.—Concert by the Germania Band of Boston, assisted by Miss Annie Louise Cary and the Temple Quartette.

THURSDAY.

Commencement Day.

Exercises commence at the Church at 10.30 A.M.
Commencement dinner at Memorial Hall.

FRIDAY.

8 A.M.—Maine Historical Society, annual meeting.
P.M.—Class Day Exercises.

Examination of candidates for admission to College occurs this Friday *previous* to Commencement, July 3d.

LOCAL.

"Did you squawk?"

"How your neck is burned."

The Faculty have had a "tear."

"Ivy Day" invitations were a success.

Uncle John likes to have the students rebel.

The College Band discourses very fine music.

It is said that fourteen men of '74 will study law.

'75 has lost three of its best men in the late rebellion.

The Freshmen sport canes, wear tall hats, and beat the Sophs at ball.

'77 have decided to dispense with the customary luxury of class canes.

The Medics have gone, and the scalpel has been laid on the shelves in Adams Hall.

The Sophs. and Fresh. have taken up arms again, and the Juniors are running the artillery.

The College grounds are looking lovely. Alas! that sin, sorrow, and mosquitoes should ever enter here.

Romantic young lady (to Freshman)—
"What birds are those so sweetly singing?"
"Frogs," he said.

Mother Bowdoin thinks that her sons should sow their wild oats in "drills." So says an agriculturist.

Prof. White and his class have been off on an excursion to Goose Island. It did not prove a wild-geese chase.

Some opine that the "military department" is not squelched, but allow that the elocutionary fraud has been shown up.

Edwin H. Hall has been appointed Senior Librarian. The Junior Librarians are: C. S. Andrews, C. H. Clark, J. G. Libby, and O. C. Stevens.

The Juniors have had two sieges in crystallography and two professors. Of course they know nothing about it, and want to try, try again.

Prof. Vose and his "special class" in Engineering took a trip to Lewiston, Saturday, to view the new railroad. It appeared *all dust* on the way home.

A countryman, wandering around to see "Mr. Chamberlain's military school," wanted to know if our granite dry goods box was the "Memorial House."

The sacred concert advertised to come off at 7 1-2 Sunday evening, failed to hymn its notes of praise. "There will be no more sacred concerts," etc.

C. W. Whitcomb, '76, was severely injured, a few days since, by being thrown and trampled on by a spirited horse. We hope to hear of a speedy recovery.

'77 feel "ground down by the iron heel of military despotism" because they have to pass "sub jugum" and make up six hundred lines of Latin at a day's notice.

The State Base-ball tournament will be held in Brunswick, June 22d, and continue several days. It was so decided at the convention held at the Tontine Hotel, June 13th.

Boating is reviving. The new barge is taken down the river every pleasant day, much to the enjoyment of the coxswain. There seems to be a fair prospect of two six-oared crews entering for the regatta next Commencement.

The horrid war is ended, and a flag of truce floats with ample folds over every hall and dormitory. Those sympathetic souls who came to gaze, as they expected, upon the ruins of a once lordly chapel; who did not expect to find one stone upon another of Memorial, went away disappointed.

Peucinian election is as follows: President, E. H. Hall; Vice President, F. O. Baston; Orator, F. B. Osgood; Poet, C. W. Hill; Secretary, J. Morrill; Treasurer, C. W. Hawes; Librarians—1st, P. P. Simmons; 2d, E. A. P. Yates; 3d, C. W. Morrill; Editors—1st, M. Standish; 2d, O. C. Evans; 3d, H. Stoyell; Committee, Simmons, Kimball (F. R.), and Ingalls.

The officers of the Athenæan Society are as follows: President, S. L. Larrabee; Vice President, E. S. Osgood; Orator, S. M. Carter; Poet, S. C. Whitmore; Secretary, O. C. Gordon; Treasurer, C. G. Burnham; Committee—1st, W. H. Holmes; 2d, J. S. Leavitt; 3d, F. H. Hargraves; Librarians—1st, C. A. Black; 2d, R. E. Hemmenway; 3d, J. E. Chapman; Editors—1st, G. F. McQuillan;

2d, J. H. White; 3d, E. H. Blake; Auditors—1st, G. R. Swasey; 2d, W. Nevins.

The game of ball played Saturday on the college grounds, between the Bowdoins and the Kennebecs of Hallowell, resulted in the defeat of the latter. In fact the "college boys" just walked away with the gentlemen from H. The underhand throwing of Payson was a perfect success. Several splendid catches were made, among which one sky-scraper taken by Waite was worthy of record. Cousins played the first base in a manner to make all his relations proud of him. All did well. Whenever any fine play was made, the contestants were loudly applauded by the Faculty and Morratt.

The greatest event since the students' return was a fair in the vestry. At which fair the fair of this fair town were out in fair numbers. How the young men fared will appear further (we would write it fair-ther if we dared) on. Immediately on entering we were struck dumb by the exquisite adornment of the vast structure by the beauties of Brunswick. Mountains of cake were seen; immense masses of beautiful flowers, which were beautiful in our eyes until we raised them to the charming array behind; around the hall in long vistas were tables loaded with the marvelous handicraft of many deft fingers. One table manned entirely by little girls, seemed to have the most potent influence over the pockets of the young men; many and varied were the charms that were near that table; high above all these charms were seen the quaint and beautiful Normandy caps. We sought a sequestered spot, from which in peace we could behold the splendid scene. Rare and marvelous it was, such as poets dream, and which it is the lot of man to see but once in a long weary life. Suddenly a hush came over the vast assembly. We thought all were struck at the same moment with amazement and awe at the fairy-like

scene before them, and were dumb from astonishment and wonder. There is always something grand in the hush of the unnumbered voices of a great multitude of people. We were moved to our inmost soul, but a voice broke in on our meditations: "Ice cream tickets for sale here." What followed we are unable to write, as our pen dances over the paper in ecstasy at the mere thought of it. Suffice to say, we refrigerated and went away glad of heart and poor of purse to meditate on the inscrutable mysteries of such an affair.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'43.—Charles M. Cumston, Head Master of the English High School, Boston, has resigned. The *Boston Post* makes the following comments upon his resignation:—

"Mr. Cumston vacates the hardship of what is in many respects the most important educational institution in the city, and in so doing he deprives it of abilities and fidelity that have for many years stood the severest tests to which an instructor and a responsible officer could be subjected. He has earned the highest honors that are reserved for any one in this field by long and faithful service, and has won the respect and lasting esteem of that great constituency which each year pass into the world as educated men."

'58.—Samuel A. Bradley died recently at Chicago, and was buried at Fryeburg.

'70.—We learn from the *Farmington Chronicle* that Dr. Edward B. Weston of Lewiston, and Miss Brett of Farmington, were recently married at the latter place.

'70.—W. E. Spear was in town last week. His post-office address is Dunbarton, N. H.

'73.—A. L. Crocker is taking a special course in Engineering, under Prof. Vose. He still claims to be one of the boys, and we are all glad to think him one.

EDITORS' TABLE.

One of the editors of the *Trinity Tablet* has made a visit to Vassar, which he describes in a very pleasant way.

In speaking of men who are asked to advertise and who do not, it gives this advice to its readers which we commend most heartily to ours:—

"Let us try to do what is right by those who try to encourage our projects. If you wish to buy anything go to a man who advertises with us, even if it does take you a few steps out of your way. Let us let the men who refuse to aid us know that we cannot assist them. Read over our advertisements and act accordingly."

The *Chronicle* says there is some prospect of drill being introduced in Ann Arbor. We hope that they never will have it, and we think that they can profit by our experience. We suppose the ladies will receive instruction, in case the drill is introduced, in hospital nursing, and also be appointed to take care of those students who should be too weak to drill.

The Seniors had a supper at Hangsterfer's, which we should judge was a favorite place of resort among the students, and from the account of it we discover how they manage them in mixed colleges—the ladies were "wheeled and cajoled" away before the wine was brought on.

The *Harvard Advocate* in an article entitled "Sitne Perpetua?" speaking of Memorial Day, wishes that it should be regarded as a memory of war and a warning against it.

The *Magenta* has an argument in favor of the drill. We admit the force of the reasons urged, if drill in colleges could be made efficient, but we think that a man who had drilled carelessly two years would be a much poorer soldier than if he had never drilled at all. We only wish that those who argue so zealously in favor of the drill had to haul the limbers of the cannon round on some hot day.

The criticisms on Exchanges in either of the Harvard papers would be much more severe if they contrasted them with a little praise. It is hardly fair to contrast college papers, which generally are filled with the first editorial attempts of young men, with the *Atlantic Monthly* or *Every Saturday*. We fear that even the Harvard papers, although they stand nearly at the head of college magazines, would not shine in comparison.

The last number of the *Bates Student* is the best we have seen. The poorest part of it is the continued story.

The Cornell papers do not speak as if the drill was not any more popular there than it is in Bowdoin.

The *Yale Courant*, not content with issuing supplements, is now becoming an illustrated paper. The last number has a picture of the new chapel for Yale, which it is estimated will cost \$115,000, of which \$80,000 has already been raised among the alumni. In speaking of the late trouble at Bowdoin, it says:—

"We agree with the general opinion that the students have the right of the matter. It is so obviously nonsensical to endeavor to *force* military training on college students, that it is useless to argue the matter to any length. If a student wishes the training he will go where that is the one thing taught, and not to a college whose aim is to give men a peculiarly literary and practical education."

The *Madisonensis* has an article on "Coercion in College." In speaking of the college custom that every member of the class is bound by class honor to abide by the vote of the majority, it says:—

"Say what we may in behalf of the 'rule of the many,' there are many incidents in student life which are shaped and domineered over by the mass, but over which none have a right to exercise authority save the individual himself. Coercion may be good and legitimate in many cases, but coercion against conviction and at a sacrifice of principle, a compulsion that disregards an honest and intelligent difference of opinion that is in no

way bound to yield to the majority, can never be justified."

Few outside of College can appreciate the force of the words, "That is a class affair." Class honor, once invoked is a hard thing to do away with. It is upheld by tradition; the immense influence that this exerts on people is well known; the policy of nations is shaped by it. It appeals to the student's pride, to his love of friends, and, as he thinks, to his honor. Far be it from us to do away with anything which has cemented so many friendships.

The *Dartmouth* has an unusual number of very dull articles, which would be well fitted, if they only had the ability, for the heaviest Quarterlies. We would except an article on "Mr. Webster at Home," which we thought quite interesting, as it confined itself to relating anecdotes about Mr. Webster. Six pages are devoted to an essay on Hamlet, which is very carelessly written; the writer is in doubt whether he is plural or singular, as he uses *we* and *I* indiscriminately. Were such a thing supposable, we should say that the first and last of the article were original, while that between had been culled from various sources. The closing sentences are worthy of all praise from those who dislike the spread-eagle style. Speaking of Shakespeare's making an ideal character of Hamlet, who was willing to damn a human soul, the author says:—

"One would think that he must have read Jonathan Edwards.

"They could have had no Sunday-school books in those days, for if the poet had been versed in that kind of literature, he would have made Hamlet a perfect being, and not an universal man.

"The poet has only shown us the tangled threads of destiny. Who can know the end thereof, solve the mysteries of life, or harmonize the 'sweet bells jangled'?"

The perfect flatness of this looked as if the article might have been intended for a burlesque; but on looking it over again, we thought we saw enough sense in it to save it from that construction, though we found

many things that strengthened our first impression, especially where the question of Hamlet's insanity was treated of.

If there is any subject, in the whole range of English literature, which seems to us out of place in a college paper, it is a sketch of the play of Hamlet with remarks on his insanity. One reason, that it has been so often and so fully treated of by the finest scholars, that at the best our remarks will be mere repetitions, ought to be sufficient. For those editors who think that no subject is too vast for a students' magazine, we would suggest to them a few titles: "Newton's Principia Summarized in a few Short Sentences;" "An Epitome of the Bible;" "The Infinite brought within the Comprehension of Man."

The *College Courant* is one of the most enterprising of our exchanges. It lately sent out a supplement containing a full account of a banquet given to Chief Justice Waite by the Alumni of Yale. The style of the "Old Portfolio" we should think was modeled after John Mountford's Euthanasia, a style which is most admirably adapted to saying very little in many words.

The *Beloit College Monthly* has essays on "Character of Oratory" and "Christianity in Politics"; it also contains a sensible review of "Dred."

We still hold to our opinion as to the best form of a college magazine, since we think that the Harvard papers, the *Vidette*, *Tablet*, etc., are much more interesting than the *Bates Student*, *Olivet Olio*, *Dartmouth*, etc. The temptation seems to be, in the magazine form, to devote most of the space to very heavy articles.

The *High School Budget* has an article on "Heat and Light," which is beyond our comprehension. Though this is a High School paper, it is ahead of some of our College exchanges in many respects. In one it is far

ahead of nearly all; that is, it notices the ORIENT kindly.

OTHER EXCHANGES.

Tripod, *College Argus*, *Cornell Era*, *Reporter*, *Oberlin Review*, *The Owl*, *Lafayette Monthly*, *College Mercury*, *Amherst Student*, *Wittenberger*, *Old and New*, *Southbridge Journal*, *Ellsworth American*, *Portland Advertiser*, *Bath Times*, *University Herald*, *Tufts Collegian*, *Southern Collegian*, *Cornell Times*.

A Senior, working hard upon his Commencement Part, and not liking to be disturbed, gave the candy boy a quarter to stay out of his room for a week. Next day boy was around as usual. "Here! young man," said the irate Senior, "did n't I pay you to stay out of here for a week?" "Yes," replied the youth, "but I ain't begun to stay out yet."—*Bates Student*.

A Junior who resides in Hertzog Hall has renounced his intention of studying theology. One of his associates, on learning of an expected visit of a pious aunt to our friend, while John was at the depot awaiting the arrival of his relative, embellished his room with numerous bottles with suspicious labels, glasses, spittoons, &c. On the arrival of the devout lady and her nephew, their feelings may be imagined, and his protestations ceased to have effect when a Soph. entered with "Jack, have you forgotten to mix me the—lemonade?"

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Brunswick for—

Augusta—8.25 A.M.; 2.45 and 7.17 P.M.; 12.35 A.M. (Pull.)

Bangor—2.45 P.M.; 12.35 A.M. (Pull.)

Bath—7.35 and 8.20 A.M.; 1.20, 2.45, 5.35 and 7.10 P.M.

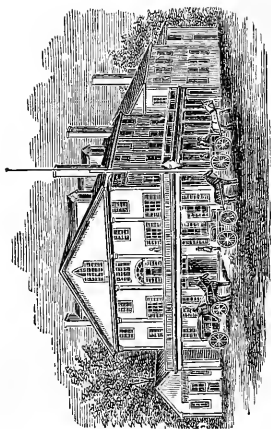
Boston—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 P.M.; 12.30 A.M. (Pull.)

Farmington—2.45 P.M.

Lewiston—7.35 A.M.; 2.45 and 7.10 P.M.

Portland—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 and 5.35 P.M.; 12.30 A.M. (Pull.)

Waterville—8.25 A.M.; 2.45 P.M.; 12.35 A.M. (Pull.)



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are kept on hand, including a number of Proprietary Medicines put up at this store. These are sold upon their merits alone; no one will be urged to buy anything of the kind.

Mr. R. B. MELCHER, already favorably known in Brunswick, will be found at this place. Mr. M. has had five years' experience in the business and comes highly recommended by his former employer, R. G. Farr, of the firm of Farr & Frost, Druggists, Bath, Me.

Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended, it is hoped that strict attention to business may merit a continuance of the same.

Programmes for Exhibitions

And Printing for other College Exercises, neatly done at the

JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON, MAINE.

Bowdoin College.

The means of instruction in this College have recently been largely increased, so as to meet the wants of all classes of students. The following is the present organization:—

1. The regular Classical Course: which is that pursued in the leading American Colleges.

2. The Scientific Course: which has been shaped to meet the demand of modern times, special prominence being given to the Natural and Physical Sciences, and to Modern Languages.

3. A complete course in Engineering, Civil and Mechanical, affording the best facilities for theoretical and practical study.

4. Arrangements are made for Post-Graduate Studies, to be extended through two years, affording a substantial basis for technical and literary Professions. Instruction can now be given in the following lines of advanced study: 1st, Languages and English Literature. 2d, Natural History. 3d, Chemistry and its applications. 4th, Engineering. 5th, Jurisprudence and Political Science.

5. The Medical School of Maine is connected with this College, and is in a flourishing condition.

6. Instruction will be given in Military Science by an accomplished officer of the United States Army.

7. Special students, not candidates for a degree, will be received in cases where it may be thought advantageous to the student.

8. Graduates of other colleges, or other students whose proficiency will warrant it, will be received into the Post-Graduate Course.

ANNUAL EXPENSES.

Tuition, \$75. Room rent (average), \$25. Incidentals, \$20. Board in town from \$110 to \$150.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JULY 1, 1874.

No. 5.

ANOTHER THRUST.

In the *Brunswick Telegraph* of June 18th is published a letter from E. W. Thompson, formerly a member of Bowdoin, '56, but now "Brigadier General and Chief of Staff to Governor Baxter of Arkansas," and who condemns the late rebellion of the students in unmeasured terms.

This is the last and most unkindest cut. We had already suffered the condemnation of the eminent, had borne patiently the castigations of Tenney, and met without flinching the rebukes of Boutelle of the *Bangor Whig and Courier*; but we had hoped to escape the censure of the Brigadier General and Chief of Staff to Governor Baxter. To be sure, this letter, as a letter, is of no particular weight; it is that signature which gives it dignity. It is true, as he himself declares, that the B. G. & C. O. S. T. G. B. was once engaged in a rebellion against his Alma Mater while here; but how different the circumstances! We rebelled because obliged to drill; he rebelled because forbidden to drill. What if through this unwise restriction that military genius which has elevated him to his present exalted position had been forever repressed! What a grand spectacle it is,—that heroic soul away back in '56, pressing onward in the face of adversity and reproach, and nurturing, in their tender infancy, those great truths which now are cherished on the very scene of their early struggles! Was he not a martyr? Does he not deserve to be canonized (no pun intended)? The least that can be done will be to confer upon him the degree of LL.D. at the coming Commencement. Under the weight of vast responsibilities and cares that would sink another completely into oblivion, the B. G. & C.

O. S. T. G. B. can yet turn a listening ear to the wail of his Alma Mater. Imagine him surrounded by his subordinates, standing upon some commanding eminence, overlooking the forces of Arkansas as they pass in majestic column before him,—twenty-one men, it is estimated, is their number, of various nationalities and conditions,—like the great army of old when the Persian King held his first grand review on Grecian soil, or the host that, rallying around the Scottish King, Lord Marmion viewed from the brow of Blackford. Alike, we say, the forces, but here the parallel ends. Xerxes was routed at Salamis; King James lost both his army and his life on the disastrous field of Flodden; but this great modern leader, during all the convulsions that have upheaved Arkansas, still, like another Marlborough, "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm." What wonder that he is roused to a noble anger at the "recreancy" of those students who, having before them his own illustrious example, yet neglect their opportunities, and, like the Scriptural swine, trample pearls beneath their feet!

Much remains to be accomplished by arms, he says, "notwithstanding the theories of such superficial thinkers as Buckle and the late lamented Thomas C. Upham." This, as our readers may see, is very, very hard on Buckle and Upham. We were glad on reading it that the expression of this sentiment had been deferred until after the death of these men. It would be difficult to calculate the effect that such a decision might have on the mind of a young and ambitious philosopher.

We will, however, pursue no farther the discussion of this letter; it speaks for itself; every one can draw from it his own conclu-

sions. If all opposition to the drill in college shall permanently cease, the letter comes to us as a commendation rather than a rebuke; but if the old hostility remains, it will exert a potent influence against our cause. There is great danger that it may attract the attention of the Boards, and if this should happen, of course the authorities would feel justified in trying the Military Department for another year.

THE TWO-TERM SYSTEM AT BOWDOIN.

The question of the feasibility of changing the number and time of the College terms will probably be discussed by the Boards at the coming Commencement. Our readers will, perhaps, pardon us if we occupy some space in the present number in representing to the College world the feeling of some of the students in this matter. They are evidently the most interested, and their pleasure should be entitled to some consideration in determining this question. The College was established for the accommodation of those who are endeavoring to lay a foundation for sound learning. It is not a mere organization striving for pecuniary success; consequently when an innovation is made it should be carefully studied whether such change would be agreeable and beneficial, not to officers of the institution but to its subjects.

Many of the larger colleges now have but two terms a year. We have three. If we make the proposed change, Commencement will come earlier in the summer and the winter vacation be shortened. Should this be done, a more favorable time will be afforded for Commencement exercises. The pursuit of studies in the warm season of the year, when nature puts forth all her charms to allure the student from his books, will be avoided. Better progress will be made, because there will be less interruption of duties by men who,

under the present system, would teach during the winter months. Could we gain these advantages without losing greater ones, all would willingly consent to the proposed arrangement. But difficulties are presented on every side.

Although Bowdoin has quite a large number of students, and it would seem at first sight that what is practicable for other colleges would be so for her, she must reflect that she extends very little aid to her students, some of whom are now scarcely able to remain here without assistance. More than half her students teach in winter, thus endeavoring to lessen the expenditures of the course. What will become of these men if the two-term system is adopted? They will be driven away, and among them will be those who are foremost in ability. The College is not prepared for such a move, and will not be until it is more liberally endowed. Students all come here with the understanding that the scholarships are not many. It may not be a fault of the College that they are not more numerous, but the officers would be greatly at fault in introducing a system, depriving men of an opportunity to teach, which answers for a substitute for these, so pernicious to the interests of a great majority. The summer vacation will be a long one it is true, and seem to present an opportunity for those who wish to enter upon some profitable employment; but, unfortunately the men who need assistance most are the last to obtain a good salary at that time of year. Their forte is teaching. They can only do this in the fall and winter. When the winter vacation fails them their last hope vanishes. Warm weather seldom interferes with the work of such men, and they care very little how large or how small the attendance at the exercises of their graduation. All duties should be prescribed agreeably to the interested and not to the indifferent. We do not care how long or how short the summer vacation, at which time the terms

commence or how many there are, if the winter recess is spared. If this is abandoned we foresee the classes no larger but sensibly smaller. There is another thing which makes our own College eager to have but two terms. A feeling of uneasiness always attends the liability of prosperous institutions of being considered behind the times. Some, undoubtedly, will say we have been already too long traveling in the old ruts and ought to get out of them at the earliest opportunity, but in this matter there is no other way open to us. If we move in the direction proposed, the wheels of progress will sink deep in the mire of financial embarrassment.

Bowdoin claims to be an aristocratic College. It would lift her one step higher in this aristocracy if she would adopt the plan which some of her sister colleges have so effectually tried. Enough of that element, however, now pervades the institution. We do not come here for the sake of being aristocratic, we come to fit ourselves so that we must, whether it is our aim or not, occupy a place among the aristocrats of the world. It would be unjust to mould the curriculum after the minds of that effeminate minority who wish to be considered great, but have no means of obtaining a position worthy of that name, save by inheritance. It is the sound, able, common-sense man, with moderate resources and abilities, who should be considered a fair representative of college students. Officers should ever bear in mind the failings and welfare of such when they establish laws and make new departures.

FITTING SCHOOLS.

The departure of so many Seniors, a large portion of whom will probably engage in teaching for some length of time, brings to mind the responsibility they will undertake and the manner in which it will be discharged.

The man of '74 who shall engage in this

vocation will represent the average college-graduate standard of instruction. He may take charge of a school composed of fifty pupils, or of twice that number; they are of all ages, and the studies to be pursued are as various, the demonstration and illustration of any one of which ought to engage the larger portion of the time of the teacher outside the recitation room. The good he may do for those who take difficult subjects is obviously hemmed in and limited because of the great amount of time which, for want of system, must be devoted to hearing the different branches. Again, there are those in school who do not know what they wish to study, or if they do, it is an uncertain decision. One term they read over something that looks interesting or easy and get a glance at its principles; the next it is an old story and is changed for a new favorite.

Perhaps the teacher himself is only temporarily engaged in the calling and does not care particularly about the welfare of his pupils so long as certain selfish ends are gained. He exercises no supervision; smiles at mistakes that are really of a serious nature, and in short seems to aim solely at dragging along with as little exertion and trouble as possible.

What would be, and is indeed, the result of such a system? Would it not produce men of whom we see too many in college, men whose minds are filled with rubbish, but not with good usable material?

We are of the impression that the university does not form a man's mind, especially in relation to habits and the power to form or break them, more than does the fitting school. Are not the habits of every man in this college nearly the same as when he was preparing? If so, how important that at a time when character was forming so rapidly, the influences brought to bear upon it should have been of the highest order.

There are two general college courses for

which the majority of American students make themselves ready, viz., the classical and the scientific. The preparatory course of study for the first is pretty well fixed and determined; that for the second varies from year to year, has no consistency, and is largely formed by the will of the scholar. It is mostly with this last that we would deal.

The requirements for admission to the scientific departments of most of our colleges are so inconsiderable that no really serious preparation is needed to enter honorably. Men who are far too young take advantage of this, and reach college only to find themselves too immature to appreciate its advantages, and with too little discipline to properly perform its duties. There are men too, caring little for knowledge except as a means of thrusting them into agreeable relations, who use these slight requisitions to obtain honors which they need only too much in their way through the world. There is a third class, composed of worthy, diligent, capable, and high-minded youth, who study because they love learning, because there is in them a desire to rise higher. Shall we say that the college course of men of this character avails nothing? Most assuredly not. But if they delved no deeper before entrance than was literally and absolutely necessary, then must they know that the diploma grasped in hope and pride is not all of life, and that there is rolled within it a skeleton of lost privileges and opportunities.

The three objections thus presented we believe to be real and not of the imagination.

But do we ridicule the idea of a scientific education, as it is popularly called? Most certainly not. But before it can be placed upon the level of the classical there must be a change, and a radical one too, in the system of preparation. As it is, the scientific student enters college after having pursued very few if any disciplinary studies, with mind undeveloped, while the classical, upon the

other hand, has followed for three years studies which are specially excellent for the purposes of training. Thus the two start in the college race with unequal burdens. Is it strange that the heavier laden falls behind? There are too ways in which this inequality can be lessened if not obviated; one is through the voluntary over-preparation of the scientific applicant; the other, through the ruling of the college. This last plan is being somewhat generally adopted, and while there are institutions that have increased the mathematical requirements, others have seen fit to add languages, ancient or modern.

While many advocate the former theory, and others uphold as strongly the different view, we shall not presume to suggest as to the superiority of either. Both point to the same and wished-for result, viz., the increase of qualifications, so that the men of both courses shall have an equal time devoted to fit, and shall have studies of the same disciplinary character. When this plan shall have gone into effect, a great rise in the standard of scientific departments will be seen throughout the land. Until it is adopted, there rests upon teachers, and particularly college graduates in the school-room, a duty which they can not and ought not to evade. The course of the student is, or can be, largely decided by the instructor. If need be, let him force upon the boys who are under him one of the two general courses. If the more ancient be accepted, the path of the student is comparatively plain; if the second be decided upon, let the teacher, making use of his years and experience, fix and indicate branches that must be studied, and let these be in every sense the equivalents of those in the other course.

G. K. S.

Soft thing in Political Economy—"Now then, that is A, and when I ask you next Monday, 'don't you forget it'."

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK, JULY 5-11.

SUNDAY.

P.M.—Baccalaureate before the Senior Class.

TUESDAY.

EVENING.—Junior Prize Exhibition.

WEDNESDAY.

9 A.M.—Business Meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa.

3 P.M.—Address before the Alumni by Rev. John O. Means, D.D., of Boston Highlands, Class of '43.

EVENING.—Concert by the Germania Band of Boston, assisted by Miss Annie Louise Cary and the Temple Quartette.

THURSDAY.

Commencement Day.

Exercises commence at the Church at 10.30 A.M.
Commencement dinner at Memorial Hall.

FRIDAY.

8 A.M.—Maine Historical Society, annual meeting.
P.M.—Class Day Exercises.

Examination of candidates for admission to College occurs this year Friday *previous* to Commencement, July 3d.

BOWDOINS VS. RESOLUTES.

The second game for the championship was played on the Delta, last Saturday morning. "The day was fair, and the sun was high," and the grounds were bounded by interested spectators. The college turned out nearly to a man, and the "pure white" stood out in bold relief among the dark clothes and numerous umbrellas of the students. Seats were ready for occupancy by the fair ones of Brunswick, and for the first half of the game quite a number graced the grounds with their presence. We give an extended account of the game below, with a summary at the close.

The Bowdoin won the toss, and went to the field, with Morris of the Resolutes at the bat. He easily sold out on first by a grounder stopped by Payson. Knight knocked a fly to Sanford, who "muffed" it, and got his first. Leighton got a two-base hit, by a splendid strike in the right field. Knight came in by passed balls of Whitmore. Barnes got his base by a misunderstanding between Payson and Cobb about catching the fly which he struck.

Libby sold out by a fly to Payson. Winship sold by a fly to Sanford.

Payson took the bat for the Bowdoin, and went out by a foul fly to St. John. Wright made good his second by a fair foul, a good strike. Wright came in. Crocker struck out. A. Whitmore, by a fair foul, got his first. Waitt went out by a fly to Ayres.

The Resolutes came in again with Ayres striker. He got his first by "wides," and his second by a mishrow of Al. Whit. to first. Put out on the home by Payson. Merrill got his second by a bad throw of Wright to the first. Knight struck a "skipper" to Wright, and was put out on first by a well-thrown ball.

Sanford sold out by fly to Ayres. Steve Whitmore by a fly to first; and Cobb put out at first by a grounder stopped by Knight. "Whitewash."

Leighton struck to Crocker and was put out on first. Barnes by a safe grounder got his first. Barnes got his second and third by passed balls of Al. Whit. Libby got his first by a fly muffed by Sanford. Winship got a safe hit over Wright's head. Libby came in. Ayres brought in Winship and got a home run by a splendid strike over left fielder's head. St. John struck to Wright, who fumbled it, and by passed balls got his third and home. Merrill went out by fly to Crocker. Morris out by a grounder to Payson, who threw it to Briggs.

Briggs at the bat, and was put out on first by a thrown ball from third. Payson struck grounder to Ayres and was put out on first. Wright struck out. "Whitewash."

Knight out by Payson and Briggs. Leighton out by Crocker and Briggs. Barnes out by a well-caught fly by Sanford. "Whitewash."

Crocker struck fly to Knight, who held it. Al. got his first by a ground ball to Barnes, who fumbled it badly. Waitt went out by a fly ball to Libby. Sanford put out by Ayres assisting Libby. "Whitewash."

Libby struck a beauty over the fence in left field and got his second. Winship got to first by a ball fumbled by Cobb. Ayres struck a safe fair foul over the fence, and brought in Libby and Winship. Ayres came in by a passed ball of Whitmore. St. John fouled out to Al. Whit. Merrill struck a safe ball over pitcher's head and got his first. Morris sent a fly to Cobbie who caught it. Knight struck to Wright, and was put out on first.

Steve went to the bat, and sold out by a foul fly to St. John. Cobb got to first by Barnes fumbling the ball. Briggs got his first by a fumbled ball sent to Knight. Cobb got his third by a ball thrown to baseman, who failed to touch him. Briggs got his second and Payson his first by striking to short stop, who threw to third. Cobb came home. Wright struck out, as usual. Crocker went out by a fly caught by Winship.

Leighton's fly was caught by Payson. Barnes got a base hit by a ground ball to left field. Libby struck over Payson's head, and got his first. The ball was stopped by Wright, who put it to second to put out Barnes, who was running. By error Barnes

[Concluded on 56th page.]

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The next number of the ORIENT will be published after Commencement, and the editors will try to make it of special interest to the graduating class by giving a full account of all exercises, and, if possible, by publishing parts of the oration and poem. It will be sent to the catalogue address of students unless the editors are otherwise notified.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On account of the re-arrangement of the exercises of Commencement Week, most of the society reunions will be held one day later than last year. In accordance with this plan,

we are informed that the Alpha Delta Phi will hold its reunion on Wednesday evening, the 8th; the Psi Upsilon on Thursday, the 9th; the Delta Kappa Epsilon on Thursday; the Zeta Psi on Wednesday, and the Theta Delta Chi on Wednesday.

In the last number of the ORIENT an appeal was made to the students to fix the baseball ground. Nothing has been done, though many have said they were willing to work, because no one plan could be decided on. We would suggest that the ground be newly laid out, so that the line of home and second shall coincide with the centre line of the field. When the grounds were first laid out the right field was covered with trees, which accounts for its present position.

We think it would not be out of place here to remind our readers of some of the advantages that Bowdoin offers students.

There are few towns in New England that are naturally more advantageously situated than Brunswick for a college town. It is a remarkably healthy spot, situated on a river which gives every opportunity for boating and bathing, in a region of widely-varying soil and near the sea coast, thus giving every opportunity for excursions, and adding much to the charms of the walks. The town is not so large that the Faculty lose sight of the students, as at Harvard or Yale, nor so small that the students lose all the advantages of society, as at Dartmouth. The College buildings, though not at present offering room enough, are yet well adapted for their purposes. The grounds around them in summer are all that can be desired. The students that attend, for the most part come here with the firm intention of studying, many of them earning the money to put themselves through. There are very few in this College who are sent. We can count among our Alumni many

men who have a world-wide reputation, and the thought that such men have been here, often has a marked effect on the mind of the student.

But with all these advantages one thing is lacking, and that is money. Why can we not have it?

We certainly have a fine chapel, probably one of the best in the country, and we all know that the exercises engaged in there are for our good. It has seemed to us that the devotional spirit might be increased by a very easy and pleasant arrangement. It is to introduce singing into the service. Many other colleges, we believe, have singing each day. Possibly there might be some objection to this here, but upon Sunday, at least, we could have the exercise. There are among us certainly a fair proportion of good singers, some of whom, we have no doubt, would be willing to form themselves into a choir for Sabbath service. If there is a time during the week when a man's better nature is roused and the base fades out of sight, it is upon the Sabbath, when the setting sun throws almost a holy light through our lordly chapel. How much this feeling could be increased by vocal music! Surely the college authorities could have no objection to such a plan. Let some good singer take the matter in hand and see that it is successfully carried out.

Why don't we have gas in the north end of Winthrop Hall? When the end was thoroughly repaired and renovated, some years ago, all the pipes that were necessary to supply the rooms with gas were put into the building. Here it remained for some time, until, after several petitions and much talk, a pipe was laid from the street to the building, and everything put in readiness for the supply of gas to be turned on. Since then the occupants of the rooms have been patiently (?) waiting for the day when they could lay aside

the dirty, dripping kerosene lamps which are the pest of every college room, and burn their midnight *oil* in a gaseous form. They have waited now for more than a year, and seem destined to wait another, unless somebody takes a step in the matter. As we understand the case, the difficulty which presented itself when everything was ready for the gas, was that the gas company wanted to know to whom they were to look for their pay—the College or the occupants of the rooms. To this the College replied that the company must treat each occupant as they did their other customers; and the company declined to let on the gas unless the College would be responsible to them, and in turn collect of the students by charging it upon their term bills, as they now do our fuel. Here the matter has rested. Of course as long as this condition of things lasts, all the trouble and expense of putting in the pipes are lost, and the inhabitants of the north end, although they have pipes in their rooms which are in connection with the main pipe, are practically no better off than if there was no gas in town. All this of course is not right, and there must be some way of avoiding it. In the first place, we do not see why the gas company have not the same remedies on the students as they have upon their other customers. If their bills are not paid they can shut off the gas; or, if the students can't establish a sufficient credit in any other way, they could deposit enough *in advance* to insure the company in getting their pay. But it seems to us that the other plan is perhaps the better, for it would save a great deal of time that would be spent in collecting the bills separately. The only objection that we have heard urged in behalf of the College is that they would be obliged to pay out the money and then wait a long time before the term bills were paid; if they intend to enforce the law recently passed, that all term bills must be paid before the fifteenth day of the next term, that objection is

wholly removed. Let us have it arranged in some way, at any rate, so those who wish can light their rooms with gas.

[Continued from p. 53.]

got to third. Winship got a two-base hit, bringing in Barnes and Libby. Ayres struck into the tree in left field, bringing in Winship. Ayres stole second. St. John fouled out to Whit. Ayres stole third. Merrill struck to first and a base hit. Ayres was put out between bases by Cobb, assisted by Payson.

Al. Whit. struck over pitcher and a base hit. Waitt struck to pitcher, who threw it to Ayres, and he fumbled it, thus enabling Whit. to get his second and Waitt his first. Sanford out by fly to Leighton. Whit. and Waitt gained each a base. Steve struck to right field a grounder with a base hit, and brought in Al. and Waitt, and by errors of St. John got second. Cobb knocked past third and brought in Steve, and got a base hit. Briggs fouled out to St. John, a difficult catch. Cobb got second and third, and came home by a base hit struck by Payson. Payson out on home by St. John, assisted by Barnes.

St. John struck grounder to Cobb, who prettily picked it up and put it to first, putting St. J. out. Merrill came out by Wright and Briggs. Morris struck a fly to Sanford, who, running into the street, handsomely caught it. "Whitewash."

Wright struck out. Crocker, by a foul fly, went out to St. John. Whit. struck to Knight, and got his first by a low-thrown ball to Libby. Whit. got second by a passed ball. Waitt out on first by a picked-up ball thrown by Knight. "Whitewash."

Knight got first by a ball fumbled by Cobb. He got second by stealing. Leighton out by fly foul, caught by Payson. Knight came in by passed balls. Barnes struck to Payson, who failed to get it in time to get him out, by a bad throw to Briggs; and Barnes went on second. Barnes got third by passed balls, and also home by same. Libby got first by "balls." He stole second. Winship got a two-base hit into left field and brought Libby in. Ayres, by a fair foul, got a base hit, and stole second immediately. Winship came in by a passed ball of Whit.'s. Ayres took his third. St. John struck a grounder through Payson's and Wright's hands, and got first, bringing in Ayres. Merrill knocked to Wright, who put it to second, getting St. John out. Ayres ran for Merrill, and was put out between second and third.

Sanford struck to right field, and got first by a "muff." Steve Whit. was put out on third. Cobb by a foul to St. John, went out. Briggs got a base hit. Briggs stole third and got it by a quick drop. Wright struck splendidly to left field, and brought in Briggs and Payson. Crocker also brought in Wright. Crocker stole second. Al. knocked safely a fly in front of left field, and got a base hit. Crocker took third. Waitt struck between pitcher and first, a base hit, and brought in Crocker. Sanford struck a fumbled ball to second; got first. Whit. took

third. Waitt took second. Steve struck fly which was caught by Libby.

Morris struck a base hit to the left field. Whit. threw well to Crocker, and Morris was out. Knight by fly to Steve got out. Leighton knocked grounder to Briggs, who picked it up and walked over the base just in time to get Leighton out. Whitewash.

Cobb out by foul to St. John. Briggs struck to Knight, and got first by a fumble. Payson knocked foul, out by Leighton. Wright by fly to Barnes. Whitewash.

The full score is as follows:—

BOWDOINS.				RESOLUTES.			
	O.	R.		O.	R.		
Payson, p.....	4	1	Morris, r. f.....	5	0		
Wright, s. s.....	4	2	Knight, s. s.....	4	2		
Crocker, 2 b.....	4	1	Leighton, p.....	5	0		
A. Whitmore, c.....	0	1	Barnes, 3 b.....	1	3		
Waitt, r. f.....	3	1	Libby, 1 b.....	1	4		
Sanford, l. f.....	3	1	Winship, l. f.....	1	4		
S. Whitmore, c. f.....	4	1	Ayres, 2 b.....	2	3		
Cobb, 3 b.....	3	2	St. John, c.....	5	1		
Briggs, 1 b.....	2	1	Merrill, c. f.....	3	1		
	27	11		27	18		

INNINGS.											
Resolutes	1	1	5	0	3	3	0	5	0	—	18
Bowdoin	1	0	0	0	1	4	0	5	0	—	11

LOCAL.

Major Sanger's lectures are well received.

Now is the time to secure vacation books.

Appleton is the hall of all the college dormitories.

Examination days are come, the saddest of the year.

Prof. J. B. Taylor is "coaching up" the declaimers.

The Sophs are chanting the death-song of Anna Lytics.

A. E. Herrick, '73, is in town. He is as enthusiastic as ever in base-ball.

The sensible Sophomores have their printing done in Lewiston at the *Journal* office.

The South-Enders of Appleton have their ice each day. They think it is a nice thing.

Our Prof. of "Ornamental Architecture" is like a flea. You never can put your finger on him when you want him.

We regret to learn that D. W. Bradley, formerly of '75, now of Dartmouth, met with quite a severe accident by a misstep at a railroad station.

Prof. Young entertained the Juniors by reading a review upon "Hermann and Dorothea," considered as an epic poem. When we say it was good, we say the least that can be said of it.

Prof. Whitman thinks the "boys" have not shown much interest in botany. We know they have been always ready to roam over to Topsham and round the Free-bridge in search of flowers. Draw your own conclusions.

'75 wrote for the prize, June 20th. The subjects were, "Is International Arbitration practicable?" and "What is the Aim of Education—Knowledge or Discipline?" The first prize was awarded to S. M. Carter; the second to Geo. C. Cressey.

It would not be courteous to pass over the noble endeavors that the Junior class have made in behalf of base-ball. They have organized a nine, and, knowing that actions speak louder than words, consider it unnecessary to say how they feel after each battle. Their play is original, unhampered by rules, tricky, and unique. The University Club fear them. Already have they made for themselves a name. They are a "swell"-ed crowd, and their shadow is liable never to grow less.

A mathematical Freshman hands in the following statistics of arrivals on the campus for the month of June: "One hundred and one organ grinders; six umbrella patchers (whose business is to take your new weather-defier and leave an old one in its place); Punch and Judy; 'Lo! the poor Indian;' an uncounted number of students' friends and friends of the college; two dozen 'old clothes heroes'; one great gross of book agents and stamping machines; alumni, yaggers, ponies,

quack doctors, and dunning letters, *ad infinitum*; but among all these, not a single blessing was disguised."

The interest which has always been manifested in the Gymnasium still continues. A class has practiced there daily since Mr. Sargent's return from Yale, as an entirely voluntary exercise, and in addition to all their other duties. We should think it would be much more agreeable to work in the frigid temperature of the building now, while the atmosphere without is so warm, than it was during the winter, when the contrast was slight between the interior and the campus without; but perhaps no more conducive to health.

The State Base-Ball Tournament was held on the Delta, June 22d. Only two clubs appeared at the time, to contest the championship of the State: the White Stockings of Deering, and the University Nine of Bowdoin. The game took place on the Delta, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and resulted in favor of the Bowdoins by a score of 21 to 0. The anticipations of the Bowdoin boys were much against their own interests; but when they saw how the nine would not permit the White Stockings to make even a score, and by excellent playing showed themselves masters at the field, public opinion began to rise in favor of the Bowdoins. Our boys played unusually well, and nearly every member of the nine did himself "immortal ashes." Doubtless their names will go down to posterity with an illustrious record in—the score book, If we were to specialize any one play, we would mention the "double-play" well executed by A. S. Whitmore, Payson, and Crocker.

The young ladies respectfully request gentlemen occupying the second row of seats in recitation rooms not to mop off their feet on the shawls and dresses of their classmates, in seeking easy positions. They never feel like complaining of this, however, except in rainy weather.—*Chronicle*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'43.—Hon. Joseph Titcomb was re-nominated as Democratic candidate for Governor, at the convention held at Portland.

'50.—Hon. Wm. P. Frye was re-nominated for Representative to Congress from the Second District, by acclamation.

'70.—Gooch is teaching the cornet band in Houlton!!!

'72.—Herbert Harris is in town. He has just completed a year's study of music in Boston. We believe he intends to make the above his profession.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Base ball, boating, and accounts of Commencement exercises fill up the larger part of the most of our exchanges. The editors have so often heard the wish expressed to know what the college papers thought of "the late unpleasantness," that they take the liberty to quote to some extent from them, and to thank the many papers who have spoken a good word for us, most heartily.

The *Harvard Advocate* has a very sensible article on the absurd American custom of treating. It speaks of the unfairness of treating a poor fellow who may not care anything about it, but who yet feels bound to return it.

The *Old and New* contains an article on artificial teeth which gives many curious statistics. There is nothing that strikes so hard a blow at man's individuality as statistics. Your birth only serves to add one to the census tables, your death will only serve to help fill out some tables on mortality; and after hours' torture in the dentist's chair, you are shown that all the seeming good you have

done humanity may be summed up in a table by the small amount of gold that has been used.

The first number of the *Nassau Lit.* in its new form is a very interesting one. From a communication entitled "A Plea for Boxing," we are astonished to find out that instruction in the noble art of self-defense is not allowed in the gymnasium. Why this should be the case we can not imagine. We think there is no exercise in favor of which so many arguments can be urged. No higher praise could be given than is found in Lord Lytton's "Kenelm Chillingly," a novel in which the whole plot turns on the hero, who might be called The Knight of His Fists, whipping his opponent in a good square fight.

We clip its notice of the ORIENT:—

"One of the most temperate articles upon college grievances that we ever read appeared in the last issue of the *Bowdoin Orient*, and we recommend to certain misinformed newspapers that they make themselves acquainted with its statements. It gave a complete history of the 'drill' and the increasing discontent which it had caused, and dispassionately urged its uselessness and injustice. A fair, fearless exposition of the students' views, we hope it may exert the influence it should, and succeed in convincing the friends of the college that this was no mere hasty revolt, such as might accompany the expulsion of a party of hazers, but an honest, thoughtful resistance of a useless and tyrannical requisition. Throughout their troubles the Bowdoin students have had the sympathy of all college men. However the press—whose motto in such matters seems to be, a faculty can do no wrong—has misrepresented the movement, all students have understood it and wished it well. The 'rebellion' is now ended, and though it has not accomplished its purpose, we doubt not that it ultimately will. We hope that no false idea of dignity may restrain them from acceding to a just demand. There is nothing humiliating in such a concession—quite the contrary. For the sake of all concerned we hope the obnoxious military training may end."

The *Dartmouth* contains a very sensible article "Concerning the Relation between the Students and the Faculty of a College,"

which we think would do every undergraduate good to read.

The *Cornell Times* seems to feel great interest in boating, as it devotes nearly half of its columns to the statistics of all the crews entering for Saratoga, and with the summaries of the races at Cornell, though it looks very much as if the editors were lazy. It makes the following remarks on the trouble at Bowdoin:—

"The 'great rebellion' at Bowdoin has come to an end. The Faculty have triumphed completely, and the students, somewhat crestfallen, we imagine, have returned to their allegiance. The Secretary of the Sophomore Class announces that nearly all his classmates are ready to come under the yoke of bondage, and the Freshman at a formal meeting have decided to do likewise. This result of what seemed likely at first to be a successful movement, is but a repetition of the lesson taught by the Michigan trouble, that Faculties, if they stand firm, are too strong for students, especially as the former have the support of paternal authority. The tendency of the rising generation is toward a slight disregard of government; that of their fathers is in an exactly opposite direction, and as the elders manage the supplies the youth are invariably the losers in a serious struggle. We don't blame the Bowdoin students for hating the drill, nor for rebelling in order to stop it, provided they could win, but their failure may serve as a lesson to others similarly inclined that unsuccessful resistance to the powers that be, only fixes their rule the more firmly."

The *College Mercury* has four pages out of eight devoted to the account of three baseball matches, which makes it very interesting as an exchange. It can hardly be called a sporting paper, as long as it is weighted with articles on such subjects as these: "The Beginning of Greek Philosophy;" "Some Mediæval Choir Rules;" "Church Music."

The *University Record* has the following:—

"Michigan University has suspended eighty students, and from Bowdoin College three entire classes have been sent home. It is time something was done to obviate these difficulties which are constantly arising between college students and facul-

ties. Students who are sufficiently advanced in age and discretion to be at college ought certainly to be able to think and act for themselves, and college faculties, would do well to proceed on this supposition in their dealings with them. If students participate in rows or disturb the peace in any way, they deserve no better treatment than the common street rowdy—a night in the station-house and fine or imprisonment in the morning. On the other hand, if they unanimously decide that manipulating a musket for an hour or so each day is an unnecessary and useless exercise, their wishes and opinions ought to receive the serious consideration of the college authorities, even though a board of trustees may have decided in favor of military drill. The best way to get along with college students, is to treat them as men and gentlemen."

The *Volante* is offended at the Yale papers for presuming to criticise Western oratory. We thank them for the sympathy which they express for the Bowdoin students.

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Brunswick for—

Augusta—8.25 A.M.; 2.45 and 7.17 P.M.; 12.35 A.M. (Pull.)

Bangor—2.45 P.M.; 12.35 A.M. (Pull.)

Bath—7.35 and 8.20 A.M.; 1.20, 2.45, 5.35 and 7.10 P.M.

Boston—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 P.M.; 12.30 A.M. (Pull.)
Farmington—2.45 P.M.

Lewiston—7.35 A.M.; 2.45 and 7.10 P.M.

Portland—7.35 A.M.; 1.20 and 5.35 P.M.; 12.30 A.M. (Pull.)

Waterville—8.25 A.M.; 2.45 P.M.; 12.35 A.M. (Pull.)

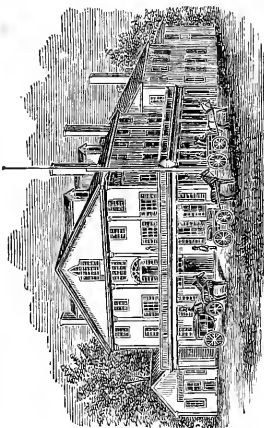
Ice Cream

AT MAYNARD'S,

ON MAIN STREET.

Having refurnished my ICE CREAM DEPARTMENT, I shall be pleased to see one and all.

Furnished in quantities for Society Raunions, Parties, &c., at reasonable rates.



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Pure Drugs. Careful Preparation. Low Prices.

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Family Drug Store,

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Physicians' Prescriptions accurately prepared from the best drugs, in strict accordance with the directions and intent of the prescriber.

On hand a full line of—

STANDARD DRUGS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
PERFUMERY,
DYE STUFFS,

FANCY SOAPS,
SHOULDER BRACES,
BRUSHES IN VARIETY,
CHOICE EXTRACTS,
&c. &c.

SYRINGES,
TRUSSES,
HAIR OILS,
SPONGES,
&c. &c.

ALL KINDS OF

PATENT MEDICINES

are kept on hand, including a number of Proprietary Medicines put up at this store. These are sold upon their merits alone; no one will be urged to buy anything of the kind.

Mr. R. B. MELCHER, already favorably known in Brunswick, will be found at this place. Mr. M. has had five years' experience in the business, and comes highly recommended by his former employer, R. G. Farr, of the firm of Farr & Frost, Druggists, Bath, Me.

Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended, it is hoped that strict attention to business may merit a continuance of the same.

Programmes for Exhibitions

And Printing for other College Exercises, neatly done at the

JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON, MAINE.

Bowdoin College.

The means of instruction in this College have recently been largely increased, so as to meet the wants of all classes of students. The following is the present organization:—

1. The regular Classical Course: which is that pursued in the leading American Colleges.

2. The Scientific Course: which has been shaped to meet the demand of modern times, special prominence being given to the Natural and Physical Sciences, and to Modern Languages.

3. A complete course in Engineering, Civil and Mechanical, affording the best facilities for theoretical and practical study.

4. Arrangements are made for Post-Graduate Studies, to be extended through two years, affording a substantial basis for technical and literary Professions. Instruction can now be given in the following lines of advanced study: 1st, Languages and English Literature. 2d, Natural History. 3d, Chemistry and its applications. 4th, Engineering. 5th, Jurisprudence and Political Science.

5. The Medical School of Maine is connected with this College, and is in a flourishing condition.

6. Instruction will be given in Military Science by an accomplished officer of the United States Army.

7. Special students, not candidates for a degree, will be received in cases where it may be thought advantageous to the student.

8. Graduates of other colleges, or other students whose proficiency will warrant it, will be received into the Post-Graduate Course.

ANNUAL EXPENSES.

Tuition, \$75. Room rent (average), \$25. Incidental, \$20. Board in town from \$110 to \$150.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JULY 22, 1874.

No. 6.

THE SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

There is always something more or less disordered and unsatisfactory in a transition period. It is nothing strange that the establishment of a Scientific Department at Bowdoin should have given room for an impression of instability and lack of clear plan. The setting forth from time to time of the special lines and measures by which the general end was to be reached, and a settled way found by actual trial for a permanent course, was not unlike the exhibition of all the mental process of observation, analysis, comparison, rejecting and receiving, by which one conducts a discussion, and arrives at a conclusion, in his own mind. But there were several special difficulties in the case at Bowdoin. Not to mention now the most obvious one, namely, the lack of a requisite endowment, which prevented a strong line from being taken up at once and resolutely carried on, we must bear in mind the actual state of things in college at the time the Scientific Department was started. The growing demand for scientific study had produced two practical effects in college. One was a displacement of a considerable portion of the old classical course by these new studies, especially abridging the space given to Ancient Languages and Mathematics; and the other was the existence of a Science class, without homogeneity or organization, under the private charge of the Professors in Natural Science. Those who constituted this "class" were pursuing, some of them a preliminary, some a parallel, and some a post-graduate course of study, but good work had been done here, and the College had even given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy for proficiency in this kind of study.

It was felt that this was not an advantageous method—if it can be called such—either for the student or the Professor. And when in the fall of 1871 the Boards directed the separate establishment of a Scientific Department and Post-Graduate course of study, account had to be taken of the existing state of things. Studies which were peculiarly or technically scientific had to be withdrawn from the College course, and the former classical curriculum restored. Moreover, the terms of admission to the Scientific Department at the start must be such as would admit to *some* of its grades the members of the heterogeneous "Science class." Then, again, the course of study here had to be shaped not only, nor even chiefly, perhaps, by what was theoretically desirable, but by what was best under the circumstances—by what was possible, and what had been already entered on with the Science class. The special aptitudes of the Professors, and the existing facilities for instruction also guided the movement.

The prospectus put forth could not announce a settled plan, the details of which were to be taken as so many special pledges which were at all events to be redeemed, but could only indicate a general aim held clearly in view, to be reached by routes that should be found most practicable and advantageous. To be sure, great care was to be taken at the outset to lay out courses of study which were valuable, and which could be effectively carried out with the means at hand. But it will be seen that many things must modify the execution of this plan in detail. For example, the change of Professors, the resignation of those who in fact had constituted the entire scientific faculty, and the advent of oth-

ers who, however admirable or eminent in their departments, had still different specialties, and perhaps different estimates and opinions of the main points and policy of a scientific course, could not fail to involve considerable changes in the special lines and proportions of study.

But the great point held to was to gain rather than lose by each change—to make the course more and more valuable, more and more scientific, and more and more severe. If we could not follow precisely what had been indicated—*promised* does not seem to be the proper word—we could at all events have something similar in kind and in effect, even better for the main result.

It is not an easy thing to start a new college, but it is a far more difficult thing to start a new college in the midst of an old one. Absolute infallibility can not be guaranteed in putting into effect a college perfectly endowed, but to secure the perfect smooth working of everything, without any assured endowment at all, must try the equanimity of all concerned. When two crafts are set to navigate a narrow and tortuous stream, with orders to run parallel and yet avoid a collision, and to give each other maneuvering room and yet not get ashore, somebody has got to “mind his eye.”

It takes time in human affairs—not to speak of higher ones—to get things settled. And by the good will and forbearance of all concerned, the courses of study in the College are fast coming into satisfactory shape. The Classical course is “Old Bowdoin” through and through, and the Scientific course is increasing its requirements and facilities for good work. The location of the College is a point of advantage for studies in Natural History which can hardly be equalled elsewhere, and this assertion could be abundantly verified did space allow. The cabinets are full and valuable and the rooms convenient. In Chemistry and Physics the means of instruction are am-

ple. The laboratories and lecture rooms in Adams Hall, and the Laboratory of Analytical and Applied Chemistry affording space in a single room for forty students at a time, both being well furnished, fitted with gas and steam, and containing valuable apparatus, including, for example, the finest spectroscope in the world, ought to satisfy every demand in that line. The Engineering studies have been carried on with wonderful success. Few who have not interested themselves to examine the matter, are aware of the high order of work done here. Already students in the department are sought for and sent for to solve difficult technical problems in the practical works of engineering, and the reputation of this school is even now of the best class.

These are only some of the things which show that no small advance has been made towards a strong and well ordered Scientific School, which we trust will soon be recognized by our liberal citizens, and enabled to stand alone without leaning too much upon the College for its support.

We have said these things because it was thrown out previously to the late meeting of the Boards, that the Scientific Department would be abandoned. When the gentlemen looked into the matter, they found that this was not the thing to do. When such results had been achieved at an expenditure of only \$4,500, it was not good policy to send eighty students away from Bowdoin because she could not teach them.

Instead of getting up a stampede, it was thought wiser to take hold and intrench the position. We think the Boards of the College have reason to be satisfied with the results of the efforts of two years and a half to build up a Scientific Department, and they should now recognize the effort to meet their wishes by providing an endowment equal to the merits of the cause.

G. L. C.

The Picture Gallery was well patronized.

THE BURIAL OF MATHEMATICS.

"Ducitur iratis plaudendum funus amicis."

On the night of June 30th the Class of '76 assembled for the performance of what is perhaps the most characteristic of all college ceremonies. The practice of celebrating the close of Sophomore year, and so of mathematical studies, by the "burial of Analytics," is common to several of our American colleges, and, though once extinct here, it has been revived and duly observed by the last two or three classes at Bowdoin.

At about half-past nine the procession formed in front of the Chapel, and with the Bath Band at its head took up its doleful march. Near the front was the bier, carried by six stalwart disciples of the deceased; high dignitaries followed close behind; then the lusty "chief mourner," with sable garments, rolled impressively along; the general body of Sophomores, with more or less of quaint disguise and queer conceit, came next, and lastly the Freshmen; and such of the Juniors as were most affected, filled up the ranks.

The low-burning torches (trophies of the last Grant campaign) cast a sombre half-light over the column as it passed out by the broad gate and moved decorously (?) down the village street. A solitary individual on horseback led the way, but as he at one time was so far in advance as to be invisible, and at another lagged so slowly as to require all the efforts of a small boy with a stick to keep his valiant steed from impeding the progress of the train, he may have been highly ornamental, but certainly was not particularly useful. Various banners floated over the company, and one sentiment, addressed to the deceased object of their devotion, and deeply appreciated by very many of those engaged, ran thus:—

"Of all our friends we loved thee most,
But now thou'rt dead, we fear thy ghost—
Conditions."

We will not follow them in their course

about the town, but await their arrival at the Old Oak, whither they repaired for the funeral services. The "laudatio" came first, being delivered in the most elevated language afforded by the speaker's acquaintance with Mathematics, and accompanied by a chorus of groans from the hearers. Both this and the "elegia," which soon followed, were excellent of their kind, though in the latter the strict rules of consistency were not always observed; but an audience such as was gathered there and then, is not over critical, and the services were considered very much of a success. The following extract is descriptive of her tragic death during examination:—

Miss Anna Lyties stood watching us fail,
Fixed grew her eyes, and her sallow cheeks pale.
She looked at the judges, and in their eyes
Saw deep reproaches and bitter surprise.
Doubts if the boys could their tickets secure,
Fears that her teachings had been rather poor.
One man the boys call a wild Modoc name,
Looked at his neighbors, and "thought her to blame;
Another directrix they'd best obtain,
Or he feared the boys small knowledge would gain."
The others were jolly, with him agreed,
Although not a formula straight could they read.
As Anna listened, she heard but too well
The condemnation from their lips that fell.
And as she heard, by this terrible pain
Was reason crushed in her desperate brain.
From their sockets her spheroid eyes did start,
She clutched convulsively over her heart.
She staggered, she shrieked, with courage divine,
She stabbed herself with a tangent line!
From out her side in a copious flood
Poured chalk and water instead of blood—
A horrible sight and sad to see,
But one that a milkman's fortune might be.
The hapless maid gave a Phi Chi groan
That would soften secants or hearts of stone.
She fell as a perpendicular falls,
Or as blackboards loosened from crumbling walls.
Solemnly, sadly at dead of night
We bury her ashes from mortal sight.
Anna is dead; and the fact to ensure
Burn we her bones; but her deeds shall endure.
Long shall the nations with proud fingers point
To those whom her blessings did freest amoint.
See these chief mourners who stand round her bed,
Think of the angles each has in his head!
Think how their thoughts march in regular row,
General Equation preserving them so,

While Major Axis comes on in the rear,
 Lest on a tangent should fly some idea.
 So while the shadows of midnight fall
 Over the coffin droopeth the pall.
 And thus the wavering, flickering light,
 Falls on our garments of mourning to-night.
 Here with our feet on the verge of her grave
 Chant we her dirge in this heart-broken stave.

Now the company proceeded to the funeral pyre, where the "lamentatio" was pronounced and the ceremony of cremation begun.

To any one looking down from the windows of the neighboring hall, this was a strange and wild scene, not without a certain beauty. The circle of woods and buildings seemed to make a deep amphitheatre of the place of meeting, and the black shadows of the pines looked still more gloomy in the background of the red flames that leaped and flickered in the open space before them; while the weird figures that yelled and whooped in a mad race around the blazing funeral pile, might have been a company of goblins at their midnight revels, or a band of cannibals holding high carnival over some human sacrifice. Then after a time the dance ceased; the ashes of Analytics were duly interred; the crowd dispersed to their rooms, and the fire burned low and alone on the plain. By degrees even the north end of Appleton became quiet, and silence prevailed, save when the "chief mourner," who appears to have celebrated his sorrow in the spirit of an Irish wake, startled the community with his ill-timed ravings. Perhaps it will not be amiss to give the dirge which was written for the occasion:—

Oh, Anna, departed!
 Our tears may have started
 By thy bier to-night,
 Yet in view of thy dying,
 There is no denying,
 Our bosoms are light.

We bring to thy burning
 The vast stores of learning
 We've gathered from thee.
 The neat little fakirs

Shall be the partakers
 Of thy grave with thee.

That no Modocs unfeeling
 Thy bones should be stealing;
 With knives sacrilegious
 And long names prodigious
 Disturbing thy shade;
 This great celebration
 Of solemn cremation.
 Is over thee'made.

With other bad ladies
 You're gone sure to Hades,
 And there may you stay.
 To torments eternal
 May the judges infernal
 Condemn you, we pray.

May every dead tangent
 With lustre refragent
 Of sulphurous flame,—
 Never more here returning
 Watch over thy burning
 In climes without name!

And each day severer,
 And harsher, and drearer,
 May thy pains grow still,
 Till in those horrid regions
 With all his lost legions
 Pluto makes you — DRILL.

FRESHMAN DINNER.

The first inst. was all that could have been desired by the young men who upon that day celebrated the completion of their first college year. The weather seemed to have imparted some of its pleasantness to the boys, if one could judge from the happy faces that peered from the windows of the cars of the evening train to Bath.

The ride to the city was enlivened by song and jest, and from the nature of things was highly enjoyed. Upon reaching the station the class alighted, and proceeded to the Sagadahoc in couples. After the usual amount of running about, and excitement of a diminutive character, some youth blessed with natural ability, suggested that it would be a good idea to serenade some of the ladies of Bath. The proposition was enthusiastically

received, and the immortal thirty-five sallied forth to give the inhabitants of the city some faint illustration of the daily privileges of the ordinary Brunswick plebeian. It is asserted by a man of hitherto undoubted veracity that one young lady thanked them for the pleasure conferred. Some people are naturally charitable.

At about 9 p.m., the class again began to congregate at the hotel, to listen to the Literary Parts, which were delivered in the parlor and consisted of an Oration by D. D. Gilman, a Poem by C. A. Perry, a History by E. H. Blake, and a Prophecy by H. H. Smith. These were all excellent, and abounded in puns and sly hits.

The literary exercises having been completed, the grandest hour of all was now arrived. The highest powers of the imagination are necessary to conceive the feelings of those men as they recognized the approaching time, the dinner hour. Thirty-six strong they formed in awful procession to repel boarders. How nobly the task was performed let Maybury sing. The dinner was all that could have been wished. The bill of fare was extended and choice; the dishes were served in good taste; and altogether it was a fine affair.

Various toasts were offered by Cousins, among them the following: the Absent of '77, answered by Ingalls; '77 on her Muscle, answered by C. E. Cobb.

After an hour spent in this pleasant manner the class left the table. Sleep was now in order, for it had been decided to remain till morning. It was some time, however, before quiet reigned in the different apartments. The proprietor was seen to rush through the hall in great excitement, offering to wager large sums on his ability to restore order in the house. His remarks were quite *curt*, it is said, by those who ought to know. In the morning the early train was taken for home,

and the lazy men of the halls were awakened by the songs of the convivialists.

We venture to predict that no event in their college course will be more enjoyed than was this dinner by the men of '77. The chief joy was occasioned by the entrance upon a higher college year; the imagined hardships of the first year sweetened the release from it.

The Sophomore Prize Declamation took place at Lemont Hall, Monday evening, June 29th. The audience was much smaller than usual on account of the storm, which unfortunately selected that night for its appearance. The usual number did not speak, but those who did gave the audience an entertainment well worth the trouble they took in attending. Chandler's Orchestra of Portland, furnished the music, which was very acceptable to their listeners. The first and second prizes were awarded to John H. White and Chas A. Perry respectively.

On Thursday morning of this week several members of the class of '54 collected in the mathematical recitation room. The business, if any was transacted, was of a private nature, but it has transpired that one of the gentlemen personated a professor and called upon several men to demonstrate certain propositions, who, true to the habits of college days, answered that they could not do them. The would-be professor then gave them a dead, and all indulged in the song, "Its a way we have at Old Bowdoin," and perhaps at other colleges too. Among those present were the following gentlemen: H. P. Brown, Fond du Lac; C. Greeley, Chicago, Ill; J. R. Osgood, Boston, Mass; J. E. Smith, Chicago, Ill; C. B. Stetson, Boston, Mass; C. F. Todd, St. Stephens, N. B; W. D. Washburn, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. A. Wilson, Bangor, Me.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

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OUR COLLEGE.

As we sat in our room, after the rush and excitement of Commencement were over, and looked out upon the pleasant campus, and upon these grand old halls which have for a week past joyously echoed to the tread of many feet, that "once knew them well," and rung with the voices of some who have not crossed their threshold for nearly half a century, our attention was turned to the condition of the College at the present time. We said to ourselves, What is there good about this ancient institution, and what is there bad?

We could easily tell what was bad, for we have heard it continually talked of and commented upon, even in the columns of the ORIENT.

During the last year we have had some trouble—the newspapers tell us it has been a great rebellion. It was a rebellion, but one which was very easily quelled, and whose cause was speedily removed. The Military Department was introduced and carried on for three years, much to the disgust of the students, but now it has been made elective with the gymnasium, which we think is satisfactory to every one, and there seems to be no prospect that we shall be disturbed again by anything like our recent outbreak, although in reality that was nothing but a ripple on the calm surface of our sea, which was soon lost from sight. We have come, on account of this and a few other trivial difficulties, which gave us great annoyance at the time, to consider the College as having departed from its old place of honor among the learned of the land, but is this so? What irreparable loss has Bowdoin met with during the last decade or for the last two or three?

True, we have lost good and able men from the Faculty from time to time, and while on the one hand we would be the last to detract in the slightest degree from their revered memory, on the other we would not lose sight of the men who so ably fill their places. Bowdoin can not expect to go on from year to year without losing many loved and honored ones from her ranks, but she has nothing to fear in that line if she can fill their places as well as she has thus far. So we came to the conclusion that she had an able corps of instructors.

Of the importance, yes, the absolute necessity of this element in a college, there is no need to speak.

Then we thought of her location and said to ourselves, How could it be improved? She is in the midst of a small village, not small

enough to shut the students out from society, nor large enough to make it very expensive living there; the climate is delightful in all the region, from the close proximity to the sea. The facilities for study in the various departments of the College are unequalled by those of any College in the country; the Engineering student has only to go a few rods and he finds himself at one of the largest railroad centres in the State; the student of Botany finds no mean assortment of plants within easy reach; the Zoölogist has only to ride a few miles and he finds himself on the shore of Casco Bay, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands, each one of which he might visit with pleasure and profit; the Geologist will find the region contains many specimens for his study.

Next her Alumni rose up before us, a large portion of whom we have recently seen here, eagerly looking into every corner of the well-remembered campus and halls, and always expressing their affection for Alma Mater and every thing connected with her. Well may the College be proud of this noble band of sons! We shall esteem it no small honor to belong to this company, if we ever do. Even now we begin to appreciate the feeling which exists among them. It is always with pleasure that we meet one of them and tell them we are students at their old home. We are sure of a hearty welcome and kind word. This truly is a great advantage which Bowdoin has to offer, for her Alumni are everywhere to be found.

This then is the College to which we came three years ago and from which we hope to graduate next Commencement; and, on the whole, it is a pretty good sort of a College. We for our part are not sorry we came, and shall be proud of our diplomas. She has a fine set of students, and large classes, except the class entering this year, and that we have no doubt will be brought up to the average when the fall examination takes place and

applicants have sufficient notice. Under these conditions it is with pleasure that we say we are at Bowdoin when we go out into the world. The one thing which the College needs is money. Her income is not large and we have to dispense with some of the advantages which money would procure, but we are glad to say that efforts, as we think, are being made in the right direction to obtain the needed funds; and, judging from what we know, Bowdoin will start out on another year with brighter prospects than she ever had. It is with more confidence than usual that we invite our friends about entering college to look at the inducements which Bowdoin can offer at the present time.

We hear that Prof. Young, though retaining his position as Professor of Modern Languages, has thrown up the salary which he had previously enjoyed in that capacity. This announcement gives us pleasure on two grounds: First, it relieves the fear which had been entertained that the College might be deprived of his services; second, because it sets an example of generosity, at a time when that example is most needed. Here we desire to speak of a matter that has never been properly set before our readers. There is no part of our curriculum more interesting and instructive, more ably and effectively presented, than the subject of Philology as handled by Prof. Young in his lectures. It is also stated that President Chamberlain and Prof. Packard have reduced their respective salaries; for which spirit of sacrifice they deserve the thanks of all friends of the College. In truth, however, the emoluments of college offices are by no means large, and if it were possible, we would rejoice to see them increase rather than diminish.

At the end of this year several students have been debarred from entering a higher

class by reason of their failure in the annual Mathematical examination. We are sick of prating about the misdeeds of the Faculty, and think that this tune with its strains of "linked (bitterness) long drawn out" might be varied with profit to all concerned. Still, it seems hardly fair to allow that which a student may do or may fail to do in one hour's examination at the end of the term or year, to outweigh the testimony of all his regular recitations during that time. Again, it seems a little ungenerous to refuse those who were able to make up, the privilege of doing so during the interval between examinations and Commencement. That this examination is not a fair test, would seem to be shown by the fact that several of those who are thus found wanting are among the best scholars in their classes, while some who have usually shown themselves deficient in mathematical knowledge pass, by good luck, triumphantly into the next class.

During Commencement, such measures were taken as to make the drill elective henceforth, exercise in the Gymnasium being the alternative. This seems, to nearly all, the wisest course that could be pursued under the circumstances. A total abolition of the military system might seem to indicate that the Boards were somewhat intimidated by the late demonstrations, while to have retained it in the old form would have been considered a despotic and unwarranted exercise of authority. It now devolves upon us to show that we have been honest in what we have said and done, by a cheerful acceptance of the new state of things. We have fought the drill by lauding the superior advantages afforded by the gymnasium; let us not shrink from the logical conclusion of our own argument.

Special efforts are being made to get Longfellow to deliver the poem next Commence-

ment, it being the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. Chapin is also expected to deliver the oration. We hope that these efforts will be successful, and we understand that there is a good prospect of it.

LOCAL.

The Comet is doing well.

Uncle John was busier than ever this year.

'59 had a supper and reunion on Thursday night.

"Do you want to buy any furniture?" So say the Seniors.

Prof. Stowe preached at the Church on the hill the Sunday after Commencement.

The picnic to Jordan's Oaks was a perfect success. If you doubt it, ask the pie-man.

Pres. Allen of Girard College, of the class of '33, has been in town through the week.

We are glad to learn that there is a prospect that Mr. Moore will remain with us in spite of his resignation.

The cannon were hauled off of the campus and put out of sight so as to — give the men a chance to cut the grass.

People who sit in front seats at Class Day Exercises, and put up large umbrellas, are looking out solely for their own comfort.

The reserving of seats under the Old Oak for those who had tickets from the Senior class was carried on much better than usual this year.

The height of cheek—for a young lady to bolt into a student's room without knocking, and say "I beg your pardon, I thought the rooms were open to-day."

Sixteen men have been admitted to '78 so far; there was a misunderstanding about the time of examination. The applications since received indicate a class of fifty or more.

The class of '44 was well represented in the alumni procession before the chapel on Thursday. We noticed Samuel J. Anderson, Judge Wm. Wirt Virgin, and Judge Goddard.

Prof. C. E. Stowe of the class of '24, his wife, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, and daughters, and his son, of '75, of Harvard, formerly of this College, have been in town through Commencement week.

While laboring under strong mental excitement one of the late Seniors was persuaded to buy an eagle, as the boy called the bird he had for sale. The eagle proved a fish hawk. Sad national emblem!

'74 presented a beautiful silver ice pitcher to Major Sanger; the Classical Freshmen a complete set of Kent's Commentaries to Tutor Moulton; and the same division, we believe, gave Instructor Moore a fine edition of Longfellow's translation of Dante.

The prizes for English Composition which formerly were awarded at the Senior Exhibition—two in the Fall and two in the Spring—were given this year for excellence in Commencement parts. They were distributed as follows; the two first prizes to S. V. Cole and D. O. S. Lowell; the two second to H. G. White and H. W. Philbrook.

"Lo! the poor Indian," has been in Brunswick once more with bow, arrows and target, but after a short sojourn on the Campus he moved down town. We hope he found some one who appreciated his offer—of two dollars for every time you hit the "bull's eye" and you pay five cents every time you miss—better than the students seem to. The boys did not want the two dollars.

It became necessary on account of the rain to have the dance, which was to have been on the Green on the evening of Class Day, in the Tontine Hall. Although it was a great disappointment to be compelled to go in doors, yet

it was a very pleasant affair. It has been a long time since we have had a party at which there was a nicer looking company of ladies and gentlemen. We hope to see them again next year, and on the Campus, if the weather will permit.

JUNIOR PRIZE DECLAMATION.

It has been often said that '75, however deficient in other respects, does reckon among her number some most excellent declaimers. If this truth had needed any new verification it was certainly afforded by the exhibition that took place in the church on the hill, on Tuesday evening of Commencement week. Not having been ourselves among the number appointed for this occasion, we are open to no charge of vanity in saying that it was a very fine performance throughout.

People who attended the exhibition, merely as a part of the routine of Commencement week, forgot to be bored; timid Freshmen who came escorting lady cousins, felt their nervousness depart, and the lady cousins ceased to criticise each other's costumes.

The following are the titles of the pieces and the names of the speakers in their order: Shylock. (Shakespeare.)

Charles L. Clarke, Portland.
Rienzi to the Romans. (Mitford.)

Francis R. Upton, Peabody, Mass.
Eulogy on Charles Sumner. (Curtis.)

Frank P. Virgin, Lewiston.
The Leper. (Willis.)
Stephen C. Whitmore, Gardiner.

The Diver. (Schiller.)
Charles W. Hill, Biddeford.
The Slave-Ships. (Whittier.)

* William G. Hunton, Readfield.
Eulogy on Charles Sumner. (Schurz.)

* Lincoln A. Rogers, Topsham.
Over the Hill from the Poor House. (Carleton.)

Parker P. Simmons, Kingston, Mass.
The Jackdaw of Rheims. (Barham.)

Myles Standish, Allston, Mass.
Lincoln's Election, 1861. (Phillips.)

Seth L. Larrabee, Oak Hill.

* Excused.

The committee for award consisted of Prof. Brackett, recently of Bowdoin; Mr. James McKeen, New York; and Mr. W. G. Nowell, of Boston High School.

The merits of the several contestants seemed to be very nearly equal, and while the committee deliberated, though some few had their favorites, the more discreet of those who awaited the decision, were as undecided as they had been at the first of the evening.

After a moderate interval of waiting, it was announced that the first prize, twenty dollars, was awarded to Standish, and the second, ten dollars, to Larrabee.

ORATION BEFORE THE ALUMNI.

The oration before the Alumni was delivered on Wednesday afternoon of Commencement week, by Rev. John O. Means of Boston. The following is an imperfect abstract.

There are no questions which interest us more deeply than those relating to social institutions. The science of Sociology, which in our time has received so much attention from Mill and Spencer, though Comte assumes to have been its originator, is of great antiquity. Plato has left us his idea of a model government and society in his Republic. His ideal State was a community of five thousand and forty members; their places were to be assigned and their functions regulated by a rigid law; they were to be situated in some secluded spot, preferably an island, where there would be the least danger of contact with other nations; the number of inhabitants was to be judiciously kept up and judiciously kept down,—five thousand and forty was the limit either way. This was the narrow, exclusive view of the Grecian philosopher. Comte, moreover, in his scheme of society, makes provision for the five leading nations of Europe alone. Christian civilization, on the other hand, is endowed with a broader spirit.

In the Republic of Plato the State is every-

thing, the individual nothing; in this way the general welfare would be best promoted, and the people be made a unit for the repelling of a foreign invasion or the prosecuting of any great work. Christianity, while holding every man as sovereign and unapproachable in regard to his personal accountability to God, yet covers all the ground of Plato's design in the commandment to "love thy neighbor as thyself." Plato does away with the marriage contract, and assigns to women the same labors and duties as to men, both in government and in war. Christian civilization assumes that the distinctions of sex are soul-deep, and guards the institution of marriage as one of its mightiest bulwarks. The prosperity of all the Aryan nations rests largely on the basis of family relations. In Plato's Republic all property was held in common. There is much of truth underlying the communistic theory. There is no civilized state without more or less of public property; the great question is to decide how much of this there should be. We now believe that the right of man to acquire and hold property for himself is a great power in working the advancement of the race, while the evils that are likely to arise from the same cause, Christianity seeks to prevent by teaching men to bear each other's burdens. Again, the doctrine of Plato affords no protection to the weak; deformed or feeble children are not suffered to live; a system of rigid selection is adhered to, and every one of the five thousand and forty must be physically perfect. But we, holding such ideas as we do in regard to a future existence, believe that the exercise of humanity which cares for the weak furnishes at the same time the most beneficent training that could be devised for the strong. Plato's ideal government might have succeeded, but all the instincts bred by our civilization reject it. With Christianity it is different; it contains a vital element of progress. It is not difficult to make a seed grow;

the difficulty is in making the seed ; this seed is made.

THE CONCERT.

The concert this year was given by the Germania Band, the Temple Quartette, and Annie Louise Cary, with Hermann Kotzschmar as pianist.

The house was crowded ; the audience in good spirits despite the elevated condition of the mercury ; the colors of the different societies appeared upon college men and their lady friends ; and altogether it was a pleasant assembly.

The concert was opened by an overture from Auber by the Germania ; and it is needless to say that it was well executed. The Temple Quartette gave a Song of the Tyrol-ese and "Which is the Properest Day to Drink?" in good style. This was enthusiastically received, and in answer to an *encore* they repeated the last song. The next thing was a cavatina by Miss Cary. She looked as lovely and modest as usual, and was encored in reply to which she simply appeared. Shübruk's cornet solo was beyond criticism or praise, it was simply wonderful. If we mistake not, however, the selection was the same given by him here last Commencement under some other title than "Excelsior." Mr. Fessenden's romanza was beautifully rendered in his quiet, graceful manner. Number seven of the programme was interchanged for number ten, a duet by Miss Cary and Mr. Fessenden ; the chief beauty of this to us was the beautiful blending of the two voices, sounding at times as though we listened to one person only. The instrumental duet on the flute and 'cello, by Göring and Heindl, was good.

The rondo from the "Huguenots," by Miss Cary, was fine, being accompanied by Kotzschmar. In reply to the *encore* she sang "Home, Sweet Home" in a touching and

gentle manner. The Temple Quartette gave a selection from Buck, and upon being encored sang a splendid chant.

The whole concert passed off very pleasantly, and was a financial as well as a musical success.

COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

At quarter past three, when the exercises at the church were finished, the procession formed and moved to Memorial Hall to partake of the dinner there prepared. The number of seats was unusually large and they were nearly all filled. The hall was dressed up finely in evergreen, giving an air of cheerfulness to the place which was soon reflected in the faces of all who were present. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Dike. Then the raid upon the tables became universal. All acknowledged that a better dinner was never served for the friends of the college.

The late hour of the dinner had sharpened the appetites of the whole company, and the amount of food that disappeared from some parts of the table was surprising. After all were satiated, and were torturing themselves by trying to force down a little dessert, the band played one of its liveliest airs. The singing of the usual hymn followed. Pres. Chamberlain then introduced Gov. Dingley, who entertained the audience with a very animated speech. He was followed by Rev. Prof. Stowe, who seemed to be the oldest and most revered representative of the alumni. Pres. Allen of Girard College, and Pres. Hamlin of Roberts College, spoke of the influence of Bowdoin on different parts of the globe, especially in the East.

Gen. Anderson spoke in the highest terms of military training, and regretted that many of his friends did not think as he did. He was supported in his view by Judge Goddard. Rev. Mr. Hawes was then called to the floor

and put an end to the discussion of this disagreeable question by stating that what seemed best to nearly all alumni and friends of the college — the instant abolition of the military department — was, in his opinion, best for the college itself. Mr. Downes then spoke as a representative from the eastern part of the State.

The afternoon having been thus pleasantly spent, and the time having arrived to which the morning meeting of the Boards adjourned, they retired, the President calling Mr. Thacher to the chair. A meeting of the Alumni was called for hearing the report of some committees. This done the crowd began to disperse. All were in the highest state of merriment, and conducted as if it were the best holiday for them in the year. Finally, tired with the pleasures of the day, they sought resting places here and there throughout the town, and might be seen in almost every yard sitting in little knots, rehearsing the deeds of the past and admiring the improvements in the college. In the evening the Class of '74, and many from former classes with their ladies, enjoyed the President's reception. This was the crowning joy of Commencement Day.

CLASS-DAY.

Friday morning was one of the brightest of the season. As early as eight o'clock the tide of visitors began to flow in at the college gates. The buildings were thrown open and admired or criticised by the fairer half of the world whose admittance into the penetralia of the College occurs but once in a year. At ten the heavy doors were closed, and the accustomed silence once more reigned in the stately halls of Bowdoin.

This present year the bolts will remain unturned for the longest space of time since the founding of the college. Eleven weeks will pass away before the shouts of the students

will again be echoed across the campus, and the stern duties imposed by the management again resumed.

Have you any tickets? This was the cry which everywhere greeted our ears on this morning. At 10:30 the church was packed with the populace, and the galleries crowded with the *élite* of neighboring cities and towns. The class entered the church in procession and took seats upon the stage. Music followed; then the chaplain came forth and offered prayer. The exercises had now fairly commenced, and Ferguson, the orator of the occasion, delivered one of the ablest parts of the Commencement Week. The subject, Peace without Dishonor, was well chosen, and some parts of the argument were so applicable to circumstances like those in which Bowdoin is now placed that it claimed the undivided attention of the audience, inspiring them with interest and admiration, which they manifested by frequent applause during the oration, and at its close by a continuous clapping of some minutes. Next came Hawthorne with the poem. It was one of those pleasing, witty, and carefully written productions which never fail to impress themselves favorably upon an intelligent audience. This closed the exercises at the church, and the people went away, not thinking them dull and borish, as too many of the Commencement Parts frequently are, but pleased and satisfied, with the intention of meeting under the Oak in the afternoon.

After ample time for dinner, the crowds of people who had so faithfully attended the other exercises of the week, began to assemble at the Oak. Those favored with tickets from members of the graduating class were admitted to the reserved seats in front of the stand. These seats were soon filled, and hundreds of people were standing about outside, or seated in carriages near by.

The procession formed promptly in front of the chapel and marched with music to the

tree. After a short delay, the President, Simpson, introduced Goodale, who read the Class Chronicles. They were a well-written and fair account of the career of the Class of '74, dwelling longer on the joyous and merry scenes which the class had witnessed, and passing with quicker footsteps over the sad events, from which the class has not been entirely exempt. After a selection by the band, Powers read the Prophecy, and he acquitted himself finely in this most difficult and generally least interesting of all the Commencement exercises. The Prophet gave some "hits" upon the general management of the college, which seemed to be appreciated by the audience. After another selection by the band, Cole delivered the parting address. The Past and the Future had been dealt with, and his province was restricted to the narrow Present. He gave '74's parting advice to underclassmen in a light, easy manner, and then closed with a few parting words to his classmates. We may say of this, as of the majority of the parts this year, that it was unusually good.

After smoking the pipe and shaking hands all round, the class formed and marched to the chapel to hear the last prayer and march out for the last time. The exercises in the chapel consisted of: Singing the parting ode by members of '75 and '76; then a prayer by Prof. Packard; and then the class marched out of the chapel, and the customary cheers were given for the graduating class by the lower classes, and by all for the College, the Faculty, etc. The scene in the chapel was solemn and interesting. The faces of all present were an expression of deep earnestness, and all seemed especially impressed when the venerable Professor arose to make his last supplication for these young men going out from the College, and for the last time to ask God's blessing upon them.

Mr. Moore is to take Prof. Young's classes.

ACTION OF THE BOARDS.

We publish the following abstract of the doings of the Boards, from the official report:

Whereas it is for the good of the students that they take some physical exercise, regularly and systematically, *It is voted* that the gymnasium shall be continued as now during the first and third terms of the college year. The infantry drill, by those who elect the drill, shall be continued three times each week in suitable weather through the same terms, and the artillery drill shall also be voluntary exercise. Attendance on lectures and recitations in military science shall be required as heretofore. Any student shall be allowed to accept for any year both drill and gymnasium. Every student not excused for sufficient reason shall elect at the beginning of each collegiate year, for that year, the drill or the gymnasium; and shall be allowed to change his election at the end of a term only, and by the consent of the Faculty. The present gymnasium fee of \$1.50 each term shall not be charged to those not using the gymnasium, nor for the second term, when instruction is not required therein. The College Faculty may prescribe the uniform for those who elect the drill, the same to cost no more than \$6 each, and may be furnished to those so requesting, by the Treasurer, and charged in the term bill.

Voted, That the Fall Term begin eleven weeks from Commencement, followed by a vacation of two weeks beginning with the Wednesday before Christmas, and that the vacation of one week in April be as heretofore.

In order to simplify the College registry, it was voted that the Faculty be relieved from the duty of sending on students' term bills an account of excused absences of students from College exercises, and the Parietal Committee were authorized to grant temporary leaves of absence to students.

Examinations for admission are to be held on the day after Commencement and at the opening of the fall term.

One of the regular daily recitations in each class is to be held in the afternoon.

Provision was made for publishing the College charter in connection with the College laws.

The thanks of the College were tendered to Mrs. Almira C. Dummer for her donation of one thousand dollars to found the Charles Dummer Scholarship.

The thanks of the College were also tendered to the Trustees of the Edward Little Institute for their generous recognition of the College in the donation of ten thousand dollars towards the endowment of a Professorship of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

The Faculty were authorized to regulate laboratory fees, which are to be charged on term bills.

The Faculty were authorized to provide such in-

struction as may be needed in the department of Modern Languages.

Professor Young was chosen Treasurer of the College.

The President was elected Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

Professor Charles H. Smith was chosen Professor of Mathematics.

The Boards adjourned to meet the third Tuesday in January, 1875.

Mr. Charles H. Moore has been recommended for Instructor in Modern Languages; Mr. F. C. Robinson, Instructor in Analytical Chemistry; and Mr. A. F. Moulton as Tutor in Mathematics. These will undoubtedly be confirmed by the committee of the Boards authorized for that purpose.

The fall term will commence Sept. 24th. Examination for admission, same day.

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Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 14, 1874.

No. 7.

THE OPENING TERM.

The summer vacation of 1874, with all its pleasant memories, is among the things that were. To some of us the time has been one of unusual gaiety, perhaps. Some of us have gone to our homes, there to meet those long absent, whom a longing for home, a sight of old familiar places,—that old tree in whose shade many a happy hour has been spent in childhood—that sequestered nook where, in moments of silence and repose, one has dreamed of the great world, and has said with determination, “There is a place for me; or if not I must make a place,”—we say such recollections as these, and a knowledge of warm hearts and hands ready to welcome, have called to some of our homes to spend a brief furlough, those who have long been enveloped in the smoke and roar of life’s warfare. Others of our number have gone to changed homes! Instead of meeting all the familiar faces of home, they have found one absent—a vacated chair—a great vacuity! The cheerful voice, ever ready to counsel, no longer is heard, and the silence of home is unprecedented.

Some have sought pleasure upon the mountain top, and have taken delight in scaling its rough and jagged sides; others have found it upon our delightful bays, bounding with high glee upon the smoother surface of the waters. We would not say that these two classes of pleasure seekers represent distinct characters, the former of a stern, austere, and relentless turn of mind, in whom is no grace or form of comeliness, who, because they delight in the bold and rugged outlines of Nature, can see no beauty in the undulating and graceful movement of the wave; the latter

of no decision of character, swayed by every wind and wave, like the boat that bears them over the billowy surface.

Could we have a peep at the record of the vacation transactions, we would find that they were many and various; but the sound of the chapel bell calls us from these scenes to begin the duties of another academic year. Upon entering the chapel we find that the constant law of change has wrought its work. The familiar faces of ’74 are no longer seen here; so, with thoughtful countenance and Senior gravity, ’75 assumes their place, not unmindful that another cycle of this rapidly revolving ball will whirl it too into the mazy mists of space. Conscious of this, every man returns resolved that wherein he has not improved his opportunities in the past, he will make amends in the future; for now, with the eye of the philosopher, he sees that neglected opportunities are like sped arrows, or words spoken in anger.

In the Freshman seats we behold strangers, who, by their timid and half-frightened look, we are certain are not unconscious of the feelings of the “stranger in a strange land.” To these we tender a warm welcome among us, certain we shall find them true men, men of principle and of a high sense of honor. These are the men with whom we are to form new friendships, and, let us hope, cultivate lasting and pleasant memories.

The opening term brings with it new thoughts and suggestions, new studies, and with these come new trials and temptations; but the student returns with renewed vigor and strong resolutions that he will strive to overcome all obstacles which lie in his path.

Every student should feel a responsibility

resting upon him especially. To the Seniors, the College looks for its tone and support of good morals. From the Juniors it expects their aid in the same direction. Of the formidable Sophomores it solicits their influence in diminishing those puerile amusements which are too often witnessed; while of the Freshmen every man must do his "*whole duty*."

The new term which we have just entered upon will soon be among the number that are past, it is now in our power to use; then, its work, if not done, can never be performed.

S. J. R.

TERMS AND VACATIONS.

The following is a summary of the report of the committee on the subject of terms and vacations, which was the basis of action by the Boards at the last Commencement.

The committee renew the recommendation made a year ago, "that the winter vacation, now six weeks long, be shortened four weeks, and the same be added to the summer vacation." This makes no change except to throw forward the first term, making it four weeks later in the year.

No personal considerations on the part of college officers have any influence in this recommendation, and indeed such would be of an opposite tendency. But it is believed that the good of the college urgently requires the change, and among other things, in the following points of view.

First—The evils attending a long winter vacation.

A great disadvantage has long been experienced from the absences from college by students at the close of the first term and beginning of the second. There were good reasons formerly for suffering these evils, in the fact that suitable employments were offered only in the winter. Now, however, from the general prosperity of community, reasons for providing opportunity for winter teaching do not press with the same force.

Here, as in most other New England colleges, a change in the methods of instruction has come about which renders the "making up," formerly in vogue, simply an impossibility. More immediate personal instruction, laboratories, and other experimental and illustrated methods, make the attendance of a student absolutely necessary to his profiting as he should by the college course. From the nature of the case these studies can not be rehearsed with absentees, and some students are thus graduated who have practically omitted an essential part of the course of study.

The inducements to prolonged absence growing out of the long winter vacation, affect those who are not governed by motives of necessity, but who take schools which keep them away far into the following term, simply because they have time on their hands, and are unwilling to be so long idle. The utmost care on the part of the Faculty in scrutinizing the reasons offered for absence, fails to remedy the evil. It appears by the records for the last winter term, that out of a class of thirty-five Seniors, eighteen were absent for periods varying from two weeks to more than half the term. Students thus absent commit an irreparable injury upon themselves and upon their classes. At their return all are not in condition to advance together, or with their classes, and instructors are embarrassed in determining what disposition to make of such cases. So insuperable, in fact, have these difficulties become, that in many cases, if not all, it is thought far better that absentees in the winter should remain out the whole year and join the following class, rather than attempt to regain their place in their own. Very reluctantly the Faculty have been obliged, for the credit of the college, to require this course in several instances the past year.

Second—The advantages of the change.

A prominent consideration is the fact that

profitable employments are now by no means limited to the winter, and it would seem that those most remunerative are offered in the summer and autumn. The High Schools springing up in almost every town under the new State laws offer students better inducements than any in the winter can. Other enterprises and opportunities formerly unknown, furnish profitable employment in the summer, so that by having some continuous time, a student can devote himself, without loss of standing in college, to occupations which will pay him well.

We would by no means adopt a course which would discourage the attendance of poor young men, as we recognize in such many of our most faithful students, and those to whom it is on all accounts desirable that opportunities for education should be offered. On the other hand, it is believed the proposed change will be an advantage to these, both in the ways already indicated in regard to employments, and because the tendency of this change will be to lead them to acquire the means in advance, or to secure loans which they will be enabled more easily to repay through the superior education obtained by an unbroken college course. We hope it may come about that the education of a poor young man will no longer be, of necessity, a poor education.

The winter season, for reasons which are obvious, is best for study.

The proposed course will bring terms nearer together, and thus economize time. Studies which follow in direct logical sequence need not be interrupted by mere reviews for the purpose of gathering up what has been broken off and lost by lapse of time. Each principal branch of study will be carried steadily on with ever increasing advantage from continuity and momentum.

It will doubtless happen that, at the first, the college will sustain a loss in numbers entering, if the new plan is adopted. Expe-

rience in other colleges indicates that this in the end will work no detriment. Where opportunity for irregular study is offered, irregular students will resort, to the exclusion or discouragement of the more thorough; whereas a strict and unbroken system of instruction naturally attracts those who are aiming at the best attainments.

The change proposed is by no means a novelty. It has been successfully made in the most flourishing colleges in New England; indeed, for reasons such as have been here given, these colleges have been forced to adopt it.

OUR PROPER SPHERE.

On returning to college and resuming our old habits once more, we can not help being oppressed by the conviction that our summer has been in great part wasted. Honors and distinctions have not been won, nor has even our material prosperity been advanced. We have found means to pay our term bill, to be sure; the man down town, moreover, has been met and appeased; we are out of debt, it is true, but out of money also; and the thought of golden opportunities thrown away, of the harvest time spent without profit, causes a feeling of despondency which the newly acquired dignity of Senior can neither prevent nor entirely conceal.

It was a maxim of the worldly-wise Mr. Chillingly Mivers that with every new generation arises a new order of ideas, which are to prevail for the time and determine the direction of human sentiment and action. The sooner, therefore, continues the same authority, a young man discovers what this order of ideas is to be, the more advantage he will possess in the struggle for distinction and success. Now we had read this and set it to heart as true. We had thought to seek out the true current and launch ourselves upon it betimes. With this object we had determined to apply

ourselves, with what ability was ours, to the study of the great questions which seemed to be occupying the attention of the leading minds of the day. We were in the wrong way. The events of the summer just passed have made the revelation and shown our error. The great field of success for college students, their true destiny is found in serving as waiters at the Mountains. The experiment has been tried, and its success is a great truth. It is doubtful whether the leaders in this movement had any adequate conception how important was the enterprise in which they were engaging. But they did not long remain in ignorance. A universal round of applause, a spontaneous outburst of popular approval, told how deep and thorough had been the preparation in the minds of men for the great truth about to be presented to them, *i. e.*, that the highest merit of the educated young man is to enroll himself as waiter at some popular White Mountain hotel.

Not only has the general movement been everywhere discussed and commended, but so important is the matter considered, that particular incidents have been eagerly sought for, and the personal peculiarities of those engaged have been carefully noted and laid before the public. We have heard of the presents that have been made them; we know their general deportment and the color of their eyes and hair; and they are famous. It is also remarked as an important fact, that they do their work fully as well as ordinary waiters. Some claim for them even more than this; but that is perhaps going too far; the world will be fully satisfied with the proof of their equality.

With the rest of us the case is far different from that of the fortunate few. No interesting episodes of our summer's adventures have been published to the world; no philanthropic individual has made us happy with the gift of seven dollars and fifty cents apiece. Did we seek for some pleasant and

profitable employment, no place offered itself. We have been waiters, to be sure, but not of the right sort; we have been waiting for something to turn up.

If one of us was fortunate enough to be able to visit the Mountains in the character of tourist, he was disregarded. Even the young ladies were indifferent to his attentions and services; they had learned the meaning of the old proverb, "They also serve who stand and wait."

Let us consider, on the other hand, the sphere of the happy waiter. Think not that his studies are to be here neglected or useless. His knowledge of Mathematics enables him to calculate with accuracy the course of a stream of water from piteher to goblet, and to measure with critical nicety the sectors of a pie. His Chemistry may be profitably employed in concocting seductive poisons for rats and cockroaches. He will keep alive his acquaintance with the classics by habitual conversation with his companions in Greek and Latin, to the wonder and admiration of travelers.

He learns to hand a chair with quiet dignity and to present a plate of soup with courtly grace; and at night, when the dishes have been washed, and the napkins all folded, he clothes himself in a broadcloth coat and joins the ladies in a social dance. His bearing throughout is one of modest independence and dignified humility. The ladies beam upon him—it is a life of romance; the guests fee him—it is a life of profit; the broken vic-tuals are at his disposal—it is a life of plenty.

In view of all these things there can be only one conclusion; no student who knows his own interests will hesitate as to his course another summer. For ourselves, we propose to be blind no more; we will wait no longer for the Mountains to come to us; we will go to the Mountains.

Why is the Gymnasium so popular?

THE GYMNASIUM.

The Gymnasium having been wholly reorganized, we publish, by request, the Officers and Regulations, for the ensuing year, for the convenience of the students:—

OFFICERS.

D. A. SARGENT, Superintendent.	
E. H. Hall.....	Assistant Superintendent.
S. M. Carter.....	Director of Exercises.
J. H. Payne.....	Secretary.
C. H. Wells.....	Superintendent of Dressing Room.
J. F. Hall.....	Janitor.

Senior Class. S. L. Larrabee, Capt.

First Div.....	F. O. Baston, Leader and Instructor.
Second Div.....	W. E. Rice, Leader and Instructor.

Junior Class. H. R. Patten, Capt.

First Div.....	W. J. Curtis, Leader and Instructor.
Second Div.....	W. G. Hunton, Leader and Instructor.

Sophomore Class. Orestes Peirce, Capt.

First Div.....	W. A. Robinson, Leader and Instructor.
Second Div.....	C. D. Jameson, Leader and Instructor.

Freshman Class. F. R. Upton, Capt.

First Div.....	E. H. Blake, Leader and Instructor.
Second Div.....	P. H. Ingalls, Leader and Instructor.

1st Class of Proficients. C. L. Clark, Capt.

First Div.....	R. G. Stanwood, Leader.
Second Div.....	F. C. Payson, Leader.

2d Class of Proficients. G. R. Swasey, Capt.

First Div.....	W. G. Waitt, Leader.
Second Div.....	W. Alden, Leader.

REGULATIONS FOR THE GYMNASIUM.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

The Superintendent of the Gymnasium is elected by the Board of Trustees and Overseers, and is responsible to them for an orderly and efficient practice of all the exercises prescribed.

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT.

The Assistant Superintendent is appointed by the President, and in the absence of the Superintendent he has entire charge of the Department. In the presence of the Superintendent he is the executive officer, and has a general oversight of all the divisions and leaders.

DIRECTOR OF EXERCISES.

It is the duty of the Director of Exercises to record the absences; to announce the time of beginning exercise; to indicate the changes; and to dismiss the class. All explanations and statements

with regard to marks must be made to the Director of Exercises, and all requests or complaints must be made to the Superintendent through him.

CAPTAINS.

The Captains are appointed by the Superintendent. It is their duty to call the classes to order, to see that each division is supplied with a leader, and to maintain order and discipline in his class throughout the time allotted for exercise.

LEADERS.

Leaders are to explain and proceed with the exercises according to the instructions they have received. They have nothing to do with the discipline of the division.

All cases of manifest laziness, obstinacy, or indifference that do not come under the immediate observation of the Captain, must be reported to him after the dismissal of the class.

Leaders who attend regularly are allowed to join the sparring or fencing classes free of charge. Tickets for that purpose are granted by the Superintendent.

DIVISIONS.

The classes are at present divided into divisions for the sake of convenience. If it is deemed necessary, about the middle of the term each class will be divided according to the strength and proficiency of its members.

Each division is to follow its respective leader, and no student can absent himself from a division without leave from the leader.

Every student must keep his assigned position in his division or he will be regarded as absent.

If it is necessary to sub-divide a division the students comprising said division may choose the assistant leader.

APPARATUS.

Apparatus injured in the course of regular practice will be repaired at the expense of the College. Breakage caused wilfully or through carelessness is to be made good by the offender.

Portable apparatus must, after use, be restored to its proper place.

No student not a member of the proficient class will be allowed on the apparatus behind the bulkhead.

ATTENDANCE.

Any student who absents himself from the Gymnasium shall receive two marks. In case of tardiness, one mark. If the student leave the building before his class is dismissed he shall receive one mark.

[Continued on p. 81.]

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

S. M. CARTER,
E. H. HALL,
S. L. LARRABEE,

F. B. OSGOOD,
G. R. SWASEY,
F. R. UPTON.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

This number of the ORIENT will be sent to every member of the Freshman class, and the succeeding numbers also, unless notice is given to the editors to discontinue. The subscription for the remainder of the volume is \$1.50; back numbers can be obtained of the editors on payment of fifty cents.

We are glad to note the opening of the Athenæan Library. It shows its friends are going early to work. The regular society meetings will soon commence, and we hope to see a greater desire than ever exhibited to make them profitable. The society held all its regular meetings last year, but some of

them were rather thinly attended. Surely, this ought not to be. The instruction in Elocution now furnished by the college is so imperfect that we all need to patronize whatever institutions, in existence among us, afford any such training.

The principal advantage which this society offers is that men of all classes and societies are brought into the same arena and put to the test; what they are worth.

Freshmen, consider the subject whether you will join, for you will doubtless soon be asked.

Attention is called to the rule now in force in regard to term bills:—

“Term bills are due at the close of each term, and if not paid at the commencement of next term, interest shall be charged at current rates. On the fifteenth day after the commencement of each term, the Treasurer shall send to the Faculty a list of delinquents, and no person on such list shall be allowed to attend recitations until his dues are paid. No student shall be admitted to a higher class till all his term bills are paid, except in special cases by permission of the President and Finance Committee. If payment is unwarrantably delayed the Treasurer shall put the bond in suit.”

“Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy!”

Perhaps it would not be amiss to ask our readers to look back and recall an event which occurred several years ago. One cold, blustering fall day, the students began to gather in front of the Chapel, dressed in their fine uniforms, and after waiting a few moments the command was given to “fall in.” How prompt they were! They marched from the Chapel to the fair grounds; the streets were lined with crowds of admirers. How finely they marched! What crowds they attracted to the fair! After reaching the fair grounds, and standing round in the cold, it will be remembered what a fine exhibition drill was given. How *perfectly* they wheeled! Such fine

drilling was never before witnessed. The artillery drill surpassed everything. What excitement prevailed. Ladies fainting, horses running away, smash-ups, &c. Yes, it will all be remembered, and we can say with the poet,

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!"

But since then what a change has taken place. How much we should like to see the battalion march over this year. "*O tempora! O mores!*"

There are in college, as in the world, some persons who, either from carelessness or from the desire to be *economical*, make a common practice of sponging upon other people for the very necessities of life. We had a neighbor once, to whom the idea of filling his lamp in any other way than from our oil can seemed never to have presented itself. It was a little thing, to be sure, but it grew on us until we would rather have furnished a dozen lamps with oil than to have seen that man come in and walk up to our can and fill his lamp. Then there is the man who does not build his fire until afternoon, but instead thereof makes you regularly a morning call, whether you want to see him or not. Then the man who has no book of his own but expects to use yours daily, and worse yet, he always needs it just when you want to use it yourself. These are some of the various forms of parasites which infest the classic shades. There are some things which every thoroughly civilized man feels as though he must own, and which he expects every other person to possess also.

As we have said, we could hardly stand it to have a man draw his light continually from our can, but we are unnecessarily irritable. We have watched some of our comrades who seemed to take no note of these petty annoyances, and thought to ourselves, "Surely, nothing can ruffle their temper." But we were destined to be disappointed, for we found the very image of good temper itself

in the dressing room infuriated because some one had borrowed his towel and clothes during his absence.

We were disappointed, but we do not blame him. It is more than human nature can stand, to see men come, day after day, into the Gymnasium, with apparently no other arrangement than to take the clothes and towel of whoever happens to be absent. If there is any one thing which we feel as though we must have the sole and undivided use of, it is a gymnasium outfit. There is no man in college so poor that he can't afford the meagre outfit. It is from carelessness or from the habit of depending on others they go on in this. If they have no preference as to *whose* clothes they wear, let them remember that we very decidedly prefer *our own*, and we most earnestly entreat them to gratify us.

The last ORIENT was issued during the vacation and sent to the catalogue address of the students. But those living in the cities, who failed to get theirs, as their street address was not known, may obtain them by applying to the editors.

[Continued from p. 79.]

No student will be permitted to attend the exercises of any other class than his own. Every class holds the right of possession during the time allotted for its respective exercise.

DRESS.

Every student must lay aside his hat and outer garments, as they interfere with the free movement of the limbs, and render the person more liable to cold upon going out of doors. Every member of the proficient class must supply himself with a thick flannel shirt, a coarse towel, and a pair of cloth pumps or slippers.

DEPARTMENT.

Every student is expected to conduct himself throughout all the exercises of this department as it becomes a gentleman.

No strict, rigid rules of discipline will be insisted upon; and in every case as much freedom will be

allowed as is consistent with a proper method of conducting the exercises.

But should any member so far forget himself as to become rude and boisterous, or in any manner violate the few rules which we have found it necessary to have, it shall be regarded as a misdemeanor, and will be treated as such by the Faculty.

LOCAL.

The marking system has undergone a marked change.

A number of the Senior class are away teaching school.

The fair damsels of the town are "so glad the term has begun." Why?

The ladies don't care if the class is small, as long as the Freshmen are large.

The Seniors are all orthodox. No one has yet taken a dead on his convictions.

A Senior says it is not the death of thought, but the dearth of it, that troubles him.

A well conducted card party is one of the pleasures of a Professional life—say the Faculty.

The Psi U.'s have refitted and refurnished their rooms, and, it is said, they are quite pleasant.

The "refugees of the college" have had a very exciting time in Brunswick the past vacation.

Those who would like to see the cadets drill will call at the Armory, north end of Winthrop.

The man who called at the college book store for Paley's Providences did not receive the volume.

The Seniors are doing good work in Astronomy, under the efficient instruction of Prof. Smith.

"Sea turns," as the citizens call them, can be enjoyed but one month longer. Make the most of them!

The Freshmen class numbers thirty-seven, which the authorities say is three less than they expected.

The recitation hours have been changed. Each class must have at least one recitation in the afternoon.

We are pleased to hear that Barnabee with his concert troupe are coming to entertain us next week.

The beginning of this term is uncommonly quiet; perhaps the Freshmen are not so fond of serenades as they used to be.

Major Sanger was selected as one of the judges in the competition drill between the Portland and Sheridan Cadets, but declined to act.

The far-famed Sam Sharpley advised the owners of hen roosts to look out for *Chamberlain's Skirmishers*. He is behind the times for once.

The Alpha Delta Phi's are moving into their new rooms over Ridley & Stanwood's new store. *On dit* they are very fine rooms and nicely fitted up.

Billiards are very quiet. Base Ball is the all engrossing sport. A game between the Bowdoin and Bates nines will soon furnish a little excitement.

Though the Freshman class is small, we think that it will be a bright *garland* among the other classes. From the *burly* forms of some, we think they must be *dire sleepers*.

A Freshman sought familiarity with the President by attempting to trace out his relationship to a man of the same name in Massachusetts State prison. They were not related.

On account of one of the B. B. B.'s members being detained as proficient in gymnasium,

that society will hold its last grand reunion on the 7th inst. Treasurer look out for the foam.

In the annual game of football the Sophomores beat the Freshmen; the game was finished in ten minutes. Immediately after this game the Juniors played with the Sophomores and beat them.

Only ten thousand dollars are needed to make up the hundred thousand. Why don't the Alumni of Bowdoin come forward and prove their love for their Alma Mater by helping her in her hour of need?

This year Bowdoin rejects several men who had passed the entrance examination of some of her sister colleges without conditions. Her standard is now, as ever, among the first of New England institutions.

We are glad to notice that a fine block of stores is nearly completed on one corner of O'Brien street, while one of the finest residences in town is fast approaching completion on the opposite corner. These will add greatly to the looks of Main street.

We understand the working fund of the College has been greatly increased during the past few weeks; so much so that those who hold the money are puzzled in what way to invest it most advantageously. Why can not the Professorship of Elocution be filled with a part of it?

There will be but one military company during the present term, commanded by Major Sanger. It is understood that Marquis will be armorer, while Holbrook, Sanborn, and ——— will instruct the men in the set-up drill. Until further developments these men only will receive commissions.

The President has resumed his weekly receptions. There will now be an opportunity for that Freshman, who was last year unsuccessful in his attempts to tie the door knob to the bell, so as to prevent the egress

of the party, and who has now been developed into chief horn blower of '77, to perfect his work.

The Bowdoin Chess Club held their annual meeting for the election of officers in the Senior Recitation Room, on the morning of the 3d inst., with the following result: President, S. C. Whitmore; Secretary, H. R. Sewall; Treasurer, Arlo Bates; Committee—Hunton, Cressey, and Simmons. Names were drawn, and the sport will commence immediately. The time allowed for a single move was changed to fifteen minutes.

Several years ago, before the days of Bowdoin's prosperity, when the classes were small, the societies were very active during the "fishing" season, and, we might say, very anxious. Upperclassmen did not need a formal introduction, but stepped up and introduced themselves to the innocent young Freshman. We once heard of a Junior who stepped up to a gentleman, introduced himself, and asked him if he had entered the Freshman class, and how he liked so far? When he had got thus far, the gentleman informed him that he was the newly elected Tutor. He didn't stop to "fish" him any longer, but retired to a new field of labor.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'20.—Jacob Abbott, D. D. Amherst, 1874.

'26.—Gorham Dummer Abbott, died Natick, Mass., Aug. 3, 1874, æt. 67. With his brothers founder of the celebrated Spingler Institute for young ladies, Union Square, N. Y.

'28.—John Usher Parsons, died Wellesley, Mass, May 21, 1874.

'33.—Ezra Bourne Fuller, died Trenton, N. J., Sept. 14, 1874, æt. 68.

'42.—I. L. Nutting, Pine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pa. Recommended for Congress 1874.

'43.—G. W. Swallow, LL.D. University, Missouri, 1873.

'48.—Prof. Benj. Stanton, Union College, N. Y. Reported as deceased in *Boston Advertiser*, July 22, 1874.

'55.—B. F. Hayes, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Bates, D. D. Hillsdale College, 1874.

'60.—Mr. J. P. Gross has been passing part of his vacation at his home in Brunswick. He has received the appointment of Superintendent of Schools of Plainfield, N. J.; he was formerly teacher in the High School at Mont Clair, N. J. We are glad to see true merit appreciated.

'61.—A. S. Packard, Jr., Associate Entomological Society, Belgium.

'68.—George L. Chandler has been appointed Tutor in Bowdoin College.

'69.—Marshman Edward Wadsworth, Instructor Mathematics, Harvard, 1874-5, Professor Chemistry, Dental College, Boston.

'70.—D. S. Alexander is Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee of Indiana, and correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* and *Times*.

'71.—C. E. Clark has been practicing medicine during the summer, at the camp-meeting grounds, Martha's Vineyard. He says that he has settled down to hard study, and does not even look at a young lady. This is his last year at the Harvard Medical School.

'73.—A. L. Crocker is still studying Engineering here.

'73.—Wilder made a flying visit to Brunswick during the vacation.

'73.—It is reported that ex-Tutor Moulton is to study law with Hon. W. L. Putnam of Portland.

'73.—John Arthur Cram died of brain fever at his home in Parsonsfield, last July. The

robust health which he enjoyed while in college will render his death a surprise as well as a regret, to a large circle of friends. Cram's college course was characterized by the highest degree of integrity and virtue. He took a prominent part in sporting matters, being one of the best of the last crew Bowdoin sent to the inter-collegiate regatta. The fame which he had gained as a contortionist rendered him known in all parts of the State, and many who knew him only by his public acts will be sorry to learn of his decease.

'74.—W. F. Moulton was in town last week.

'74.—S. V. Cole has been appointed Tutor in Bowdoin College, to assist Prof. Sewall.

'74.—R. A. Gray is practicing medicine in Burney Valley, Shasta Co., Cal. Report has it that "Doc." is succeeding finely. We wish him and the boy continued prosperity.

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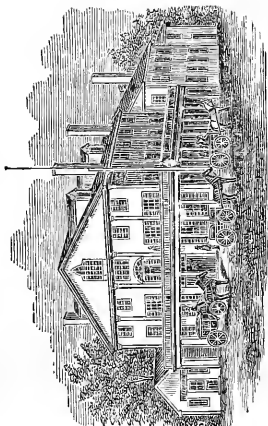
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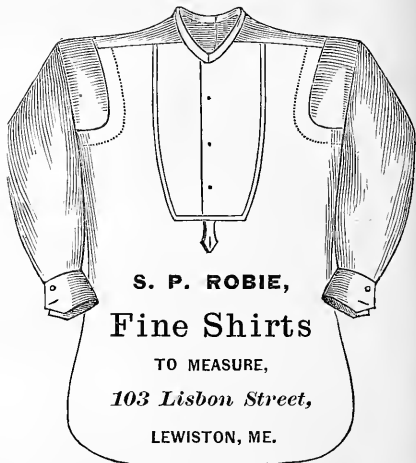
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VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 28, 1874.

No. 8.

[COMMUNICATION.]

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The increasing literature upon the subject of Physical Culture, the formation among men least likely to give the matter attention, of a school aptly styled "Muscular Christianity," implies a growing sense of a lack in systematic knowledge of the laws of health. The addition by many colleges of a gymnastic and hygienic department indicates that they are awakening to the importance of the subject. The action of the Boards at their meeting during Commencement week, in retaining some form of physical exercise, shows that they do not intend that Bowdoin shall recede from her already advanced position in this matter.

Among the ancients physical education was considered of the first importance. Their object was strength. They exercised the strong to make them stronger. The weak were deemed unworthy of notice. They trained men for war, and did it well. The object of modern culture is health; not only to make the strong stronger, but to increase the power of the weak and invalid. Modern men have to contend in a war no less exacting of bodily stamina than were ancient wars. Life, to be fought vigorously to a green old age and at last crowned with success, must be fought by a whole man, and not by an unreasonable development of either half.

The laws of health, to be of practical benefit, must be known and regarded by every one for himself or herself. But there are three things in which a little care will greatly promote bodily vigor. They are Food, Clothing, and Exercise. In respect to the first two we shall not stray far from the right path if we are guided by our natural instincts. It is

only when depraved by abuse that they become treacherous monitors. We have space to discuss Exercise only.

The first principles of all exercise should be to strengthen both the voluntary and the involuntary muscles, and to promote the health and power of the whole body by increasing respiration and quickening circulation; in short, to secure a well-balanced development of all the bodily organs, so that like the "deacon's shay," no one point shall be weaker than another.

An exercise, to be efficient, should be agreeable to mind as well as body, and be fully up to the strength of the exerciser. The exercise that does not require energy can not beget energy. Light work for weak persons, the amount required increasing with increased strength, should be the rule.

Exercise on this plan can not fail to benefit every participant, from the man of strong, robust physique, to that other specimen of manhood that taxes its strength in carrying a switch and goggles, and keeps itself in ladies' parlors, as poodles are kept, for an ornament.

But such a system of physical culture can be carried out only in a well furnished gymnasium, managed by a competent instructor. The English understand this matter best. A gymnasium is established at every barrack throughout the kingdom in which the soldiers are required to take regular exercise. They believe that a good body is the first requisite of a good soldier.

The working of the two systems side by side has demonstrated the superiority of the gymnasium over the drill as a means of development. Two companies of soldiers who had already seen from two to twelve years of serv-

ice, after six months of exercise in the gymnasium, completely outgrew their uniforms. One soldier said of himself, "I feel that I am twice the man I was for anything that a man can be put to do." The simple facts that a military drill requires the same work of weak and strong alike, and exercises one set of organs to the exclusion of the rest, would discard it from a sound system of physical education. There is, probably, no country in the world in which so many young men engage in active and vigorous sports as in England. The world-wide reputation of her sons may not be due to these sports; that they are so, is, nevertheless, a legitimate conclusion. We know not what that people can be thinking of that does not foster all innocent games tending to promote bodily vigor and activity.

Whatever protection peace societies and arbitration may afford, the spectacle lately presented of a nation entering the territory of a neighbor, and extorting millions of treasure, but repeats the lesson often given, that a country's best defense lies in strong hands and stout hearts.

We Americans take none too much interest in such matters. Ball and boating have become national sports, as they deserved, from the presence of mind, activity, and power to resist fatigue they develop. So long as the spirit of emulation in human nature exists, so long will hardy out-door sports be in vogue. It is right they should be. But bodily training should not be given wholly into their hands. For only those who are already strong and healthy can participate in such sports, while there is a far larger class that must be reached by other means.

We see no sound reason why women may not participate in the benefits of physical education as well as men. They certainly are heirs to a thousand and one ills from which judicious exercise would tend to free them. There seems to be a false refine-

ment in this matter that says everything requiring strength, energy, and endurance is decidedly unfeminine. Boys indulge in rough sports and yet become gentlemen. Why may not girls be benefited by the lighter exercises and yet grow up ladies? Mothers justly proud of their daughters send them to some "Establishment for Young Ladies" to receive the finish of their education. Alas! so far as their usefulness in this world is concerned, too many are finished indeed. It is said mothers do this to make eligible wives of their daughters. If so, they entirely mistake the wants of the opposite sex. Few men desire to experience what sort of a home an ailing wife and a dozen doctors will make, even though she have the wisdom of Solomon. The better way is to care for both mind and body: neither can be neglected without detriment to the other.

The true interests of society can not tolerate either brute force without the guiding mind, or an intellectual paragon lacking stamina to endure the commonest ills of life. Educators should take care that they do not curse our country with a race of big-headed weaklings. They are exotics that ought never to be grafted on to the good old Anglo-Saxon stock.

Then our physical sins do not end with our lives. Bodily perfections and imperfections are much more easily perpetuated than mental qualities are. The time may come when parents will consider it a sin to curse their offspring with the deadly seeds of disease. That will be a long stride towards the millenium. Far more wickedness than we think enters in through the weakness of the flesh. How a man with the bad blood of centuries in his veins can justly be expected to purify it and become a good Christian in one short life-time, is more than can be easily fathomed. At the beginning of the present century insanity was thought to be the work of devils. The time may not be far distant

that will witness as radical a change in regard to vice and crime. But at present this great ship of humanity, laden with her precious cargo, is a long way from being off the shoals. To get her into clear water, there is need of men and women able as well as willing to give a long and strong pull for the victory.

THE COLBY DONATIONS.

Colby is in luck. During the past year she has not only secured large sums to be devoted to the purpose of a permanent fund, but has also been strengthened by the gift of means to purchase three schools, already established in the State, that shall become sources of supply to her alone. An excellent conception, truly, and one intended to remind us that there is still an interest felt in the higher educational affairs of the State. While acknowledging the possible good of the movement, we do confess our inability to understand by what processes of reasoning the donors were influenced to bestow the money where they did, rather than directly upon the college. It is not reasonable to suppose that they are men who would put their shoulders to any other than, in their own estimation, the most smoothly oiled and richly laden wheel. But two constructions, then, of the endowment are possible: they either deemed the attainments of the graduates of Maine preparatory schools too meagre to permit their entrance at Colby with profit to the institution; or they believed the desideratum to consist in an increased attendance.

If we correctly appreciate the needs of the State at the present time, it is not more or better fitting schools that are demanded, but additional ability and efficiency in the colleges. There are in the State a great many academies and home schools, to say nothing of the complete and excellent systems of education in operation in all the cities. The passage of the free-high-school

law has placed within the reach of every town means of instruction worthy of any community. The thoroughness of the work done by these schools would seem to be demonstrated by comparing the entrance examinations of their graduates with those of young men fitted elsewhere. From actual observation and enquiry, we can affirm that such an investigation would indicate an average as high for the boys prepared in Maine as for those prepared in other places. Surely Colby need have feared no evil effects from the admission of such men.

We hardly have the presumption to ascribe to the friends of the project the motives named in the second consideration; but, in the face of such facts and reasoning as we can summon, it is the only horn of the dilemma left us to straddle. That the scheme will increase the attendance is perhaps too evident to require illustration or admit denial, for there are two hundred students at one of the schools this term. Add to the number in the highest class of this institution, those who shall assemble from the other feeders, and you plainly swell Colby's classes to a considerable size. At this none could be more gratified than we, did we feel confident that she were strong enough to provide for and instruct so many. Whether or not she can secure teachers equal to those who would have been supplied by many of the colleges where the men would have gone if left to their own inclinations and desires, is a matter of considerable importance, to accomplish which would most seriously affect the means at her disposal. In short, if Colby draws men from other institutions, let her watch carefully that the change shall be in no degree detrimental.

Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, money is quite essential to a man in college. He may amuse himself for some time with the beauties of Greek; he may gambol roughshod over the bones of Latin heroes; he may

regale himself for longer or shorter periods among the mysteries of the parabolic curve; but he is sure to discover, sooner or later, the lamentable but natural truth that nutriment is necessary to sustain life. Now, unless we have been wrongly informed, Colby charges her poor students tuition, and her scholarships are not so numerous as they should be. If it be in her power to aid the poor, why does she not do it? If it be impossible, why, in heaven's name, was not the money, bestowed upon these useless objects, reserved and placed where it would have caused happiness and achieved good? The fact that she may assist worthy students as much as other colleges, does not influence the contrary fact that she does not help them as much as would have been practicable with the endowment deposited in the hands of the college authorities.

BASE BALL.

BATES *vs.* BOWDOIN, OCT. 10.

"Scarcely had ruddy Phœbus extended over the face of this wide and spacious earth the golden filaments of his beautiful hair, and scarcely had the little painted birds, with their forked tongues, hailed, in soft and mellifluous harmony, the approach of the rosy harbinger of morn, who, leaving the soft couch of her jealous consort, had just disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and bars of the Lewiston horizon, than that renowned Nine from Bates College mounted behind the iron horse, that famous steed, and proceeded to the ancient memorable plain of Brunswick."

After waiting some time for the grass to dry, the game was called at ten, the Bowdoins at the bat.

In the first innings, a three-base of Payson's was especially noticeable.

SECOND. A foul neatly picked up by Al Whitmore, was the feature of this innings. The Bowdoins made four runs on errors. Everybody regret-

ted Sanford's inability to run, as it adds much to the interest of the game to see him lay down and put between the bases. The Bates made four runs, getting out on a very pretty double-play between Crocker and Sanford.

THIRD. O. B. Clason, by a hard blow to left, brought in Whitney and Adams, and by errors got his run. Bates made five runs, three of them by errors.

FOURTH. The Bowdoins now put in Fuller as pitcher, and hoped that he would change the score. They also began to tremble, and to play better, as was shown in a ball picked up by Wright and thrown to first, putting out P. R. Clason, and then thrown to Payson on third, putting out Adams.

FIFTH. By a combination of errors after two were out, the Bowdoins got one run. Payson again took pitcher's position. The Bates were given two runs by errors.

During this innings a decision of the umpire was disputed by the Bates; but afterwards, much to their credit, it was agreed to.

These are the facts of the case. The bases were full, and a ball was struck into left field and lost. The man that was on third, in running the others round, forgot to touch home base until all the others had touched it. As soon as the ball was found it was thrown home, and the base and the man were both touched, and he was declared out, in accordance with Rule VI., Section 1:—

"The order in which players shall run bases shall be the same as that observed in going to the bat, and after the ball has been hit fairly the bases shall be run in the following order, viz.: from home to first base, thence to second and third bases, to the home base. [No variation from this order is allowable; and should a player run ahead of another and touch any base before the base-runner preceding him in order has touched it, the former must go back to the base he has left, and which alone he had a right to; and in such case he can be put out by the ball being held there before he reaches it.]"—*Chadwick*.

And as he was the third man out, the runs of the others could not be scored.

SIXTH. Cobb made his first on an error. S. Whitmore put him to third. Three on bases. Sanford at bat. Exciting. Daisy-cutter to right field. Cobb made his run.—A. Whitmore showed how he could play by sending a ball to second, putting Day out.

SEVENTH. The Bowdoins displayed a great lack of discipline, losing a run by a bad error. By sharp play on the part of the Bowdoins, the Bates were whitewashed.

EIGHTH. Oakes made the best catch so far in the game, taking a liner from S. Whitmore. The Bowdoins now began to play as they ought to have done long before.

NINTH. The game now was very exciting, but the Bowdoins succeeded in getting four runs. Bates none.

Bo-wd-oin! Bowdoin! Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!

Many thanks were due to the umpire for the ability with which he decided many difficult points during the game, which was remarkable more for the number of errors on each side than anything else.

SUMMARY.

BOWDOIN.		BATES.	
	O. R.		O. R.
A. Whitmore, c.....	1 5	P. R. Clason, s. s.	3 2
Fuller, c. f.	3 3	Hall, 1st b.	3 2
Payson, p.	3 2	Oakes, p.	5 0
Cobb, 3d b.	5 1	Burr, c. f.	2 2
S. Whitmore, l. f.	5 0	Noble, l. f.	3 0
Crocker, 2d b.	2 2	Day, c.	3 2
Waitt, r. f.	4 0	O. B. Clason, 3d b.	4 1
Sanford, 1st b.	1 2	Whitney, 2d b.	3 2
Wright, s. s.	3 2	Adams, r. f.	1 3
	27 17		27 14

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Bowdoin.....	2	4	0	2	1	3	1	0	4—17
Bates.....	1	4	5	1	2	0	0	1	0—14

Umpire—Mr. W. Crawford. Scorers—Alden, Bowdoin; Rankin, Bates.

BOWDOIN vs. BATES, OCT. 17.

The Bowdoin Nine, with about forty members of the College, were promptly on hand Saturday morning, and left by the early train for Lewiston. They went to the grounds without much delay, but they were anticipated by quite a company of spectators, among whom the ladies were not wholly wanting.

The Bowdoins were no sooner there than they began practicing in the field, to get "warmed up." Mr. Wilson, formerly of the Resolute Club, was selected for umpire, and he called the game promptly at ten o'clock. The Bowdoins won the toss and sent the Bates to the bat.

FIRST INNINGS. Hall took the bat and got a fine base hit. Clason struck to pitcher, who put Hall out at second base. Noble struck to third baseman, who put Clason out at second. Burr struck a grounder, which was quickly fielded and thrown to first, putting the striker and the side out. No runs.

A. Whitmore went to bat and got first on a grounder fumbled by third baseman. Fuller got first on a long fly, Whitmore taking third. Payson took first on a grounder, thus making three on bases. Crocker took the bat and sent a hot liner beyond the centre fielder, bringing in Whitmore and Fuller. S. Whitmore went to first on a muffed fly; Crocker out on second; Payson came in on a passed ball; Jacobs and Waitt went out on foul balls. This made the side out after making three scores.

SECOND. Bates came in from the field looking rather troubled. Day went out on a fly; Adams and Whitney at first. No runs this time. The Bowdoins were in the best of spirits. Sanford got first on a grounder, and Wright did likewise. Al Whitmore was put out by a foul splendidly taken by Clason. Fuller struck and got first, Sanford being put out at third. Payson made a good hit, Wright and Fuller scoring; Crocker out. Side out and two scores.

THIRD. O. B. Clason struck out, and Oakes followed his example. Hall was put out by a hot fly splendidly caught by Fuller. S. Whitmore got first on a fly muffed by right fielder. Jacobs did the same, Whitmore being put out at second. Waitt struck a fly to right field, which was caught and Jacobs put out on first—a double-play. This was Bowdoin's first choke.

FOURTH. P. R. Clason is put out at first; Noble at second. Burr gets first, and Day is put out at first. Side out and no runs. Sanford is put out at first by lively fielding. Wright takes first and Whitmore is out on a fly. At this point Wright steals his score amid applause. Fuller, Payson, and Crocker get on bases, and S. Whitmore strikes a grounder which is thrown to second, putting out Crocker. One run.

FIFTH. Adams got first through poor fielding, and third on passed balls. Whitney out on first, Adams making the first run on the Bates side amid continued cheers. O. B. Clason struck out, and Oakes made first and second by wild throwing. Hall got first on a muffed fly. P. R. Clason was put out at first. One run. S. Whitmore out by a foul; Jacobs and Waitt at first. No runs.

SIXTH. Noble was put out at first; Burr by fly to pitcher; and Day at first, through Wright's splendid fielding. No runs. Sanford struck out. Wright out at first. A. Whitman got his base, and Fuller got a long fly to left field, bringing in Whitmore and taking third himself. Payson out on foul.

SEVENTH. Adams struck out. Wright took

[Continued on p. 92.]

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

S. M. CARTER,
E. H. HALL,
S. L. LARRABEE,

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The subscriptions towards the permanent endowment of the College only lack \$6,725 of the first \$100,000 required.

By press of matter in this number, the Editors' Table was unavoidably crowded out; but our exchanges have been carefully read.

It affords us great pleasure to record one of the many generous gifts which have lately been made to Bowdoin College. William H. Moulton, of the class of 1874, last week subscribed \$500 towards the permanent fund of this College. This, in a young man just starting out in life, is a very generous act. Let it

also put a stop to the report that the recent graduates of Bowdoin have no faith in her; for the amount of money a man will give to anything is the best possible measure of his faith in it.

There is no exercise in which the Seniors are seen so attentive to the subject in question as in those lectures upon Zoölogy which Prof. White has so kindly added to our course. It is usually the case that we find professors hardly willing to give us the instruction which they advertise, but here we have one going to extra labor and trouble to fill our minds with knowledge that should have been supplied at the expense of the institution; but the beauty of which we should perhaps never have perceived, had it not been for the generosity of this noble man. We can not tell of how great usefulness will be this fragmentary knowledge, but we already begin to see its application to one of the sciences we are now studying. We, as students, can offer no remuneration for this instruction. We can duly tender to the Professor our highest respect and reverence; and this he has never failed to win from all his students since he has been connected with the college.

[Continued from p. 91.]

Whitney out by a fly. O. B. Clason got his base on called balls, and Oakes went out on a foul. No runs. Crocker and S. Whitmore went out at first, and Jacobs on foul. No runs.

EIGHTH. Hall makes a base hit. P. R. Clason and Hall are put out by a fine double-play of Fuller and Sanford. Noble gets second by wild throwing, and a score similarly. Day is put out at first. The Bates made their second run this time. Waitt out at first; Sanford on a foul; Wright out at first. No runs.

NINTH. Adams got first, and Whitney was sent there on called ball. O. B. Clason out at first, and Adams gets his score by poor throwing. Oakes gets first, but is put out on second. Hall gets second by wild throwing. P. R. Clason makes a long hit and

gets first. Hall makes his score. Noble then struck a fly which Wright caught in a splendid manner, thereby crushing the Bates's last hope. Three runs. A. Whitmore was taken out by a fly finely caught by second baseman. Fuller out on first. Payson made first, and Crocker out on a foul. No runs.

This left the score 7 to 5 in favor of the Bowdoins. It was agreed by every one that it was a fine game.

SUMMARY.									
BOWDOIN.					BATES.				
	O.	R.				O.	R.		
Whitmore, c.	3	2	Hall, 1st b.	3	1				
Fuller, 3d b.	1	2	P. R. Clason, c. f.	4	0				
Payson, p.	1	1	Noble, l. f.	3	1				
Crocker, 2d b.	5	0	Burr, s. s.	2	0				
S. Whitmore, l. f.	3	0	Day, c.	4	0				
Jacobs, c. f.	4	0	Adams, r. f.	2	2				
Watt, r. f.	4	0	Whitney, 2d b.	3	1				
Sanford, 1st b.	4	0	O. B. Clason, 1st b.	3	0				
Wright, s. s.	2	2	Oakes, p.	3	0				
	27	7				27	5		
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Bowdoin	3	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	0—7
Bates	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	3	—5
Umpire — Mr. Wilson.									
Time of game, 2 hours. Scorers—For Bowdoin, Rowe ;									
for Bates, Rankin.									

Umpire—Mr. Wilson.

Time of game, 2 hours. Scorers—For Bowdoin, Rowe; for Bates, Rankin.

LOCAL.

Oh, let *us* go in for a fair election.

The latest brachiopod fertilizer—Thorp's liniment.

"Einundzwanzigste Aufgabe." Have you the lead pencil?

Zoölogical Query—Who canned those clams with the shells on?

"That young brachiopod" is as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

"Don't understand" don't go down on some Profs. They insist on knowing what you do understand.

Who was psychometrized? Prof. Pierce tells no tales out of school, but says it was one of the children.

Men at election time will do almost anything. They will even fish for a chance to sit up with the sick.

Rumor has it that Dr. Hopkins will be here this winter, but we fear that our hopes are the cause of the rumor.

Giraud's French students were about as numerous as were the attendants upon the first of those "Séances Déclamatoires."

We understand the Freshmen are taking private lectures in Hydrostatics this term. Wonder what Professor delivers the course.

Who furnished the arms that backed the hands that held the reins that drove the horse that drew the cart into our college campus?

"A thoroughbred and a stepper," is what we heard our preacher styled by an admirer of his eloquence, at the hotel the other day.

Senior on the marking system—"Resolved, that we pass our lives in labors, dangers, and sufferings, and submit to new rules of conduct."

A student was asked, who preached at the Church on the Hill on the 11th inst. He replied that it was a man from Ann Harbor, Illinois.

"That white thing there," said a Senior, pointing in the direction of the desk, when Prof. Wh—te asked him to give an example of a Polyps.

An astronomical aspirant wants to know if the pre(o)cession of the equinoxes had a band. If so, what band? The band of Orion, probably.

From the profuse display of photographs at Storer & Reed's, we should judge that many of the young ladies were doing rather an extensive business at advertising.

Mr. Bracer has been in town, and his victims are very numerous. It is now fair to suppose that the Faculty will experience little trouble in keeping the fellows *straight*.

The Committee of Arrangements at the Topsham Fair said they were free to confess

that they did not know what to do with that "Punch and Judas" show. Judas in bad company again.

A pensive Senior has it thus:—

"Put away the little trousers;
Do not try to mend the hole;
Little Johnny will not need them;
He has shinned the golden pole."

Politician *versus* politician. Interested party—"Have a pear this morning. Don't you think I am the man for poet?" Uninterested party—"Ahem! No; I thank you. No—I—I don't care for any pear this morning."

Senior (who is more noted for his sound common sense than his grammar)—"Who learnt you to play ball?" Classmate (who is more noted for his love of making corrections than his abilities)—"Where did you learn to talk English Grammar?"

Senior Probabilities—"Mebbe fair, mebbe mighty foul." Junior Probabilities—"Mebbe a mighty swell, mebbe an insignificant blow." Soph. Probabilities—"Mebbe (hurri)-cane, mebbe a dead (calm)." Fresh. Probabilities—"Mebbe smoky, mebbe heap dam wet."

The Base Ball Association have made the following selection of officers: Pres., Swasey; 1st Vice, Larrabee; 2d, Alden; 3d, Blake; Sec., Ingalls; Treas., Sanford; Directors—Payson, Hunton, Parker; Committee on Rules, Whitmore 1st, Whitmore 3d, Cobb; Scorer, Rowe.

Observing Freshman, on taking up Milton's *Paradise Lost*, asks dignified Senior the concise but puzzling question, How long since he lost it? The sternness of the "I don't know, sir," in reply, was not mitigated by the Freshman's statement that he asked *merely* for information.

It is the time when the haunts of out-rooming Freshmen are invaded, and the ears of belated Professors are saluted by shrill

cries for help ringing out upon the stilly night, and the forms of maiden ladies, with hastily snatched weapons of offense, stand at chamber windows and bid defiance to the shapes on the ladder below.

Black of '75 met with a severe accident on the 11th inst., while handling a loaded pistol. The weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball lodging over the left eye. After several tedious and unsuccessful trials the lead was found imbedded in the muscles which cover the skull, hard upon the frontal bone, flattened nearly to the thinness of a wafer and about the size of a three cent piece. There was no fracture, and the man is now doing well. We record this as the second near approach to a miracle wrought upon the class of '75.

The Barnabee concert was a great success. Barnabee was—well, Barnabee. Miss Persis Bell made a very deep impression on some, and Mrs. Smith pleased all by her splendid singing, and won their hearts by her noble offer to sing for the benefit of the Bowdoin Navy. We consider that it is as much a part of a man's education to hear good music as to study any portion of his college course; but the benefit that can be derived from a concert like this is too often counteracted by the harm done to a person's taste by poor concerts, such as those that are given by the minstrel troupes. We hope most earnestly that the students will think on this matter, and if any good concerts are given here this winter they will go.

Jules Verne describes in his usual fascinating style how an uncommonly sleepy place was brought to life by flooding the air with oxygen. We have thought on the effect it would produce in this town if such a thing were done. We would not like to follow out the train of thought that is suggested in our minds, as we might make some remarks too personal in their character. But, really, why

would it not be a good plan to flood the recitation room during examinations with some inspiring gas like oxygen, which would send the blood coursing through the arteries bright and strong, imparting new life to all the body, making those that have any ability brilliant, and bringing out the latent talents of all, than, as now, having it filled with the vile air which is loaded with carbonic acid, which renders torpid the brightest minds and reduces those of less ability to mere idiots. How strange it would seem in a mathematical examination to see all the questions answered, and perhaps many new ways of doing problems placed on the boards; and more wonderful than all there might be some gleams of intelligence on the faces of the examining committee, which, with the present system of ventilation, have never been witnessed.

Bowdoin has always supported a fair College Nine. She has been able to do this without much effort, and until recently no attempts have been made to get out of the old ruts. Affairs have always been conducted loosely, but little money collected, and a large part of that wasted. To belong to the association was a mere question of a quarter of a dollar, and once a member no obligations were imposed. We are glad, however, to note the change. We are now proud of our organization, proud of our Nine. We feel that we have plenty of good material, and have hit upon the right way to improve it. The organization now consists of fifty select members, from which the nine is chosen, who propose to back up, financially and in every other way, any action that is for the interest of base ball in our college. A club room has been procured, and furnished in the proper style, offering pastime and comfort to those who are in want of better employment in the institution, and presenting an inviting appearance to members of all like organizations whom it shall be our privilege to entertain. The men will be kept in practice during the winter

months, and in the spring will come upon the field fully prepared to gain victories, wherever they may travel, similar to those which crowned the latest efforts of the past season.

From recent developments in one of the recitations of the Seniors we should infer that there was a combination. When we see half-a-dozen or more men chewing and throwing spit-balls, and frequently the same ball, it looks suspicious. We have always been opposed to combinations. Let it be distinctly understood that we will not, under any circumstances, combine. Should, however, the wish of the class be consulted, a vast majority would condemn the action of the present ring. But it is not the duty of the classmate to presume upon the privileges of his fellow. Every man has rights and these rights are held sacred by us all. It is the exercise of these rights that makes or ruins the individual. If men must claim the right to masticate dirty paper and cast away the slag we can not say they shall not, but we do ask them not to make our face the target for this unwelcome missile. No candid mind that will consider the claims of fellow classmates upon each other, the respect due the professor, and the duty of men to themselves, can allege sufficient reasons for disorderly behavior. We appeal to the reason of the men engaged. "Reason, and on reason build resolve"—resolves that will be of far more pecuniary advantage than all the coppers that might otherwise be skinned from seat companions—resolves that will lead to greater victories than the triumphs of *Jacks* against opposing *Kings*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'52.—E. N. Packard has been in town during the past few weeks.

'69.—F. W. Ring was in town a few days ago. He will spend the winter in Florida, Engineering.

'70.—W. E. Holmes has been stopping at Lewiston for the past few weeks. His eyes have troubled him greatly during the past three years.

'70.—E. C. Woodman has lately changed his place of residence to Damariscotta, Me.

CLASS OF '74.

Bickford—Teaching in East Dixmont.

Bradstreet—In the employ of the M. C.

R. R. Co. at Belfast. Engineering.

Brock—In Alfred and adjoining towns, gunning, fishing, etc.

Cole—Appointed Tutor in Bowdoin.

Davis—In Bethel.

Emery—At Topsham, teaching in St. Augustine's School.

Ferguson—In Bangor.

Gerry—In England.

Goodale—Instructor in Classics in St. Augustine's School, Benicia, Cal.

Hawthorne—At home in Bath.

Hemmenway—Teaching in Cumberland.

Hobbs—Drawing in Biddeford.

Howard—Principal of West Waterville High School.

Hunter—Principal of High School, Limerick.

Johnson—In business at home.

L. H. Kimball—In St. Louis. Will probably study Law there.

C. F. Kimball—Studying Law with W. L. Putnam of '55, in Portland.

Kneeland—Teaching an Academy at So. Berwick.

Locke—Studying Law.

Lowell—Principal of Bethel Academy.

Moore—Studying Law at home in the office of his father.

Moulton—At home. Going to travel.

Palmer—Thinks of becoming a minister.

Perry—Studying Law with Artemas Libby, Augusta.

Pike—Teaching in Wells.

Powers—Teaching in North Newport.

Pray—Studying Medicine at home.

Paysou—At home.

Philbrook—Teaching at Vinal Haven.

Simpson—Studying Law at home.

Smith—Studying in town. Post Graduate Course.

G. B. Wheeler—Teaching in Newport.

F. K. Wheeler—Teaching in Wells.

H. G. White—At home.

H. K. White—Teaching Natural Sciences in the East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport.

According to a statement laid before the Social Science Association at Boston, the National Library of Paris shows an increase of 824,000 to 2,000,000 volumes in twenty-five years; that of the British Museum from 435,000 to 1,100,000; the Bodleian and the University of Cambridge have respectively increased from 220,000 to 310,000, and from 166,700 to 250,000. With regard to Paris, it is further stated that the National Library alone now contains above half-a-million more volumes than were in the former period contained in all the seven public libraries of Paris put together. As might be expected, a great increase must be looked for in America. In 1849 all the public libraries in the United States together held only 980,000 volumes; now they contain very nearly twenty million.

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Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 11, 1874.

No. 9.

SILURIAN BALL.

First is seen the Graptolite
Leading in the Trilobite.
Arm in arm the Radiatè
With the gay Articulate.

Next sweeps in the festive Clam,
Early, to escape the jam.
'Tis her intention to avoid
The company of the low Crinoid.

Midst much of bustle and many nods
The march is joined by the Phyllopods;
Each one walking by the side
Of his blushing Protozoan bride.

Now music strikes upon the ear,
As the Crustacean band appear.
The chief cornet is played by a Worm;
Each separate note its proper squirm.

Then followed the sound of tripping feet,
Till the Coral clan began to secrete;
When the tired throng streamed out in the night,
From the lowly Sponge to the Trilobite.

MULTIPLICATION OF COLLEGES.

It is not considered by us as anything particularly remarkable to see a notice that a new college is contemplated, or that one has already been founded and is about ready to take part in training the youth of its neighborhood; it does not even surprise us to see a college mentioned as if in regular operation, whose name we can not remember of ever having seen before. When we stop to think of this, it is not so much to wonder at it as to ask ourselves, Why is it? It is not wholly because we do not read the papers which

keep a fair record of daily occurrences, nor is it because it is an event of too little importance to find a place in the columns of papers published near at hand. It is because the founding of a college has come to be so common a thing that it is of little interest to those outside of a comparatively narrow circle, except as it bears on the broad subject of education. Most of these colleges exert an influence over a small district, and the residences of their students are included in narrow bounds. Of course we can find exceptions to this,—as, for example, Cornell,—but that does not invalidate the general truth of the proposition. We presume that the most of our readers can not even name more than a tenth of the upwards of three hundred and fifty colleges which we have at the present time in the United States. This then being the case, that the so called smaller colleges are multiplying faster than we can keep run of them, and that they do not ever succeed in rising above a state of mediocrity, let us look at some of the causes of this increasing multiplication. It surely is not because students are flocking to the existing institutions in such numbers that they can not be accommodated; most of these colleges are continually making efforts to obtain larger classes, and advertising that their facilities are better than ever. When the earlier institutions were founded, in the days of the stage-coach, a college could only hope to draw students from such distances as could be traveled in a reasonable time when necessity or pleasure called them home. This of course prepared the way for establishing colleges as fast as the population of an isolated district required such an institution. But since the railroad

and steamboat have been perfected, which practically annihilate time and space in a calculation of this kind, we must look elsewhere for the cause of this rapid increase.

First, but not greatest, has been dissatisfaction with existing institutions. Instead of endowing the colleges already existing in the vicinity, and thereby rendering them able, maybe, to repair the very defects which have caused the dissatisfaction, people insist on starting a new college, which, although it may be an improvement in certain respects, has so many other glaring evils that on the whole it is far below the standard of its predecessor.

Then the rivalry of the different religious organizations furnishes an incessantly working cause of new enterprises of this kind. This is perhaps the strongest cause, and at the same time the one for which the least can be said. We suppose that the same pride which causes the Methodists upon learning that the Baptists have had their church white-washed, to take measures to have theirs painted, and the Congregationalists in turn to procure new carpets and a bell, enters into the motives which induce people to support such enterprises. But this part of the motive is of very little account, and is wholly subordinate to the idea that a denominational influence will be exerted on the students. Now, for our own part we do not think that there is any great religious influence exerted in college—and we do not by any means intend to attack our own institution particularly, for we presume the influence is as good here as in any place where two hundred students are quartered in dormitories by themselves, or in fact as it can be. What influence there is, is of a general moral and religious nature, and does not impress the student as coming from any particular denomination.

The advantages from an educational point of view to be derived from a condensation of at least the smaller colleges, can not be disputed. Most of them are struggling on with

an insufficient endowment, and consequently with a crippled Faculty. Of course the doubling of a number in a class does not by any means indicate a proportional increase in the expense of teaching it. In spite of all that can be said in favor of condensing the funds applied to the erection of colleges, and the trivial reasons which can be urged against it, this multiplication goes on. A college springs up, mushroom-like, in a night, and of course begins venting its newly acquired power by conferring degrees promiscuously on whoever comes in its way. Thus the thing goes on, and is likely to go on. We shall have more colleges before we have less, or before those at present existing will be more largely patronized. The so-called honorary degrees are conferred so much at random that they have ceased to be an honor, and some of our best colleges have discontinued their use almost entirely. But this is not the worst; the degrees conferred upon the completion of the course are fast becoming undermined, and they have no settled value. These are the evils; now what is the remedy? It might be a thorough reform among the existing institutions and a limitation of numbers, but it seems to us that we may look for it with more hope of success in the proposed national University. When we have a University founded by the Government, upon a broad, fair basis, free from all financial embarrassments and from the petty tyranny of sectarianism, and therefore able to command the best talent of the country, then we shall find our remedy. Such an institution would have a broader, higher course of study, and would afford instruction far superior to the common college, and its degrees would soon secure a permanent value, and be recognized and taken at par, wherever they were found. In such a case the other colleges must either raise themselves to this high standard, or else assume to prepare students to enter the University and take their degree.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

My friend No Wan was a cultivated Celestial who had come to America for the purpose of studying our manners and institutions. Being patriotic, I of course proceeded to prepare his mind for a favorable impression, setting forth the many excellences of the American people, and giving many good reasons why we were entitled to be called the foremost nation of the world. Among other things I enlarged with considerable pride on the moral purity of our citizens, the strict public sentiment that forbade even the smaller sins so common in civilized nations, telling how alert we were in searching out specious forms of corruption and vice, how rigorous in suppressing everything that could debase the popular mind. Other things seemed calculated to draw his attention particularly to this matter. A prominent paper just at the time came out with a most thorough and sweeping denunciation of all kinds of evil then existing or ever likely to exist in the country. Especially the editor dwelt with a righteous indignation on the subject of obscene and scurrilous literature, and waxed eloquent over the bribery and corruption of public and prominent men. The minister, moreover, whom No Wan first heard, exercised his powers in the same direction. Everything conspired to show to my hearthen friend that here was a people among whom the powers of darkness received no quarter, and vice and folly obtained their due reward.

One day, however, we started by rail for a neighboring city, and by chance, both the preacher and the editor of whom we have spoken, entered the car. This being mentioned to my friend he appeared considerably interested, and began to observe them attentively. When the conductor came around these gentlemen presented their passes and he went on without troubling them further. This my companion noticed and immediately asked for an explanation. I told him the nature of a pass, and continued: "Here you

observe a new illustration of the peculiar spirit of the American people. Even the railroad corporations, unfeeling as they are generally regarded, are impelled to very generous deeds by their regard for the interests of public morality and intelligence." "But," said my companion, "do I not hear that one of the great dangers to the rights of your people is seen in the power wielded by these corporations." "Undoubtedly this is the case," I replied. "How then," he asked, "can you be assured that this exhibition of philanthropy, this bestowing of small favors upon influential men, is not an extremely insidious method of bribing the press and the pulpit." "O, that can't be," said I, though for the moment I did not find a fitting answer.

In the depot my friend picked up one of those illustrated papers of doubtful character, which are always to be found in the way of the traveler. It was open at the account of a prize fight. Lest No Wan be misled as to the character of our public press (for he could read English with ease), I explained to him that this paper was not patronized by any except the lowest classes, and indeed that it had often been suppressed by law. I then launched into a fierce tirade against this and all similar publications, rejoicing that the refinement and morality of the people at large, rejected the coarseness and filth that covered its pages. "Here now is a respectable paper," I cried, hailing a newsboy and taking up a prominent daily. Lo! on the inner page, a report of the same identical prize fight. The Celestial observant saw it at once, and waited expectant. The coincidence was a little awkward, but it was incumbent on me to say something; so I began at once to show that although the two accounts were substantially alike, yet there was a great difference in the impressions left by them, respectively, on the mind of the reader. I pointed out the fact that while one paper published the account under a bare heading, without censure, as a

commonplace matter, the other prefaced it with the words, "Details of the Brutal Affair," thus holding it up for the scorn of men, and drawing from this exposure of evil, a weighty lesson of morality.

"Ah! I see!" exclaimed my friend, "that epithet is thrown in to counteract the evil effect of what follows, like the potion which a dyspeptic swallows before a meal, as an antidote to the noxious luxuries of which he desires to partake."

Turning to another page we came upon the Beecher-Tilton case. A new revelation had just been made, which was there published with all the startling particularity and minuteness of detail which so distinguished the reports of this remarkable scandal. No Wan seemed surprised. "In the Celestial Kingdom" said he, "this would hardly be regarded respectable reading." "But this is an important matter," I replied; "Beecher is a great man; he is very near to the hearts of the people; everything that reflects upon his honor, they demand to have sifted to the bottom; whether the charges against him be true or not, every man, woman, and child in the United States, desires to form a personal opinion. The whole people mounts the judgment seat, and sternly repressing its natural feelings, cries: '*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*,'* and demands to know the worst."

"But" asked my companion, "has the public always evinced so great an interest in this man? have the papers always gathered up his words and printed them in extra editions, and have the people always read them in the cars and discussed them on the streets? has the story of his good works ever been as popular as the story of his alleged crimes now is?" I saw that nothing was to be gained by further discussion, and dropped the matter.

* My friend, to be sure, did not understand *Latio*, but then, what would be the value of a quotation in the ancient languages, if every one knew what it meant? It might as well be put in English.

During the day we entered a large library. A volume of the old English authors was lying on a desk, and my friend took it up. He began to read; I watched him nervously, until, turning to me with a slight exclamation, he pointed to a particular passage, and said: "How do you account for the presence of such a work as this in a public library?" "These writings," said I, putting a good face on the matter, "are very old. We retain them to illustrate an early stage of our language and literature, for both of which we have great regard. They are read chiefly by cultivated and intelligent persons, upon whose minds the passage before you, and other similar ones, can have no effect." "But if that be the case," he continued, "why are not such passages expunged, since that would not injure the writings for the cultivated class, while it would render them harmless to the less refined, into whose hands they might sometimes fall?" "Why," I replied, "we dislike to take such a liberty with the text of a great author; and—and—well, sometimes we should thus destroy the pith of the story." The Celestial bowed gravely, and we passed on.

Going into an art gallery, my friend stopped with an inquiring look. I re-assured him, and he went on; saying, however: "You tell me that certain of your illustrated publications have been suppressed as immoral; and yet they contained nothing equal to this." "But these are works of art," I said, "and they are intended to appeal to the æsthetic taste, not to excite the wayward fancy. These statues are representations of the ancient gods and goddesses of heathen mythology, and are supposed to embody in visible form the attributes peculiar to each. "It is of course true, then," observed my companion, "that these attributes were all good; what particular character, now, has been assigned to the personage figured here?" and he pointed to a well-known form among the ancient goddesses.

Just at this moment the crowd thronged upon us, and I did not reply.

No Wan remained with me a month, and when he left for another part of the country, I asked him what peculiarity of ours had most impressed him. The grave face of the Celestial grew graver, and the pensive eyes more pensive, as he replied: "Son of Beatitude, the Americans are a great people; they have many great and peculiar characteristics; but the most remarkable trait that my mean intellect has observed in them, is their wonderful capacity for nice discriminations."

THE LATE WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

The Boston *Daily Advertiser* editorially notices the late William A. Wheeler (Bowdoin, '53) as follows:—

"In the death of Mr. Wheeler, the Assistant Superintendent of the Boston Public Library, we have to mourn a loss which will be felt far beyond the limits of this city and the circle of his personal acquaintance. His literary work, though not of a kind to attract public attention, was from the accurate and extensive learning which it displayed, such as gave him a high rank among American scholars. In his special department of lexicography, to which he devoted the best part of his life, he stood confessedly at the head in this country, whilst he had few equals in bibliographical knowledge. As a Shakespeare scholar he was beginning to have a reputation in England; and had he lived to carry out his plan of a 'Cyclopedia of Shakespearian Literature,' the materials for which he was already collecting, we have no doubt he would have accomplished a work which would have filled a place in English literature similar to that occupied by Webster's Dictionary.

"But it is of his work in connection with the public library that we wish particularly to speak. Since 1863 he has been the assistant superintendent of this institution, with the especial charge of the catalogue department. For this department he was eminently fitted, both by the natural qualities of his mind, as well as by the training which he received in assisting first Dr. Worcester of Cambridge, and afterwards President Porter of New Haven, in preparing Worcester's and Webster's dictionaries. The immense labor which the final revision of the latter

necessitated, produced in him habits of patient and painstaking toil, which rendered his work of the very highest character for accuracy and thoroughness. The broadsides and quarterly bulletins prepared under his supervision, which have recorded the accessions to the library, are models of their kind, and have greatly contributed to give it the leading position among American libraries.

"None knew better than he that his work was well-nigh unintelligible to the general public. But the consciousness that his labors were hidden from the world, and unappreciated save by a few, bated not a jot of the zeal and enthusiasm with which he worked. For the last three years his attention has been mainly devoted to the preparation of a special catalogue of the Ticknor collection of Spanish literature. The final labor of revision was all that was left to be done, and the work, when it appears, will, we believe, establish his reputation as one of the first of American bibliographical scholars. It is a matter of deep regret that he had not been spared to enter upon the task, so congenial to his tastes, and to which he looked forward with such eager longing—the cataloguing of the Barton collection.

"The discharge of these duties was by no means all that he did, as a servant of the public. His room in the library building was the resort of many scholars who came to seek his advice and assistance; and no work was so pressing but that he laid it aside to give to the extent of his ability that for which he was asked. The vast and varied stores of his learning were opened with generous liberality to every student. The principle which animated him was that his time and what knowledge he had, just as the books themselves in the library, were at the disposal of every true scholar. Of winning sweetness of manner, the expression of a pure and noble nature, in which a womanly tenderness took nothing from a genuine manliness, he attracted all who came in contact with him. Taken in the prime of life, in the very vigor of his strength, as his powers were ripening and his knowledge increasing, his death is a blow, the severity of which is not now appreciated. Few are the scholars so conscientious and faithful or so enthusiastic in their work as he was. Rare are the public servants who have its interests more entirely at heart. Smaller still is the number of those of whom it could be said with equal truth, that which he did was the very best he could do."

Johann hat es. Here it is.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

S. M. CARTER,
E. H. HALL,
S. L. LARRABEE,

F. B. OSGOOD,
G. R. SWASEY,
F. R. UPTON.

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“VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE.”

The deed is done! The blackboards have been greased once more. We will not attempt to say whether it is for the fifth or the fiftieth time, but are very confident that it is not for the first time. The result of this little pleasantry was just what any one might have predicted. The Professor in charge was fully equal to the emergency, and easily found the means at hand to carry on the recitations in the mathematical department. We suppose the whole thing was intended for a practical joke, but a practical joke to be a success should give rise to feelings of mirth in the perpetrators and at the expense of those upon whom it is played. This was played upon the Pro-

fessors or the College, and the result was that the recitations were conducted as usual, and the only unusual event of the day was that a number of women were employed *at our expense*, and the boards thoroughly cleaned. Now we think that we have some appreciation of a good joke, and are not the first to decry these, but we do earnestly entreat of those who contemplate anything of this kind in the future that they will get up something *new and original*. The blackboard joke has ceased to be funny. The Professors have had so much experience that they have a settled course of action for such occasions, and what is more, the class knows just what is to be done, and so the interest in watching to see what the Professor will do next, and how he will get out of the difficulty, is lost. We do not ourselves entertain any great hope that this stale joke will ever be perpetrated with any great degree of success. It always has and we fear it always will result in no great discomfiture to the Professor, in considerable inconvenience to the class, and finally in the damage being repaired at the expense of the whole body of students. Perhaps it may be suggested that it is no concern of ours, but we beg leave to differ, considering that we have to share in the expense of the thing. For a change we should advise that all the pumps he demolished, thereby compelling every body to go a long distance after their water, and finely to procure new pumps and put in the place of the old ones,—all for fun.

S. M. C. 775

Prof. White is at present engaged in work upon geological specimens collected in Colorado by Government. The material is valuable, and offers abundant opportunity for study and investigation. We understand that he is soon to have an assistant in his labors.

An accident compels us to defer a review of “German Universities” till our next.

LOCAL.

Sound the Bugle !

We are glad to notice Black in recitations again.

The dancing school has begun, and bids fair to be a perfect success.

Moulton of '77, was married a short time since, to Miss Whitney of Brunswick.

There is a report that the Sophomore class is to organize a glee club. We hope that they may do so.

Student—"I was unable to attend recitation yesterday afternoon. I had a bad headache." Class Officer—"Honest?"

Can not the seating of the classes in chapel be arranged so as to fill up the vacant space that now is left next to the Freshmen, and give the Junior class the room that they so much need?

The band now practice in the chapel daily. We have often had doubts as to whether the chapel was consecrated ground, but we have none now. We shall keep on our hats there now without any qualms of conscience.

The Faculty will give the students all after Wednesday noon, Thanksgiving week, but we must attend church in Brunswick Sunday. We suppose this is required simply from a religious point of view for the good of our souls.

The Athenæan Society had their initiation last week with the usual ceremony. The delegation—consisting of one man—was not large, but it is said to contain good stock, and it is thought that great unanimity will exist throughout it.

We recently had the pleasure of examining the Heliotypes that Mr. W. J. Curtis has for sale. We were much pleased with them, and we hope that the students will purchase

them to hang on the walls of their rooms, in place of the many poor pictures that decorate, or rather disfigure them now.

The Junior Class have made choice of the following officers to represent the class during the coming year: President, Arlo Bates; Vice President, G. F. Pratt; Secretary, Wm. Alden; Treasurer, Albert Somes; Committee of Arrangements, C. S. Andrews, F. C. Payson, G. A. Parsons.

The following is a list of the men initiated into the different societies:—

- A. J. *Phi*.—Fessenden, Garland, Sleeper.
- T. *Y*.—Burleigh, Dyer, Potter, Smith.
- J. K. *E*.—Baxter, Burton, Paine, Pray.
- Z. *T*.—Baker, Stetson, Thyng.
- Θ. J. *K*.—Felch, French, Higgins, Sargent.

The dove is a dangerous creature, especially to the ringer of the chapel bell. Many a time have the inhabitants of the North Tower caused him to drop the rope and run, thinking the terrible noise he heard was caused by an assembly of devils. It is for this, we apprehend, that war has been waged upon the pretty little things. We would earnestly beg that all ambitious sportsmen will practice, as did a man of '74, upon hens rather than upon doves.

We have often wondered when we hear many men comparing and remarking upon their increased muscular development: suppose all the new muscle that was deposited on their bodies could be placed on a skeleton, how many new men could be turned out in the course of a year. We will leave this to the "Statistician" of the Senior class, and we hope he will inform us how many more men there are in that class than there were when it entered college.

The Senior Class, after some discussion,—but, we are glad to say, less than is commonly the case,—elected the following officers for Class Day exercises: Marshal, S. L. Larrabee;

President, S. M. Carter; Orator, G. R. Swasey; Poet, E. S. Osgood; Odist, D. M. McPherson; Chaplain, C. W. Hill; Historian, F. B. Osgood; Prophet, F. P. Virgin; Address at the Tree, E. H. Hall; Committee of Arrangements, H. R. Patten, N. M. Pettengill, Myles Standish; Committee on Music, W. J. Curtis, W. E. Hatch, R. G. Stanwood.

To show the principle on which the students are disciplined, we will quote one instance. One of the many who reside in Lewiston and Auburn, desiring to go home during the term to spend Sunday, thought that he would like to go the Saturday on which the base ball match took place, and asked his class officer for permission. The Professor asked him if he was not going up to see the base ball match. The student replied that he thought he should see it if he went up. Then the Professor said that he could not allow him to go that Saturday, but would permit him to the next week when there was no match.

We are sorry to learn that a grand monopoly in the telegraphing business has been consummated recently. The stockholders of the Bowdoin Telegraph Company have succeeded in getting control of the stock of the Bowdoin Telegraph Association, and now the wires are connected and the companies are under the same management. We fear that this combination foreshadows the impending high prices, lack of accommodations, &c., which always arise from monopoly. Our only hope is in competition. There must be another line put up and more offices opened. Let some one take hold of it with a will, and he will receive the hearty support of the lovers of justice.

The other day we noticed a number of students chasing a poor little red squirrel that has been hopping merrily from tree to tree, twenty great boys after one little mite of an animal, and after long efforts they succeeded in catching it. Last summer we saw several

students trying to kill one of these harmless animals by shooting it with a pistol. We would not like to tell the number of bullets that were fired at it, but after some minutes it was severely wounded; and by shaking the tree it fell from the branch on which it had sought shelter, and tumbling, tried with its little remaining strength to cling to each branch that came in the way of its fall. At last it reached the ground, a ghastly wound in its side through which its bowels protruded, two of its legs broken. There it lay trembling from pain and fear, and making frantic, but, owing to the severity of its wounds, unsuccessful efforts to escape. Poor thing! just for the amusement of a few wanton boys, that life it seemed to enjoy so much, skipping from branch to branch, cheering all that were near it by its odd chirp, and pleasing all by the beauty of its form and motions, was ended, and now it lay on the grass dead.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'46.—Hon. William W. Rice of Worcester, member elect of the House, must be a leading man next winter. A good lawyer and an honest and able legislator.—*Boston Journal*.

'53.—William A. Wheeler, assistant superintendent of the Boston Public Library, died Wednesday, Oct. 28, at his residence in Roxbury, leaving a wife and six children. Mr. Wheeler was born in Leicester, Mass., November 14, 1833, but his early life was passed in Topsham, this State, where his father, Rev. Dr. Wheeler, still lives. He began to assist Dr. Webster in the preparation of his quarto dictionary. He assisted in 1860 in the preparation of that work for publication in its unabridged quarto form, and to him is due the dictionary of noted names of fiction. Subsequently, he wrote the preface to the octavo abridgment of Webster. In 1868, he was appointed to the position of assistant superin-

tendent of the library, and up to his death, he performed all the duties of that office. In 1871, he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Harvard University.—*Portland Advertiser*.

'55.—Rev. Edward Hawes of New Haven, Ct., was recently called to the Elliot church, Newton, Mass., but declined. Mr. Hawes, after graduating, studied theology at Bangor, and was settled first in Waterville, then in Philadelphia, and now is pastor of the North Congregational Church in New Haven.

'58.—Rev. Wm. H. Savage of Jacksonville, Ill., has received a call to the Congregational Church in Dedham, Mass. Mr. Savage was a Captain in the 17th Maine, in the war, but his health breaking down he resigned his commission and received an honorable discharge. He afterwards engaged in mercantile business in Portland, but on the complete recovery of his health, he studied for the ministry at Andover, and was settled first at Holliston, Mass., then at Jacksonville, Ill.

'59.—Prof. Brackett is at length in his new rooms on second floor of the Scientific building. There are no finer rooms for "Physical conferences"—as the Professor happily styles his lectures—and for physical investigations, in the country. Acoustics at present are being drummed into our ears, soon however light shall break upon our vision. The Professor illustrated the powers of the speaking trumpet before the class, a few days since, by singing the first stanza of "Old Grimes," partly with and partly without an enormous trumpet. The effect was indescribable.—*Nassau Lit.*

'71.—E. P. Mitchell was married on Oct. 29th, to Miss Annie S. Welch of Bath.

'74.—C. J. Palmer intends entering the Engineering department, instead of becoming a minister, as was stated in our last issue.

EDITORS' TABLE.

In the place of the Editors' Table in this number, it has been thought best to give an account of the convention which was held in New York last July. In the early part of the summer, as many of our readers will recollect, a circular was issued calling a convention to be composed of the editors from the various College Papers. As the ORIENT omitted at the time to publish this call, it will not be out of place to reproduce it.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1874.

To the Editors of the BOWDOIN ORIENT, Brunswick, Maine.

Dear Sirs,—For several years past the number of College Papers has been constantly increasing, until now there is hardly a college of any size in the land which does not possess one. It is estimated that there are nearly one hundred now published in this country, all having nearly the same aims: to record passing events in the college where they are published; to point out abuses and to suggest remedies; to caution the students; to bring before them the needs and doings of their athletic associations; to offer to the faculty a means of communicating with the student; and, finally, to give the student the best possible training in the art of writing, by offering him the opportunity of realizing how his ideas look in print before it is too late to correct the errors in his style, and before the time when such errors would hazard his reputation.

It has been thought that, if some means could be devised by which the editors of all these various papers could meet together, much information could be gained which would be of value to all. The necessity of this having become so apparent, several of the editors of the various College Papers, whose names are appended to this call, met together, and a convention was decided to be the best means of accomplishing this object.

The Convention will meet July 21, 1874, at 10 A.M., in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, and your paper, if the object is deemed worthy, is invited to send one or more delegates.

The great object of this convention is to see if some way can not be devised by which the College Papers may be placed on a firmer basis than at present, by making out a plan which the experience of all shows to be the best for the editors to pursue.

Hoping that this proposal will gain your approbation, and that we shall meet a delegate from your board, we remain
Yours truly.

(Signed by representatives of six of the leading College Papers.)

In accordance with the plan set forth in this circular, the editors of the *ORIENT* selected one of their number to represent them at the convention. On the morning of Monday, July 20th, he started from Albany, N.Y., on board the steamer *Mary Powell*, one of the day boats down the Hudson. There was a large number of college boys on board, who with him had just witnessed that great provoker, the races. It was easy enough to recognize any of the Columbias by the happy expression on their countenances. His enjoyment of the scenery was all that could be required, nor was it lessened by the fact that his expenses were being paid.

On reaching New York he started for the Windsor, and registered his name in big letters as delegate to the convention from the *BOWDOIN ORIENT*. He was very much surprised when the clerk turned the book round to look at his name, that he did not seem more struck with the importance of his guest. He showed no more respect to him who had come many a long mile on such an important mission, than if he was an ordinary individual, and worse than all, our delegate found his room was situated well up. What a mystery a hotel clerk is!

After a good wash, for it was a fearfully hot and dusty day, he descended. He found on looking round that he was in company with several other delegates. He recognized them easily, for they all had that air as if they were of the greatest importance and every one was looking at them. A few of them bore badges on which was inscribed the magic word "Press." He supposed the wearers had some faint idea of free seats in the theatre, extra attention, and a chance to poke their noses into any place which was closed to the general public.

The next day he made his way to the convention. But as space will not allow us to give an account of it in this number, in our next we propose giving it as full as possible, with descriptions of some of the delegates.

A friend speaks of the carelessness with which writers, otherwise correct, employ the adverb *only*. That adverb seems to be as often misplaced as placed rightly; e.g.: "He only loved his son," said when the sense designed to be given is made apparent only after one mentally reconstructs the sentence thus: "He loved only his son." Undeified English is required. What right has any person to obtrude upon hearers, or upon readers, inexact constructions of words?

The flower beds are being prepared for the snows of winter.

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Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 25, 1874.

No. 10.

PUNS AND THEIR EFFECT.

The history of humor is a long one, and it would doubtless be a difficult task to trace out the origin of puns. Some, indeed, pretend to have done so, and ascribe the authorship of the primeval specimen to one of our first parents, on the event of their leaving the Garden. We are inclined, however, to doubt its authenticity. In the first place, there are philological difficulties in the way. We fear that, if the elements of this asserted pun were to be traced "through umlauts and ablauts back into the far receding echoes," etc., the result would not substantiate the tradition. Again, it seems hardly consistent with the dignity of our original ancestors, or with the solemnity of the occasion, the spirit of this remark which Eve is asserted to have made to her conjugal partner at the time of their great misfortune, "I don't care, Adam." From the nature of the case there is an antecedent improbability that our antediluvian progenitors would indulge in such profane levity.

A pun requires a certain complexity of mental relations. In the beginning we may suppose that ideas being distributed very sparsely through the wilderness of man's mind, dwelt to a great degree in solitude, seldom crossing each other's tracks. As man continued to derive new lessons from nature, ideas grew more numerous and involved, and their outward symbols, words, became more allied and, as it were, crowded together, so that often one word came to have many and various meanings. This was the condition necessary for the production of puns, and here they probably began. At least we know them to be of great antiquity. We find a specimen of the classic pun in the writings of Vir-

gil.* Even so chaste and elegant a poet as he, could not refrain from this form of verbal trick. Gibbon tells us of a pun which was inscribed on a monument to the Emperor Gordian. A favorable epoch truly, it may have been, for a ghastly kind of wit, when the tombs of Roman emperors were no longer so rare as to be held sacred.

In fact, it seems necessary for men to make puns, though there appears always to have been a kind of prejudice against them. Swift has a whimsical article on the practice, which he calls a curse, and classes with the great plague, the London conflagration, and various other extensive evils, which have been sent as judgments when the wickedness of mankind was no longer to be endured. Yet we find Swift writing a "punning epistle," which in the space of about an equal number of lines contains some twenty-five of the flattest puns that mortal man ever assumed the responsibility of putting forth. Our historian Motley speaks of Sir Philip Sidney as one "the only blemish in whose character was an intolerable tendency to puns." For all that, it has been noticed that Motley is himself guilty of the same offense, even in so grave a work as the "Life of John of Barneveld." Speaking of the long and wearisome negotiations that were preliminary to the conclusion of the "Twelve Years' Truce," he states that the difficulties of the transaction were at last obviated by Spain's agreeing to treat with the rebellious provinces "*as*" with independent States. "Through virtue of an '*as*,'" says the historian, "a truce was carried by the determination of Barneveld."

We think a man nearly always feels

* Eclogue 9, 28.

ashamed of himself on making a pun. One may let off a conundrum or a "sell" with considerable boldness, for in that case the victim walks into the trap of his own accord, but to the credit of human nature be it said, that very few can subject their fellows to the sudden and unexpected shock of a pun without some twitches of conscience. There are those who can tell a lie with all straightforwardness and honesty of countenance, but who blush and falter over the perpetration of a pun. And yet they continue the practice. A man will hear the same pun repeated until it is as familiar as the alphabet and the very sound of it causes a feeling of disgust, and then, when an opportunity occurs, he drops his eyes, hangs his head, and reproduces the same old threadbare joke. Nor is it necessary that a pun be perfect in all its parts.

Some profess to admire a far-fetched and awkward construction as more in keeping with the character of this variety of humor, which is essentially abnormal. Charles Lamb says of a pun, "It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little in one leg? all the better." The same critic finds fault with the above-mentioned pun of Virgil as being too artificial, calling it a "cold quibble," and saying it would have been more pleasing if less perfect. But even Lamb, we imagine, would gasp for breath, if he could hear some of the puns of college students at the present day. "Dragged in by the head and shoulders, and limping in one leg," may do very well; but suppose, what is sometimes the case among us, that the thing produced has no distinguishable head or shoulders, nothing that resembles regular members, so that it requires the strongest light, the most favorable circumstances, the closest scrutiny, to perceive that the philological monster is intended for a pun at all, and the recognition at last

draws from the observer an involuntary exclamation of disgust.

Without multiplying examples we give one instance that has come under our notice since our beginning this article. A Junior, usually sane enough, but at this time evidently out of his head, was about to hand in a request for "leave of absence," and he actually attempted to make a pun by saying that probably the class officer would *demur* (Moore). Ye gods and little fishes! how many generations of Richard Grant Whites will suffice to atone for such an injury to our mother tongue? Even good puns will at last weary the fancy. We laugh heartily enough at Hood's ballad of the sailor, or at the "Cold Water Man" of Saxe, but when an author carries the same spirit everywhere, as Hood did, for he made puns, as it were, on his death bed, we can not help longing for a rest; and we pity as much as we admire his gift. But these quirks and quibbles are not always intentional. The punning demon, like our friend Jack Frost, delights in tripping up the most staid and dignified people. Professors are sometimes caught in this way, and even the bones of Latin authors are raised from the grave to be forced through the contortions of an English pun. Neither are religious persons exempt. We lately attended a prayer meeting where a worthy member, speaking of a brother who had just returned from a long absence, made this petition, "We thank thee, O, Lord, that thou has kept him; we pray, O, Lord, that thou wilt keep him *still*." Considerable emphasis was put upon the last word, and of course the poor man thus admonished did not venture to address the assembly after that. But if these unintentional puns are sometimes the most amusing, at the same time they show the danger and evil of the practice.

In a language so extensive as ours there are necessarily very many of these treacherous spots upon which one is likely to slip; there is no need of adding to the number.

Constant exercise in making or hearing puns, leads us to look for them at times when they are not designed or their occurrence is altogether out of place. We have a friend who has grown morbid on this subject, so that when we make a remark in which he fails to perceive much force, instead of passing it by as a mere platitude, he tries to convict us of folly by hunting it over for a pun. On our own part we once had a most disagreeable illustration of this propensity. We were listening to a sermon from a great preacher, when he chanced to use an expression that was capable of a double interpretation. Very few of the congregation, it is likely, observed it; but we, being accustomed to hear very bad puns very often, detected it as quickly as a hound would scent the track of game, or a hobby rider would discover the traces of his one idea, so that all serious attention was for the time prevented.

There is another practice that is similar in its results. Our language is full of words, once of fair fame and good repute, that have been ruined by applying them to a base and perverted use. We wish to enter our protest, weak as it is, against the false delicacy that will debase a useful and valuable word by an unnatural use, rather than employ the natural word which is somewhat soiled. Call a spade a spade, and if spade be too coarse a term, use it the less often; at any rate, don't spoil a dozen others in a vain attempt to handle smut without getting blacked. Men have been hanged in England for tampering with the coin; he injures society just as surely who debases current words.

THE DIFFERENCE.

We will remember our early conception of an English University man. He was a great good-natured fellow, with a face and an arm tanned to the color of a chestnut; he

was broad-shouldered and deep-chested; his hair fell in careless curls about his forehead, while his cheeks were ruddy and bright with health. His time was chiefly occupied in taking walks of impossible length, in playing cricket, and in rowing a boat with incredible ease and rapidity. When called upon in the recitation room it was not expected that he should be prepared; his only concern was to show how little he knew. Such was the picture; and however much it may have been removed from the truth, it no doubt had its origin in the acknowledged superiority of the English over the American student in health and manliness. That the former is a more vigorous man than the latter, is, on the average, undoubtedly true. His face does glow with purer blood than ours; his digestion is better; his lungs are more powerful. With us, he who taxes his brain severely does it at the expense of the body, regarding time as too precious to be wasted in trifling physical exercises. He goes to bed late, rises early, spends the day in close rooms, and takes no recreation unless compelled to do so. It is not thus with an English boy of similar character. He is usually a good sparrer and is a proverbial walker. While he does not advocate extreme training, he feels and confesses the necessity of often and regularly breathing the pure, bracing air, and the wisdom of straightening his back and stretching his legs. In America, the student who does not apply himself at all, usually passes the time in amusements not particularly calculated to advance morality or soundness of body. But those English boys who are avowedly loafers are seldom guilty of enjoyments deleterious to health or uprightness.

This apparently slight difference of habits to which we have alluded, may, perchance, be the cause of the disparity in the men graduated in the two countries. By far the greater portion of our collegians turned loose upon the world every year, though possessing aver-

age minds, fairly disciplined, are an unhealthy and a dyspeptic lot of creatures. The faces are too sharp and eager to accompany happiness or a gentle disposition. The bodies are all prepared to receive and foster tenderly any disease that may stray thitherward.

A good long walk over the fields, climbing fences, jumping ditches, with one or two merry companions, will do a man a deal of good, influencing him to regard nature and humanity with kindlier eyes. It calls up pleasant memories, and seems to clear and strengthen the mind, sending it back to its tasks with increased power of comprehension. As a gentle and healthful exercise for the body, it is unsurpassed, while it is one that can be engaged in by all. Some of us walk a little, others more; but the whole is done spasmodically. An expedition of five miles so wearies us that kindred pleasures are not to be thought of for the succeeding fortnight. There are pleasant paths about us in every direction, to the coast and inland. To be sure, we can visit no structures boasting a hoary antiquity; the objects of interest are chiefly the works of nature rather than of man.

The opinion that a hard college student must be a person especially sedentary; that he must, from the nature of his duties, submit to excessive draining of vitality, does not now so generally prevail as it formerly did. No other place on earth nor any other time of life, offers so many advantages for the formation of regular habits, and so many opportunities for creating an enduring constitution. That this is true may be ascertained by calm consideration. While we would not rudely destroy the semi-sentimental condition of the typical searcher after knowledge, we do insist upon a more sturdy appreciation of the rights of the body and the utter folly of nursing the thought that sympathy and admiration on account of mental attainments should be alone bestowed upon a set of weaklings.

G.R.S.

BOOK NOTICES.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES. By James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In the State of Indiana there exists, in a certain unfrequented town, a dilapidated two-story wooden building, in which is proffered to every soul that thirsteth thereof the whole wealth of human knowledge. It is styled a University, and possesses a charter as such. Its membership consists of village youths, and its faculty of local clergymen and practitioners in medicine and at law.

Whether from choice or necessity, the Professors' salaries are chiefly honorary. Its book apparatus, and other materials of instruction, beyond what might be considered the sweepings of an eastern garret, are invisible. The only sumptuous feature about this institution is the catalogue.

There may be a great difference between the case here cited and the proud Universities of our coast, yet we believe the term University as inapplicable to one as to the other. It was used originally to express the idea of completeness, but in this country is made to cover a collection of professional schools which have nothing but a name in common.

A law school, for instance, is complete in itself; its courses of study are not designed for any other class of citizens than lawyers, and with a general education it has nothing to do.

A true University does not exist in America, and has long since become extinct in England.

Soon after the time of Alfred the Great, it became a custom for the poor students of Oxford, from motives of economy, to hire some inn or hotel and invite an advanced scholar to preside. In process of time these rude shelters, or boarding houses, grew strong and luxurious under royal patronage, monastic favor, and private bequests, and, under the name of Colleges, in the charge of fellows or tutors, have swallowed up the University itself.

"The result of this system has been the practical annihilation of the University proper and the lowering of the standard of education to the level of the tutors, who are generally young men holding fellowships only until a better opening in life presents itself." The English Universities are already undergoing a rapid transition, and unless the signs of the times fail, our own colleges, which are but overgrown schools, and which in their present structure present a monotonous uniformity, will be remodeled to suit the demands of a higher education.

We are in need of great thinkers and intellectual seers, and our present institutions we maintain are

ill adapted to their production or their maintenance.

Our scholars are good readers, but poor book-makers; quick to perceive and knowing many curious things, but resorting to foreign sources when new principles of science or a more profound knowledge of the past is needed.

Unquestionably the German Universities are the only ones which deserve the name. In these we must seek the leaders of progress in many branches of learning, and to them our foremost educationalists look for suggestions of reform.

The matters here touched upon are so important that we hail any work that will furnish the public with facts in regard to them. The treatise under consideration is an honest performance, a faithful if not brilliant account, swollen in some parts to unnecessary limits, diffuse in recounting the exploits and achievements of its author, but nevertheless is the best work with which we are acquainted on the subject, and one that can not fail to interest the American student.

The German University is so unlike its American congener that to adopt any of its features would imply a revolution from the bottom. Let us try to realize the following announcements:—

"Attendance upon College duties will hereafter be entirely voluntary.

"All recitations will be abandoned.

"Commencements, religious services, public exhibitions, dormitories, and stated examinations will be discontinued.

"For remaining a member of College the student should be in town at least once a term, and pay the fee for one course of lectures.

"The student may enroll himself in any department, and listen to any lectures preferred.

"Any one may become a candidate for a professorship.

"Professors who do not gain the esteem of their auditors must step aside for more able men."

Revolutionary as this system would seem, it is the one under which young men no more resolute, ambitious, or independent than American students, outstrip them in learning, zeal, and intellectual strength.

The dreadful thought of that final hour, when the applicant for a degree is forever disgraced or well started on the way to fortune, may well arouse many from indolence.

More are doubtless withheld from excesses by the responsibility which a freedman feels; while a still large number fall hopelessly by the way, from lack of principle, who might have been carried along by main force under the American plan.

Romance is always infused, in a great measure, into German life, and only a poet may well describe the bloody encounters, the midnight revels, the strange, barbaric life of a corps student.

This we will say for it, that no one is inveigled, challenged, or molested, who is disinclined; and the man who assaulted or cast indignity upon his fellow-student because he was fresh to academic life, would be made to answer in duel by his peers, or would be a pariah among his former associates.

At a meeting of the Freshman Class, held Thursday morning, Nov. 19th, the following officers were unanimously elected to represent the class the coming year: President, Burleigh; Vice President, Sargent; Orator, Purington; Poet, Sleeper; Historian, F. Dyer; Prophet, Fessenden; Toast-Master, Hall; Secretary, Sewall; Treasurer, Garland; Committee of Arrangements, I. W. Dyer, Potter, Baxter; Committee on Odes, Burton, Stetson, French.

The annual Bugle election was held in Memorial Hall on the 14th inst., with the following result: Senior Editor, P. P. Simmons; Junior Editors, F. C. Payson, J. G. Libby, W. Alden, C. H. Clark. There was not even so much as a cry for "hold in," which is evidence that that barbarism has died completely out of our customs.

A few comparisons of our athletic sports with those of Yale and Harvard, may be of interest. In throwing ball Yale had a record of 317 feet 10 inches; Harvard 306 feet. Hundred-yard dash, Yale 11 1-4 seconds; Harvard 11 seconds. One-mile walk, Yale 10 minutes 26 seconds.

The following Seniors have been appointed to take part in the exhibition to be held at the end of the term: G. C. Cressey, Salutatory; F. O. Baston, Dorr, Larrabee, Patten, Sargent, Swasey, and Virgin.

The Junior Parts are out. Andrews, Clark, Libby, and Morrill, have them.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We again call attention to the present arrangement of classes in the Chapel, and we would ask that the Sophomores who sit on the north side of the Chapel, when they return after the recess, move down one row.

We are sorry to hear that the band has broken up. We hope that this may prove to be only temporary, since never before had it been in so prosperous a condition as at the time the rule was made whereby the members of the band were compelled to do double duty. There are many arguments which may be urged in favor of such an organization in a College: the opportunity it affords men of

musical tastes, of improving and using them; the fact that men by the practice are in reality learning a trade, which may prove of great value to them. We hope, as we have heard rumored, it may be some misunderstanding which has resulted in this step, and that some way may be devised by which the band can be re-organized.

We stated in our last issue that a class officer refused permission to a student to go home, because if he went he would witness a base-ball match.

We learn that we were misinformed as to the facts of the case. Permission to leave town was readily granted by the class officers, to all who wished to see the game, and between twenty and thirty students availed themselves of the opportunity. The single refusal we alluded to was on entirely different grounds from those stated. There were so many persons standing around at the time, that the applicant did not make himself sufficiently understood. We regret that we referred to the case in terms which would lead others to think that this was a sample of the discipline of the college.

The Bowdoin Athletes are hard at work every day in the Gymnasium, preparing for the exhibition which they are to give in Portland, Dec. 4th. Great interest has been manifested in all the departments, and a corresponding amount of advancement made. Among the many new features to be introduced is the "Triple Barred Eschelle." The performance on this apparatus is without doubt the most remarkable of its kind ever presented to the public, and is admirably calculated to show the valuable mental as well as physical training one may receive in practicing the higher order of gymnastics. It is an excellent thing to have strength. But it is a grander thing to be able to bring that strength under

the immediate control of the will. We will not say that it is a noble acquisition simply to be able to guide the body skillfully through the various evolutions witnessed on this and like apparatus; but we do say that the courage, self-possession, and rapid, responsible exercise of judgment, engendered by the practice of such evolutions, may be of the greatest importance to a man in any department of life.

LOCAL.

The Seniors are all present.

Dove shooting has come to be a punishable offense.

Several new books will be found in the Athenæan.

The "buck" has completed its last circuit for the term.

Grinds for excellence, or excellent grinds — Senior Parts.

To have many friends, keep your cigar case full and open it often.

Every evening proves the dancing school a better and more perfect success. Thirty couples are now in regular attendance.

Joseph Griffin, who for fifty years had been printer to Bowdoin College, died at his house, after a short illness, Wednesday night, November 18th.

At last we are able to announce, authoritatively, that Major Sanger is to remain here until next Commencement, orders to that effect having reached here last week.

A lady resident near the College thinks the students are a very diligent class of men, as she has often seen them with open books going to breakfast and prayers. She overlooks the fact that this diligence arises more from necessity than free will.

It is estimated that there is more than seven thousand dollars' worth of tobacco consumed in College every year. The consumption by the Faculty is left out of this computation.

The Bowdoin Chess Club have received a challenge from Kingston, Mass. Black and Whitmore have been appointed to play the game in behalf of the club, and a good fight is expected.

The Seniors have finished Paley. There is not satisfactory evidence that any have yet submitted to new rules of conduct. It would be *analogous* to suppose that they would digest Butler with the same result.

The College Library has received a large and very valuable collection of the works, published in Switzerland, of the late Prof. Louis Agassiz, through the agency of his son, Alexander Agassiz, Curator of the Zoölogical Museum, Harvard College.

Jack is in trouble. His billiard balls do not remain on his table long enough to suit him. He thinks the students are the meanest crowd he ever got into, and that they steal them. We are sorry he thinks so. We all love him, he is so generous.

The cold weather has driven all broken and cheap canes into the fire. The good ones are seen roosting upon the racks or sticking their heads out from behind picture frames where they have been placed to receive the winter's dust. The sporting season has literally closed.

On account of their inability to procure the hall at Bangor the evening they desired it, the Bowdoin Athletes have postponed their proposed trip to Bath, Rockland, Augusta, Belfast, and Bangor until vacation time. An exhibition will be given at the end of the term in Portland. They have a good reputation, and feel sufficiently confident they can

back it up wherever they go. We have no reason to believe the contrary.

The Peucinians have reinstated all their proscribed members, and relieved all who have recently joined or will join, of the customary initiation fee. This will probably be their last struggle for existence, and we hope the little spark of life which now lingers will, by this means, be kindled to a brighter blaze.

Some of the citizens were seized with an irrepressible desire to celebrate the great Democratic victory last Friday. They accordingly secured the College battery, obtained a number of the ex-members of the Bowdoin Artillery and Engineers, and celebrated. One hundred rounds of blanks were fired, fifty in Brunswick and fifty in Topsham. The boys had not forgotten all they ever knew about artillery, so everything went well and there were no accidents. The Topsham detachment was used, as they said, *just white*. The Brunswick zealots have not yet come down with the supper, but say they are good for it. Bonfires were the order of the evening. No rows, no drunkenness.

BOWDOIN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

FIELD DAY.

Saturday, the 14th, was Field Day at Bowdoin. The weather was fair but uncomfortably cold for the spectators. The College turned out *en masse*, while the balcony and windows of Adams Hall (the sports were held upon the Delta) were filled with ladies and Profs. The band were in attendance and discoursed some of their finest music, perhaps their final strain. The exercises commenced at a quarter after two o'clock, with the music. The standing jump came first upon the programme, for which there were five entries. Cobb won, jumping 9.4 feet; Hall, second, 9.3; Potter third; Alden fourth. The men appeared dressed for the occasion, and

conducted themselves sportively, both which things served to bring out many and good jokes from the crowd.

Next came the running jump. Cobb took an enormous leap, landing 14.1 feet from the line. Alden second, 13.9; Jacobs third. The hurdle race followed. There were six hurdles forty feet apart. Hall came in in 16 seconds; Alden second. For the half-mile walk there were three entries, Jacobs, Peary, and Cousins. Jacobs won easily in 4 minutes, 39 seconds, the others dropping out.

Throwing ball was one of the most interesting features of the day. Six men tried their hand at this. Payson made several pretty throws, winning with the distance of 304 feet; A. L. Crocker second, making 302 feet; F. Crocker third; Wright fourth.

Next came the mile running race. Cobb, Ayer, and Jacobs started, Ayer leading. Jacobs dropped out on the half-mile, while Cobb resolutely kept nearly up with Ayer until the last quarter, when he put on a little spurt and passed him. Ayer was now laboring hard, his air having been nearly exhausted. Cobb struck a beautiful gait, leaving him far in the rear, and came in in 6 minutes 17 seconds. Ayer 6 minutes 37½ seconds. Cobb ran very gracefully and might easily have made better time had it been necessary.

Next came the 100-yard rush. Alden, Cousins, Hall, Leavitt, Jacobs, and Gordon were the competitors. Alden won in 11 seconds; Cousins second; Hall third; Leavitt fourth.

About a dozen men started in the two mile walk, only six completing the full number of rounds. Marrett came in in 19 minutes 5 seconds; Baston second; Cousins third; Prince fourth; Payson fifth. It was somewhat amusing to notice the different styles of walk in the men. That of Cousins afforded the *butt* for many remarks.

The three-legged race was the next thing and gave great merriment to the bystanders.

Payson and Alden came in first; Baston and Stevens second. This completed the regular order of exercises, but the crowd had got so imbued with the spirit of the participants in the sports that they clamored for a rope-pull, Seniors and Sophomores against the Juniors and Freshmen. This was the best fun for the afternoon, because each one was interested. After a little hard pulling, the Seniors walked slowly off with the rope. The "yaggers" then took up the rope and had a regular yaggerine pull. The students having cried themselves hoarse in their entreaties upon the young bloods to pull, then seized the rope and swept the field.

Thus closed the Field Day. It was one of the best institutions for sport we have ever seen established in college. The managers call it a success, and propose to give several next year. The prizes, consisting of silver (?) goblets and cups, were not quite completed at the time, but are reported to be in swell style.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'34.—Cyrus Hamlin, LL.D., has recently been appointed lecturer on Foreign Missions at the Andover Theological Seminary. The tumor that threatened his life has been successfully removed. We make the following extract from the book of Mr. Henry Day, of the New York Bar, who has recently been abroad, which gives a very good idea of the amount of work he performed as a missionary:

"This point is historical. Here Darius crossed with his army in his campaign against the Scythians. Here the Crusaders crossed into Asia. It is said, perhaps not in truth, that here Xenophon and his weary ten thousand in joy first bailed the sea. Here crosses from continent to continent the international telegraph cables. This high promontory is called Bebek, and on its plateau is situated Robert College, an institution which is an honor to America and a blessing to all Turkey. The college is a beautiful and substantial edifice, built of stone and iron, one

hundred and twelve feet square, with a court in the centre. Here are gathered two hundred and forty-five students of eighteen different nationalities. Each pays forty pounds annually for tuition and board. I sat down to dine with two hundred of these students, ranged at two tables one hundred and four feet long. No sight has ever impressed me more. They come from all parts of the East, from Egypt to the Black Sea. Every one of them is destined to be a centre of influence, like a light in a dark place.

"Dr. Hamlin is the president and father of the institution. There is a strong corps of eighteen professors and teachers. I heard recitations there in the Natural Sciences, and given, too, in the English language. The college is at present self-supporting. Dr. Hamlin was his own architect in building the college. He laid out the grounds, which will be beautiful. He is professor in the college, and is translating text-books. In the Crimean war, in order to give work to some poor Armenians, he, on his own responsibility, built a steam bakery at the village of Bebek; and he made such good bread, that at last he was obliged to furnish all the English hospitals. His net profits, after making the poor Armenians rich, were about \$20,000, with which twelve mission churches were built in Turkey. He could easily have made a million of dollars during the war, instead of which he is now a poor missionary working for his Master, and living on a small salary. What will those men who carp at missionaries, and say they go to foreign lands because they can not get a living at home, say to such a man as this, whom a million of dollars could not tempt to leave his calling?"

'38.—Hon. M. C. Blake, lawyer, San Francisco.

'45.—J. H. Deering, lawyer, San Francisco.

'48.—W. C. Pond, minister, Downieville.

'49.—W. L. Jones, minister, Eureka.

'54.—W. P. Tucker is rector of St. Augustine church, Benicia, Cal.

'60.—A. G. Oliver, lawyer. San Jose.

'60.—W. L. Crowell, merchant, San Francisco.

'63.—Joseph C. Bates, lawyer, Redwood City, Cal.

'63.—A. B. Dearborn, San Francisco.

'66.—E. H. Cook is principal of the High School at Columbus, Ohio.

'72.—J. G. Abbott, Esq., our correspondent at Augusta, Me., is a graduate of Bowdoin College, Class of '72. He read law in the office of the Hon. E. F. Pillsbury, and was admitted to the Kennebec bar. He has traveled much abroad within the last two years, and written letters from Cuba, which were of much interest, and evinced careful and intelligent observation. His lecture on the condition of the island, after his return, was listened to with marked approbation. Exact statement and patient investigation of facts are prominent characteristics of his style, as proved in his exhaustive history and review of the Maine Prohibitory law, which we printed on Thursday, and which has excited general attention. We mention these personalities to satisfy our readers of the reliable source of our information, the author of which challenges contradiction.—*Boston Post, Friday, Oct. 3d.*

We will also add that he was the principal founder of the ORIENT, and for some time had the sole charge of it, the other editors being away. He filled it ably with original matter.

'73.—L. F. Berry is teaching in New Haven, Ct. His post office address is Box 2128.

'73.—Geo. S. Mower is studying law in the office of Jones & Jones, Newbury, S. C. He says that he expects to come out full fledged in a few months.

'73.—W. T. Goodale sent us many of the Alumni Notes that appear in this number. We heartily thank him, and hope that others will follow his example. He writes that he is settled very comfortably there, and that he is having a pretty good time; he also sends his regards to all the boys.

'74.—H. V. Moore is teaching in Elliot, Me.

EDITORS' TABLE.

In the last number of the ORIENT we left our delegate on the way to the convention. He arrived there on time, and after the usual amount of waiting, the meeting was called to order, and he was given the chair. He was very much surprised at the honor thrust upon him, but he was glad to see true merit appreciated. After a few remarks, thanking the others, he said that he thought the best way to attain the object of the meeting was to allow each delegate an opportunity of giving his idea of the true aim of a College Paper; and then afterwards to refer the matter to a committee who should make a report which should as nearly as possible express the sense of the convention. In making this proposition he thought that no better way could be devised for giving each delegate that glorious American privilege of making a speech.

The first one that claimed the floor was the delegate from the *Vassar Miscellany*, for it must be remembered that women came in for equal rights with the men in this convention. She was well dressed, and looked as if she was well fed and cared for, the only fault we had to find with her was her size, for truth compels us to say that she is rather inclined to be heavy. Her face impressed us very much by its far-off, dreamy look; on second thought we concluded that it was the outward expression of the poetical fire within. The substance of her remarks was as follows: "I think that a College Paper should offer to the students a ready means of printing such of their productions as may seem to have merit, without regard to the subjects they are on; and also to give such as are inclined to put their thoughts in rhyme, a place to bury them. I also believe in giving local matters a fair share of attention, and in saying as sharp things as possible about the exchanges." At the close of her speech

there was long and repeated applause — each delegate seemed trying to outdo all others in the amount of praise awarded her.

The delegate from the *Harvard Magenta* next spoke. We were very much disappointed in him. In the first place we had no idea that Harvard would condescend to send a delegate to meet those from the other colleges, for we supposed they would stand on the pinnacle of Harvard's fame, and give any invitation that might reach them the traditional Boston smile, expressive of sublime content with one's self and utter indifference to any one else. We were also disappointed in the man, for we expected to find him somewhat of a fop, hardly speaking to anybody; but instead he was a perfect gentleman, treating all alike, and having a good and pleasant word for those around him. His remarks were very nearly as follows: "Our ideal of a College Paper is "one which shall be interesting to any one "connected with any College, and especially "to any one connected with the College in "which it is published; and we think that "this aim can only be obtained by having its "articles on subjects directly connected with "College matters, and giving full accounts of "events happening in the College world which "it represents. We also think that the best "way of awakening interest in the paper is "by holding out the position of editor as a "reward to underclassmen for the excellence "of their contributions; and by so doing we "find no trouble in filling our columns with "fresh matter every issue." We should have added, no difficulty if there had been plenty of races and sports in the preceding two weeks. He could have added with much truth that they believed in poetry, for there is hardly an issue of the *Magenta* that does not contain some sparkling, bright, and fresh poetry that it is a real pleasure to read.

The delegate from the *Amherst Student* next claimed the ear of the house; and many began to take easy positions, for they expected

he might launch off in an essay on some uninteresting or threadbare subject, or even read them a long letter from Germany; but they hoped he would stop and tell them some story in his racy style to cheer them up. He said that each number of the *Amherst Student* showed what his ideal of the College Paper was. Taking this for the fact, the last number would lead us to think that he had a very peculiar ideal, if the first half of it were to be used as a standard; but a very high one, if all were as bright and witty, both in thought and construction, as the article describing the thoughts of a hermit in witnessing the boat-race. The *Student* never seems to have the life in its editorials that many of the College Papers have. We think that perhaps there may be a gentle and restraining influence exerted from above.

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VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, DECEMBER 16, 1874.

No. 11.

WITH A MORAL.

Any people who in these modern days still entertain some respect for an undergraduate's knowledge and general information, might be interested in looking over the books employed in compiling the new catalogue of the Peucinian Society.

The names of the books and authors were taken from the works themselves, one student calling them off while another wrote them down. The results, when the scribe did not hear correctly, or was a little muddled as to spelling, were somewhat remarkable. We give a few examples: Hawthorne is credited with "A Blithe Day Romance"; "quarrels" is spelled with one *r*, "infidelity" appears as "infedeli," and "Telemachus" as "Talinachus." These mistakes, however, might be excused on the score of haste; but can we in the same way explain two *r*'s in "Gariibaldi," two *n*'s in "Louisiana," and two *g*'s in "fagot?"

Here is one place where much learning had made the copyist mad, and "Life Without and Within" comes from his hands as "Life Sine and Within." Imagine with what amiable feelings the next unhappy transcriber smiled over this joke. Again, some one, apparently not well versed in medieval history or romance, has given to a certain book the title of "Arbelard of Heloise." "Memorabilia" is spelled in such a way that it is recognizable only from its connection with Xenophon; in another place the "Anabasis" is shortened into "Anabsis," and "Xenophon" begins with a "Z." But these are trifles. The illustrious "Belisarius" being sent on a short flight from alcove to table, landed on the copyist's book in the shape of "Belly Serius."

O what a fall was there! We are happy to say, however, that this much-enduring man has been restored, as once before after a time of ignominy, to his proper dignity. But this blunder might have been intentional; not so the following. In the course of this examination we find autobiographies put down repeatedly as anonymous works. On one page there are sixteen of these paradoxes, all in a line. There is no need of carrying the list farther, though we might do so, if it were desirable. The work was done by many hands, and probably the blunders were pretty well distributed; we may therefore conclude that bad spelling and lack of common information in regard to historical and literary matters, are altogether too common faults among us as a body. A college curriculum in itself can not entirely correct such evils. It must be the work of the individual student to do this, by a habit of observing and picking up these miscellaneous matters that seem so small yet are so very essential to a good education. If no better way can be found, we would propose that clubs be formed for the study of Webster's Dictionary. It is safe to say that all of us may find there many new and useful ideas.

COLLEGE POLITICS.

The annual brawl is over. The Seniors have, with great candor, elected the best men for the various positions; the Juniors, with smiling countenances, with the air of a man who is perpetrating a good joke, have placed in office those men who are calculated to honorably fill high stations next year; the Sophomores, not having any particular object to gain,

have crowned those who are zealous classmen; the Freshmen have had a good square fight with no quarter asked or given. Once again the battle field is cleared. The victors have marched away with flying colors, while the defeated strive with all their power to place as large an extent of territory between themselves and the above-named as possible. The wounded have limped from the scene of strife uncared for and unattended. This number, it is perhaps needless to remark, includes a large portion of the army.

We have often stood near the ballot box, upon an election day, and watched men as they cast their votes. Old, gray-haired citizens came up with their faces so plainly speaking the petty local malice and prejudice of the community that one could but distinguish and be astonished by it. Then would appear a good-humored young fellow, who had not particularly considered the relative merits of the candidates; but impressed with the eternal fitness of things he deposits the ticket with a laugh. Next slouches and creeps along a keen-eyed, foxy individual, who knows just how many votes his party can command, and just how many doubtful men there are in town. Towards these latter ones he edges his way, slips a vote into their hands, and glides away again.

Well, we have gazed upon such things as these, and as we did so the conviction fastened itself upon us that under certain circumstances the privilege of suffrage might become an instrument of more evil than good, and we moved away from these scenes of bustle, strife, and discord to the seclusion of our classic retreat, inwardly thankful that our political portion was not theirs. Indeed, if there be any truth in signs and manifestations, the same opinion prevails in the minds of other college men, for there is probably no other collection of beings among whom the subject of political corruption is more fully discussed, talked about, and written upon, than among

college students. Literary societies fall back upon it when all other material is exhausted; debaters seize on it, and shout themselves hoarse in denouncing everybody in general, declaring that so soon as they enter the world there shall be a revolution. They little realize that they are now discharging the duties they so desire to fulfill. Almost every day brings with it some such responsibility. The situation to be occupied is often humble, but there are times when the whole man is roused to secure a certain position, and it is then that the human nature manifests itself.

It is needless to remind a certain part of our readers of the disgusting state of affairs that has existed in our college this term in relation to elections. We sincerely believe that there is not a man in our midst but devoutly wishes a different *régime* might be inaugurated. It is natural that each clique should wish its favorites to be complimented. It is useless to thrust the blame upon any one particular band. All are equally at fault except the non-society men, whose course is usually marked by fairness and impartiality. The burden must fall on the societies, and it is one of the strongest arguments against their existence. When we candidly consider the circumstances under which we are associated here, it does really seem strange that men will descend to the low means by which many of our elections are managed and carried. Ignorant of the movements of others, each society provides only for its own representation. And this fact, we believe, is owing more to unfounded suspicion than to any wish to be selfish. So long as any one society is unable to place enough confidence in its associates to assure it that no unfair or underhanded means are being used, so long will that body take measures to secure its share of the plunder. It is perhaps idle to hope that the condition will be changed. But it does make one almost misanthropic to think that even among a lot of open-hearted boys, trickery and deception

have a place. We appeal to the *men* of the college to oust from our midst a system engendering only misunderstandings and heart-burnings. Let us fashion here no political hucksters.

PROVERBS.

As we sometimes meet people who seem to be old acquaintances from the very first, so in our reading we often come across some passage, which though new, yet sounds wonderfully familiar, and is at once accepted on a most informal footing.

We learn many a lesson unwittingly, and it lies in the mind hidden and unrecognized, till a word, a happy phrase or expression, in an instant brings it all to light, and gives it form and reality. Read Swift's "Remarks on Various Subjects," and you are continually coming upon some short, pithy, epigrammatic saying—the fruit of this much observing man's experience—so compact in its form, so full of utility, and withal so evident, that you immediately store it up as an important addition to your stock of ready-made wisdom. While some of more ambitious turn may aspire "to wheel in triumph through the signs of heaven," or probe deep into the bowels of nature for the secrets of our existence, many patient workers in a humble sphere, gleaning over again the close-cropped field of human experience, garner precious sheaves of wisdom for the uses of common life.

Solomon, it is said, was the wisest man of old; he had given his "heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven." How much of science may have belonged to this sage we do not know. Great as was his knowledge, it is probable that his scientific lore would be rather meagre and antiquated to-day; but in all that pertained to the experiences of man's nature, Solomon is yet Solomon and the wisest of his race. Regard as one may the revela-

tions of Scripture, the "Book of Proverbs," if uninspired, will ever remain the surest guide of human conduct and the noblest monument of human wisdom.

We fancy that very few are ever convinced of a thing by the force of a subtle argument, though it be entirely unanswerable. It is a question whether Plato, with his abstract, ingenious, hair-splitting reasoning, or Butler, with his modern theory, plausible as it may seem, convinces many of the immortality of the soul. The average mind is too much strained in following their metaphysical windings to take home as a reality their teachings. We watch their operations as we do those of a master magician. We see the implements brought out for inspection, certain evolutions gone through, and presto! the wonder is wrought. And still we are not convinced; there may be a trap door in that stage, a secret drawer in that simple table, a second lining in that sober looking hat. There is "something about it that we don't know," and we refuse to accept the conclusion. We read and admire the "Disputations" of Cicero, yet we carry along with us all the time the uncomfortable feeling that the author is entirely indifferent as to the truth of the matter, and is merely spinning out a lawyer's ingenious argument for the display of his powers. We suspect all the time that he could make out just as strong a case on the other side. But the ancient "Preacher" discards metaphysics as the "vanity of vanities," and coming down to the level of every one's comprehension, strikes home with every thrust. Happy is he who possesses a good stock of proverbs and knows how to use them. The most successful teachers are not those who can clothe their thoughts in the most graceful and elegant form, but rather those who possess the faculty of homely, familiar, quaint illustration. For there is probably no position in which one may not be reached by a proverb. We are sustained in adversity, restrained in prosperity, or fortified

in virtue, by the force of an adage. We may suspect the praise or encouragement of an individual, or disregard his censure; but when he is able to bring to bear upon us a proverb, we feel as if the whole institution of society, past and present, had pronounced upon our case, and we can not disdain its judgment.

How serviceable these old sayings are to parents! and how those who, like the Vicar of Wakefield, have little else to give, enrich their children with these precious nuggets! The preacher in his pulpit; the busy gossip, dealing out good advice without the trouble of original ideas; the farmer among his men; the anxious mother, "with a hoard of petty maxims preaching down a daughter's heart," all find proverbs equally useful. Representing as they do popular sentiments, and therefore employing familiar figures, the proverbs of a particular people tell us very much of their character and mode of life. Herbert Spencer speaks of their study in history as a very great help in determining "the morals, theoretical and practical," of any nation. One is particularly struck with this view in examining the maxims and familiar sayings of the Orientals; for not only are these people much given to proverbs, but they are also extremely fond of metaphors, so that, indeed, we find a book of proverbs compiled for the express purpose of illustrating the customs of the Egyptians. But however varied such current sayings may be in form and application, or however distinctly they may bear the marks of nationality, there is one characteristic common to them all. Find them where you will, and in whatever dress, the principle that always animates them is shrewd, observant, steady-going common-sense.

COLLEGE MANNERS.

There is a certain jolly good fellowship about college students which is not by any means to be despised; a freedom and lawless-

ness which is seldom attained any where but within the college walls. Kellogg gives some very pretty illustrations of this, in his series of juvenile publications, founded upon the pranks and jokes that took place when he pursued his studies among the "whispering pines."

We remember with what keen delight we read the first volume of this series, and with what impatience we longed to be in the midst of this college life, and enjoy that perfect freedom, that haughty contempt for the rules of polite society, and that complete unconsciousness of the world without, which seemed to us the ideal life for a person to lead in the interval between the completion of boyhood and the time when he must take upon himself the cares of active life.

Our desires were gratified; we went to college prepared to be enchanted by this free and easy life. But we were young, inexperienced; in a word, we were *Freshmen*. It took but a short time to teach us that the reality came far short of the ideal; that we had seen only a part of the results of this mode of life pictured, and that the best part. There were plenty who fully appreciated their freedom from restraint, and lost no opportunity to exercise it; but there were few Mortons, with their high sense of honor, and their tender regard for the feelings of others, which would not permit them to indulge in lawlessness to too great an extent.

We can not deny that there is a certain fascination about such a state of life, when it is "hale-fellow-well-met" with all your associates, and when you are on perfect equality with all you meet; yet we felt disappointed, on the whole, with our chosen surroundings.

It is but natural that students should have times of relaxation; and none need more than they to throw off restraint, after being confined to hard study; but this does not excuse them from using reasonable discretion with regard to time and place. What is eminently fitting for the ball-ground is as much out of

place in the recitation room. It is shameful that any one old enough to be in college should ever so far forget the respect that he owes to the Professor and to himself, as to indulge in such ungentlemanly conduct and rowdiness as have occurred recently in some of our recitations. There seems to be a certain irrepressible mirth in a few men, which manifests itself in a very unbecoming manner. If a Professor sees fit to make a remark or comment upon the lesson or the recitation, it is likely to be received as a joke, and a laugh, with, perhaps, an attempt at stamping, will ensue. Now we fail to see the point of the joke, and, furthermore, we can not see how any one can look on such a procedure in any other light than as a downright insult to the Professor who is conducting the recitation. But this is not enough; these lovers of jokes see fun in everything. For instance, a man comes in, late in the term, from teaching, and is consequently behind in his studies. It is not strange if on being called up he can not recite very readily. Now, to see a man under these circumstances—trying to think of the proper answer to give to a question—strikes our friends as the most ridiculous thing imaginable, and again they *laugh*. It is needless to relate the result; the man reciting is disconcerted, thinks he has made some bad mistake, and sits down; so losing the credit of a good recitation.

Again, we cannot appreciate the feelings which prompt this overflow of mirth; but allowing them to be ever so strong, we do not think that any one will try to justify himself in such usage of a class-mate, which is anything but generous and kind. This freedom, or license, is carried still farther, even into church. The actions of a few are such as to disgrace the whole body of students, and offer a gratuitous insult to the preacher.

These examples may be said to give a one-sided view, and to place the standard of decency far below its proper place. To some

extent this is so; we have purposely selected some of the worst instances, not to make the evil appear worse than it is, but to induce the authors of it to reflect upon the magnitude which it sometimes assumes. We do not attribute these disgraceful actions to any considerable number of men, but to a few who, for the sake of momentary amusement, and from the want of a generous consideration for others, go on with their rowdiness, no matter how deeply they may wound the feelings of their victim. Let them remember that there are many whose cheeks tingle with the blush of shame at such conduct, and who can not wholly escape the odium arising from the actions of a few.

The *International Review* (bi-monthly) for January will contain:—

Judge T. M. Cooley's (of Michigan) "Guarantee of Order and Republican Government in the States," which discusses the legitimacy of the Executive interference in such cases as have arisen in Rhode Island, Arkansas, Louisiana, and other States. This is one of the ablest articles that has yet appeared on this subject, and will be likely to attract wide attention in political circles.

Dr. McCosh's (of Princeton) "Ideas in Nature Overlooked by Dr. Tyndall." Marked interest has been evinced in this expected reply to the great Belfast address. Numerous extracts having appeared from Dr. McCosh's lecture and reported conversations, we desire to state that this article is written expressly for the *International Review*, and is a new and the only original exposition of his views.

"The Association for the Reform and Codification of the Laws of Nations," by Dr. James B. Miles, Secretary of the Association, Boston. A present and conspicuous need among nations is a well digested code of International Law, and an International Tribunal to settle the differences of nations, not adjusted by the ordinary methods of negotiation.

"Vienna and the Centennial" is the title of a timely article by Prof. J. M. Hart of New York. It is an intelligent description of that magnificent failure, financially, of 1873, and maps out some dangerous shoals for our centennial commission to avoid.

The following foreign articles are also of present importance: "The University System in Italy," by Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis, Florence; and Baron Liebig, by his successor in the chair of Agricultural Chemistry, Munich, Prof. August Vogel.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

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E. H. HALL,
S. L. LARRABEE,

F. B. OSGOOD,
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Though boating is very quiet in College, at present, there is still much interest felt in it. The boat house has been put in thorough repair, a new barge has been bought, and all debts have been paid the past year, so that the association begins the year under the most favorable auspices. The only thing lacking is enthusiasm; but still we think there is a deep-seated willingness to work, in many of the undergraduates, which will go very far to take the place of enthusiasm among the mass of the students.

It has been proved by experience that class races are the best means of rousing and keeping up the interest in boating. Taking

this into consideration, the best plan that we have heard is this—that the two lower classes, aided by the association and the Alumni, each buy a four-oared lap-streak; so that next Commencement we may have races between them.

The point of this article is this: Unless something is done immediately, nothing can be accomplished, as the boats should be ordered in time to have them on the river when it opens.

The Philharmonic Club made their first appearance before a Brunswick audience on the 5th inst. We do not feel competent to criticise, but can only extol the concert. The programme was one particularly adapted to the tastes of the people. There were a choice few who thought the programme rather light, but the majority were delighted with it. Their instrumentation was perfect, and it can be safely said that it was the best concert given here this winter. The solos were gems. Miss Bryant pleased all by her charming manner and the richness and purity of her voice. Although her selections were old, yet they were finely rendered. It is a source of regret that the students and citizens of the town do not appreciate good music well enough to attend such a concert. For the student it is certainly a rest from his studies, and he comes from the concert refreshed. Such talent should be patronized in preference to minstrel troupes. One derives vastly more benefit from listening to fine music than from attending the "Great Quincuplexal Show," or others of a like character.

Once more the Bowdoin Athletes have ventured abroad to exhibit to the world feats, the only daily witnesses of which have been the cold and stately walls of Memorial. Great as was the astonishment of the Portland people at the proficiency which they showed on their former visit to that city, and as high as

were expectations raised in regard to their next appearance, yet, feeling confident that they might equal, if not surpass, the anticipations of the most fastidious, City Hall was chosen as the place for the first exhibition of this season.

Dec. 4th found many of the students in the city. Some few were found to be useful in arranging the apparatus; but by far the majority were walking the streets with gloved hands, or loafing in the hall, fearing to lend a hand to the work of arrangement lest they should soil their meeting pants. As the result of such actions the performers were compelled to work until they were completely tired out before evening came, and the commencement of the performance called some of them rather hastily from the land of dreams.

The audience was not large, but of that class of people which loves the associations of college and education, and who are always to be seen in attendance upon every exercise in which the interest of either is concerned; and the applause which followed every good act showed that they were not dull of appreciation. The performances were little marred by failures to accomplish what was attempted, for whenever a slip was made the agility with which it was corrected was almost equal to the trick itself. So varied were the acts that it would be impossible to speak of them individually. Nearly all were of the highest quality, and exhibited a superior state of proficiency. The elevation at which the apparatus was suspended added great effect to the balancing act, and also to the Trapeze and Eschelle. And one act upon this last, it being the first time it has ever appeared to public view in the State, is especially worthy of note. Bolster's somersault in passing—a distance of twenty feet—from Sargent's to Stanwood's hands is referred to. The whole performance upon this piece of apparatus was characterized by a degree of certainty which was sufficient evidence that success was not the result of

accident, but of steady, unflinching, practiced nerve.

Princeton boasts that she has better gymnasts than any other college. We acknowledge her supremacy in athletic sports, yet we challenge her to exhibit more difficult and polished tricks than those done at this exhibition.

We do not wish to blow our own trumpet. We only state the facts upon which the press of the State have enlarged, and which is not backward in saying that no amateur troupe ever showed a more perfect state of excellence. Gymnastics have long been reduced to a system with us, but never has this system been working so admirably as at present. We can all plainly see its beneficial results in particular individuals. We leave it to our brother of the *Telegraph*, who was so quick to perceive the improved bearing and conduct of the students after a few weeks' drill, to note the physical improvement in the generality of Pres. Chamberlain's scholars.

LOCAL.

The *Bugles* will soon be out.

Buy one of "Lyman's Historical Charts" and be happy.

Has Moulton of '77 returned? His classmates are anxious for his welfare.

The simple question, Have you written your Senior part? is a dangerous one.

Keep out of the North end of Appleton unless you want your heels bewitched.

Members of the Senior class have already commenced their search for shekels in district schools.

Those "poor consumptives" are now so tough and healthy that they can chew caven-dish with gusto, and sigh for raw beef just like other people.

G. C. C. uttered a fearful oath at precisely 10:6 P.M., No. End A. H. For further particulars call at this office.

Pres. Chamberlain has been lecturing in various parts of the State with great and merited success. His lecture is entitled: "The Surrender of Lee."

A certain member of our faculty has said: "Let there be light," and hereafter there will be light in the South end of Maine if in no other of the College Halls.

The College Library has lately received, from Hon. John C. Burleigh, M. C., 23 vols. Pub. Docs.; from a friend, 48 vols. of works issued by the Hakluyt Society, England.

If any student is anxious about his rank let him call at No. 21, M. H., and get the true figures. The *Delphian Oracle* is there, and ready to declare past, present, and future.

Junior, reading Juvenal, meets with the word "haesit." Says he: "I don't remember a good rendering for that word." Prof. (with a look of sarcastic inquiry)—"Stuck?"

Professor explaining how if Sirius were as near to the earth as our sun, it would be three or four hundred times as bright. Student (aside)—That would be a serious (Sirius) affair.


The Sophomore Class officers for the ensuing year are: President, F. H. Crocker; Vice President, G. A. Holbrook; Secretary, J. W. Sewall; Treasurer, C. E. Cobb; Committee of Arrangements, F. H. Hargraves, S. A. Melcher, A. M. Sherman.

The Freshman Class has labored and brought forth the following list of class officers: President, J. M. Burleigh; Vice President, W. Sargent; Orator, G. C. Purington; Poet, W. W. Sleeper; Historian, F. Dyer; Prophet, S. D. Fessenden; Toast Master, J. F. Hall; Secretary, J. Sewall; Treasurer, O.

N. Garland; Committee of Arrangements, J. W. Dyer, B. Potter, H. C. Baxter; Committee on Odes, A. E. Burton, E. F. Stetson, W. W. French.

The band men are developing their "pectoral muscles" by working three evenings per week in the gymnasium. They do not propose to disband just yet, for they think "that a College that hath no music in it, is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

Tuesday afternoon last, the Students held a meeting to select a disputant and delegates to attend the Inter-Collegiate Contest. S. V. Cole was chosen to uphold the honor of Bowdoin in the former capacity, while E. H. Hall and Upton attend as delegates.

 NOTICE!—As I have purchased some very fine tobacco for smoking and chewing purposes, those passing by are cordially invited to call and try it. Pipes and easy chairs will be furnished those desiring to cultivate my friendship. A great favor would be conferred by making these facts known generally through College.

The above notice appears on the door of a satirical young Soph.

A few evenings since as a diminutive Soph. was perambulating the streets alone, he was assailed by two female desperadoes, one of whom held him fast by both hands while the other drew from under her cloak (*mirabile dictu!*) a handkerchief and wiped his nose. The deed was done up brown and the damsels departed. *P. G. 13 77*

The young ladies of the Brunswick High School, supported by "young gentlemen from College," favored the citizens with a theatrical entertainment. It was really a high-toned affair. The programme consisted of an operetta, a comical farce, and various tableaux thrilling in the extreme. The music, furnished by a bevy of fair damsels and fine combs, was exceedingly harrowing. One of the tableaux, "The Game of Life," represented a game of chess,—a young man versus

Old Nick. The part of *diabolus vulgaris* was played to the life by Bro. T. of the T. We were a little surprised to see him so much at home in the role of "him of the cloven hoof."

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'33.—Wm. T. Savage, D.D., one of the Board of Overseers of Bowdoin College, has resigned his pastorate in Franklin, N. H., where he has been in charge of the Congregational church for twenty-five years. He has gone to Quincy, Ill., to spend the winter, but will probably return East in the summer, for a time, at least. He had filled a very important place in the religious, literary, and educational interests of Franklin, and his departure, for reasons satisfactory to himself, caused deep regret.

'43.—Rev. H. S. Loring, long settled in Amherst, Me., has received and accepted a call to the Congregational Church in Phippsburg, Me.

'45.—Moses B. Goodwin, formerly connected with one of the Washington daily papers, lately editor of the *Merrimack Journal*, Franklin, N. H., has relinquished the charge of that paper.

'48.—W. C. Pond has been for some years pastor in San Francisco, not Downieville, as stated in our last issue, where he was formerly settled.

'49.—Rev. W. L. Jones is settled in Benicia, Cal.

'50.—Gen. O. O. Howard has recently been appointed Department Commander at Portland, Oregon.

'53.—The first annual report of Bishop Spaulding of Colorado, shows that he has made a very successful commencement of his work there.

'54.—John W. Simonds is State Superintendent of Public Instruction in New Hampshire. His is one of the appointments made by the new Democratic administration.

'57.—The *Telegraph* says: "Among the promotions in the Patent Office at Washington, last week, was that of third assistant examiner B. W. Pond, of Maine, to be second assistant examiner. Mr. Pond is a son of Rev. Dr. Pond of Bangor, and is in the right place, for he has the truly mechanical turn of mind, and, above all, is a hard and conscientious worker.

'58.—D. C. Burleigh, M.D., compelled by ill health to seek a warmer climate, has re-entered the navy as surgeon, on board the U. S. steamer Shawmut, lately stationed at Key West. He married a sister of N. F. Curtis, Class of '70.

'59.—H. O. Ladd is Principal of the State Normal School at Plymouth, N. H. We clip from the *Boston Journal* for Nov. 18, the following notice: "The examinations of the fall term of the State Normal School closed very successfully to-day, doing credit to the scholars and to the Principal, who is a good worker, and is doing everything that can be done for the interest of the institution and scholars."

'67.—F. K. Smyth has recently moved from Freeport to Bath.

'69.—Hiram Tuell is Principal of the High School in Marlboro, Mass.

'70.—Albert Gray is Principal of the High School in Bolton, Mass.

'70.—A. G. Whitman is Principal of the High School in Melrose, Mass.

'72.—J. G. Abbott is to fill the position of editor-in-chief of the *Biddeford Daily Times*, and weekly *Maine Democrat*. Of course he will soon give us Biddeford "by Gaslight."—*Bath Times*.

We noticed the faces of many of the Alumni at the Gymnastic exhibition in Portland. E. J. Cram, '73, was intent watching

the heavy weights, and thinking how he put them up at former exhibitions; D. W. Snow, '73, was all eyes for the posturing act, meditating on how he used to do the somersault out in the "three high."

'73.—John S. Lovell is studying Theology at the Andover Seminary.

'73.—A. G. Ladd has been teaching during the fall in Portland. He expects to study medicine with C. H. Hunter, '74, at the Harvard Medical School.

'73.—L. F. Berry is studying Theology in the Yale Divinity School.

'74.—W. H. Moulton was sick a few days in Pittsburg, on his way to Chicago, where he was stopping a few weeks ago.

'74.—E. O. Howard will read law this winter in the office of S. S. Browne, Fairfield, Maine.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The Convention which we tried to report in our last issue, went into secret session or broke up at the point where we left it; or, at any rate, we were told that our report was dull, and as this agreed fully with our convictions on reading the account in print, we will change back to the old form, as being much easier to write and probably more interesting.

There are some of our exchanges in which we read with interest nearly everything; there are many in which we read only that part which deals with College matters, and a few that we do not read at all.

In the first class we place a new paper, or an old paper in a new form—*The Brunonian*. It is very near what we think a College Paper should be, devoted to the interests of the College which it represents. Its typographical appearance, with the exception of the color of the paper on which it is printed, is very fine. The Brown boys have lately had the misfortune to lose their boat house by fire;

but from the way they speak of the subscriptions coming in, we should say they were bound to make it a stroke of good luck.

The *Trinity Tablet* is another paper which we always read with interest, and wish that it came more frequently. The election of a new President, Dr. Pyncheon, seems to be the leading topic of the last number. The paper remarks concerning it:—

"To the students themselves, the election of the Doctor was, at first, very distasteful; as all had fondly hoped that we would get some new man in the Faculty, and that it would be much profited thereby. . . . The Faculty were, of course, delighted that one of their number was elected, or as some one tersely remarked, 'They did not want any stranger coming here to wake them up.'"

They have recently tried the trick of fastening a wire to the clapper of the college bell, and carrying one end to the room of one of the students; then after plugging the key holes in the tower, so that the bell could not be reached, they commenced tolling it and crying "fire," much to the dismay of the profs., who were unable to find out where, by whom, or how, it was done,—or to stop the noise.

The last number of the *Union College Spectator* has its first part, which in most of the College Papers is devoted to some literary production, filled with an account of a torch-light procession in celebration of the completion of the dome on their chapel. In fact, "there is not a single literary production in the whole paper. It does not speak well for the institution. Strangers must judge of a college by what it sends forth."

The last number of the *Cornell Era* contains an illustrated article on astronomy, which we should never thought to have any particular merit unless we had been told so in the editorial columns. It is simply the statement, not specially improved that we could see, which may be found in the most elementary book on astronomy, concerning the rota-

tion of the earth, and the inclination of its axis to the plane of its orbit.

The last number of the *Magenta* is a remarkable one. It has three pages devoted to local matters, to nine filled with articles more or less dry, and considerably more than less, on subjects most of them having very little reference to Harvard.

We should think that the undergraduates of Harvard would be very much disappointed at receiving such a number as the last *Magenta*, if they subscribed for it with the expectation of receiving a faithful record of college matters, no matter how able the articles may have been; and we must confess that nearly all were of a very high order of literary merit, but they were of the kind that we would much rather "praise than read."

The *Nassau Lit.* for December is a very good number, and gives us no reason to alter our opinion that it is the best college magazine that exchanges with us. The otherwise excellent typographical appearance of the paper is very much marred by the poor quality of type used in the first part. We should think that it might have been in constant use for twenty years, so battered is it.

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VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JANUARY 27, 1875.

No. 12.

LINES

ON BEING TOLD THAT THERE ARE NO POETS AT
BOWDOIN.

Does Minerva still preside,
With her owlet by her side,
A helmet on her brow?
How her eyes must open wide
At the vast and inky tide
Of verses flowing now.
O Minerva!
How we serve her,—
All we poets far and wide.

Minerva came down
Into Brunswick town,
To seek for a poet deserving renown;
If she finds a song
Not entirely wrong,
She's obliged to discover the new singer's name,
And convey it away to the Temple of Fame.

She searched the College
To the best of her knowledge;
She looked into boxes and peeped upon shelves,
She spared not the rooms of the editors' selves,
And every Greek and Latin book
She turned and turned with anxious look,
And German favors she rustled and shook.
All in vain
Was her care,
Not a line
Anywhere.

Not a stanza could she find
About the naughty boy that's blind;
Not a line on evening skies,
Not a verse on sparkling eyes,
Not a word about the posies,
The forget-me-nots and roses
(Dead, of course,)
That the poet soothes his heart with,

Can not be induced to part with,
But by force.

Not a solitary rhyme
Upon the flight of time;
Much less about the sorrow
Postponed until to-morrow.

Minerva hastened to the skies,
While tears of pleasure filled her eyes,
"For the trouble that you save her
You shall have a goddess' favor!
For who have shown in modern time
Such a wise contempt for rhyme?"

THE CHILLY DAYS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Among the many experiences, happy and otherwise, of dormitory life, there is one upon which the tongue of the student will never tire to dwell, and the remembrance of which nothing but insanity or death can take away. It is the sensation which he feels on entering a College bedroom in the silent hours of a December midnight. As he finds himself in the apartment, clothed in the habiliments of the night, it seems as if the few hasty steps which bore him thither had been many long strides which placed him free and alone on the clear and frosty Caucasus.

If one is curious to know the sensation the unfortunate skater experiences when he disappears beneath the ice and feels the frozen fingers of the lake touching him on the last dry spot of his body, let him prepare his imagination and plunge between the sheets of some student who has had the misfortune to procure a room upon the ground floor of any of our halls. We have all had this experience. The daily repetition of it throughout four winters

tends to produce monotony. Monotony, in a necessary exercise, never fails to bring emphatic denunciation upon its causes. The men who constructed these rooms have no conception of the amount of torture, passionate exclamation, and profanity, for which they are responsible. One curses the architect, another the mechanic, and the more sensible man, himself.

These cold and vexatious moments, time multiplies into days. Considered as a whole, they literally constitute the chilly days of college life. Yet, after all, these chills are of but passing moment, for they leave behind them no permanent and galling injury. They are transitory, and we may possibly feel invigorated by their practice. But there are others the keenness of whose stings makes their victims bend in servitude to loathsome tyranny. They are the chills of regret and despondency which follow some unguarded and foolish act. And to men continually subject to these acts, how great the misery. It can do us no harm to regret some past actions sufficiently to form resolutions for better ones in the future; but to dote on opportunities and honors lost, is positive injury. It makes every movement an effort. It substitutes for pleasure a perfect vacuum. Like other evils it is strengthened by exercise. It does not become a second nature, but assimilates itself into our real character.

Our acquaintance extends to some men who seem to be perfectly unhappy and have been ever since we knew them. They have won the disrespect of their classmates, and the indifference of others. The thoughts of their condition seem to haunt them; they ponder over them in their rooms; their sleep is poisoned by spectral visions, reflections in the glass, as it were, of their own characters. Their countenances express but too plainly their inward wretchedness. They are as cold as statuary marble. A look from them strikes one like a gust of wind

from Greenland. We look with pity upon such individuals, and would gladly aid them to throw off their hateful malady, would they not persist in looking at everything through their blue spectacles. They must start the reform themselves and revolution will speedily follow. They must bury the past, and live and act in the present. Real life is only in the present. What avails all this questioning of what we have been and what we shall be? What we *are*, is the problem for our investigation and solution. If we make good use of the hours as they pass, our past will be secure, and we may calmly await the unfolding of the future, which is, and always will be, hidden from our knowledge and only approximated by our conjectures. Emerson has said, "It is one of the illusions that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best in the year. No man has learned any thing rightly, until he has learned that every day is doomsday." The influence of our deeds we can never know. What we do to-day may little affect us, it may help us a long way on the road to success.

There is another chill by which many are affected while in college. It is that of unpopularity, which so few escape and so many fail in the attempt to avoid at so great a sacrifice. This is something that none of us should cultivate, nor yet altogether despise. We should all be willing to bear our share of criticism. We should expect it. No man can move among two hundred students and be without an enemy, unless he be a fool or a saint. It is better to have some to oppose than all to praise. It is a delusion to believe in the sovereign power of popularity, though the lack of it grates upon many individuals at every turn. Were it the result of true virtue, how desirable to obtain it; but it does not emanate from any such quality. Virtue is only respected. The man of pleasant counte-

nance, easy manners, moderate vices, and a full purse, is the popular man. He gains for himself many satellites and great publicity. He loses all his individuality. Bolstered and propped up by society brethren, he feels not the need of his own exertion. The better part of himself remains undeveloped. He completes his course a man only in name. A glance at him as an alumnus of two or three years' standing, reveals his true worth. He will almost invariably be found at the bottom of the ladder. His classmate who was of perhaps the least notice while in the academic halls, looks down upon him from his position on the upper rounds which he has attained by the exercise of common sense and application, and thus soliloquizes: "Behold the great man of my class, the man most adored and courted by his associates. How like the fly that sat upon the axle of the chariot and said, 'What a dust do I raise.' He has fallen from his support and is now, for the first time, conscious of his impotency. What a dangerous thing is popularity. How happily I avoided it, and enjoyed, rather, the chills of seclusion, which were but the forerunners of intellectual warmth and activity."

THE NOVEL IN TWO CENTURIES.

It was probably owing, in some degree, to a reaction of popular feeling and sentiment after the strict and solemn sway of the Roundheads, that the literature of England, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth century, bore its peculiar character. The sparkling and witty but licentious dramas of Congreve and his cotemporaries, together with the productions of such essayists as Addison and Steele, a style of literature graceful, easily flowing, not too much burdened with heavy thought, had nourished and directed the popular taste. Accordingly, the novels of the early part of the last century were racy, familiar, and eas-

ily read, dealing mostly with the characters and incidents of ordinary life, and treating them in a manner which, though not always delicate, was lively and humorous and suited to the times. There is an air about these old writings that is recognized at once, and which pervades them almost without exception. It is due, in great part, to their simplicity. Going somewhat farther back in literature we have the story of Robinson Crusoe. It is in some respects a great work; nevertheless its principal readers now are children.

So, too, the writers of this time were men of genius; but they wrote as if for children. Understanding well the capacity of the public, they made no work for their readers. The standard of education and intelligence did not admit of any long continued or serious thought. And so, abstaining from all abstruse questions of religion, philosophy, or science, the novelists of that day were fain to draw from the fountain of pure mirth and sentiment with an abandonment and prodigality more characteristic of the literature of the southern tongues than of that which was indigenous to England. The story is apt to be told in a rapid, rattling manner, with so little apparent aim and purpose, that we do not come into real sympathy with the actors, and acquire a lively and abiding interest in their fortunes, as we generally do in the perusal of the best modern novels.

Especially the female characters of these old works of fiction, such at least as are persons of good repute, are rather tame and uninteresting, remarkable only for their negative qualities. They are all cast in the same mould,—or, rather, cut by the same pattern, if that be considered a better figure. They are like the faces which we see in some of Hogarth's paintings, where a half-dozen figures might change heads without any inconvenience resulting therefrom. This quality of sameness, together with a somewhat forced manner and rather stilted sentimentality, is very apt to affect unpleasantly the modern

reader of ancient novels. But a great change came over English fiction. The era of Romance began. Supplied from a wealth of lore that could not be exhausted, and borne on by an imagination that never flagged, Scott began his mighty work.

England looked on in admiration and wonder as the history of Europe swept in one vast panorama before its gaze. Again the iron-cleaving Frank and the feather-severing Saracen encountered on the sacred soil of Palestine; again the fallen castle walls arose and were peopled with the life of old; again Robin Hood rallied his bold foresters; again the shield of the proud Templar rang ominously with the defiant blow from the lance of the mysterious champion; again the "long-legged, blue-eyed Scot" marched to seek his fortune in the wars of France; again the battle of liberty was waging in the countries of the Rhine, and the stalwart burghers stood in arms before their ruffian lords; again Elizabeth reigned in England, and again Cromwell was protector.

The writings of Scott stand forth by themselves, sharply defined on either side. No one has imitated him. It is as if a rich mine, which had yielded up its treasures abundantly for a season, had been closed forever from all meaner workmen, beneath the tomb of its discoverer.

After Scott, the novel dealt no more with mailed knights and castles gray, but came back to common things, and assumed once more a familiar garb. And yet not the same as before. Deeper going, farther reaching than in the days of Fielding and Richardson, the novel of to-day has substituted for the broad humor and crude sentiment which modern strictness and taste forbid, a cast of thought and seriousness such as the mood of former times would not have endured. Modern culture and intelligence call for something beyond the creations of fiction which in the time of our fathers were all-sufficient. The

Vicar of Wakefield was a famous novel; but how long would it live if published in the year '75 for the first time? It is doubtful whether it would be thought worthy even of adverse criticism. Nor do we think with some that the loss of popularity which such works have experienced, is due entirely to the vitiated taste of the present generation. If it be urged in our reproach that simplicity is no longer to our taste, it may indeed be confessed that simplicity and transparency of style obtained at the expense of shallow characters and ill-conditioned sentiment, is *not* able to satisfy the readers of the present time.

The public mind is agitated by great questions, and the spirit of reflection and inquiry has seized even upon the common people. The average literary stomach will no longer be content with milk and water, however it may be seasoned. It demands something stronger, something that requires mastication, something that will endure. To meet this want we find in Macdonald theology, in Bulwer metaphysics, in Disraeli and George Eliot politics, in Dickens and Charles Reade social science. It is a tendency of the times to inquire more deeply than ever before into the causes of things. Matters which the learned man of one or two centuries ago passed by as beneath his notice, not doubting, perhaps, that he knew of them all that was to be discovered, now engross the profoundest study of philosophers and men of science. So within the realm of fiction there is manifest a disposition for minute analysis of the motives of action and of the manifestations of human sentiment. Subtler and more penetrating than of old, present fiction satisfies present times, soon, however, in the natural course of things, to be left behind, and in the next century to be read, if read at all, by children.

Memorial Hall will probably be completed by next Commencement.

[COMMUNICATION.]

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Is there anything more exasperating than to wade through the snow to the library, week after week, for a certain book, and always find it "out"? That some books down in the catalogue are awlays out, has become so notorious that the very existence of such copies seemed to be traditions only, handed down from one College generation to another, by the lines occupied by their names in the catalogue. It appeared hardly possible that books should be again taken the moment they were returned, and many conjectures have been made as to where the books had vanished. They could not apparently have been lost, as when a book is detained over time the holder is promptly fined, as many of us know to our sorrow, and if the book is not returned it has to be replaced. One interested in this matter examined the College laws and found two sections in Chapter VI. relating to the use of books. They read:—

"30. The right to borrow books shall belong to the Faculty; to the Trustees and Overseers; to resident graduates and special students pursuing their studies at the College; to undergraduates; to the pastors of the Churches in Brunswick and Topsham."

"32. No *person* shall keep a book longer than four weeks; and all books borrowed shall be returned on Monday before each vacation. . . . If any *student* shall detain a book longer than he is allowed by law to do, he shall pay a fine of ten cents for each volume so detained, and a further sum of ten cents for every week he shall so detain each volume, allowing no fractions of weeks."

It will be noticed that while no person is allowed to keep out a book more than four weeks, only students are liable to any forfeit for disobeying the regulations. Remembering that a law without a forfeit is apt to be disregarded, our young investigator of ancient traditions, proceeded to the library on a tour of discovery. He found two books of register for loaned volumes, one on the Assistant

Librarian's desk for the use of students, and another on the desk of the Librarian, marked College officers. An examination of this book confirmed his axiom in regard to common law. He found that two books had been retained by the *borrowers* over eleven years, one over nine years, two over seven years, four over six years, five over four years, thirty over three years, five over two years, six over one year, making a total of fifty-five books, none of which had been in the library for over a year and most of them for a much longer time; also, thirteen books had been kept out over six months and nineteen over three months; total eighty-seven books that had not been in the library for a term. The question is, how much longer are these books to remain in a mythical condition?

The first lecture of the course in behalf of the Memorial Hall Fund, was given on the 14th inst., by Major Sanger. His subject was "The Encounter between the Monitor and Merrimac." The lecture was interesting because of the glamour which is clustered about that remarkable engagement, the most exciting incidents of which were faithfully depicted by the speaker. It was instructive, since the positions of the land and sea forces were plainly indicated by a map, and the structure of the vessels was illustrated by large drawings. The lecture was closed by a brief account of the advancement which has been made in the engines of war.

We hope that these lectures will be liberally patronized by the students. The idea is not so much to see how much money can be made as to show our friends abroad, who have done so much for the College recently, that a lively and practical interest is felt at home in all matters tending towards the good of the institution.

No Gymnasium this term.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

S. M. CARTER,
E. H. HALL,
S. L. LARRABEE,

F. B. OSGOOD,
G. R. SWASEY,
F. R. UPTON.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We call attention to a communication respecting the Library, in another column, and we think the facts mentioned deserve attention from those in authority.

Two rival papers, we understand, have been issued by the students, called, we think, the *Bowdoinensia* and *Bugle*. We are not able to pass any judgment concerning them, as no copies were sent the ORIENT for review; but, from what we hear from outside sources, we think they must be far ahead of anything that has ever been issued in the College.

A propos of the coldness of the chapel, one who knows, declares that it is always heated as well as it possibly can be, owing to the structure of the building and the style of the furnace used; and further, wants to know how the Faculty are to be blamed for what they can not help. If these gentlemen are in a quandary about this matter, we are sorry; and since there is nothing mean about us, will assist them all we can. The suggestion we offer is this: "*Why not make attendance on prayers optional?*" We do not expect a great remuneration for our advice if they adopt the plan. They are welcome.

We have all suffered more or less through the non-arrival of text-books in time to commence recitations at the first of the term, but the Seniors have suffered this term "to an extent hitherto unknown" by the delay attending the receptions of the books they were to use, both in Mental Philosophy and Constitutional Law. This annoyance has come to be not infrequent, and that too not through any fault of the College authorities, as a general rule, and certainly not in the above instance. Must we go on in this way, submitting to continual bother and delay, and finally paying a high price for the books when we obtain them? Why can't we have a College book store? We are aware that last year two members of '75 favored us for a while with such an institution, but are not informed as to the cause of its discontinuance. We should think that if parties in the Freshman or Sophomore Classes would take hold of the work, and thoroughly advertise themselves, they would get a fair compensation for their work and, at the same time, confer a great favor on the public. We have no doubt that the Faculty would gladly accede to any plan that would do away with the accustomed delay, and we know that the students would patronize such an enterprise. The question is, Who will do it?

LOCAL.

Motto for the Senior class. Don't quibble.

The majority of the students have reported for duty.

Wm. L. Palmer, who left the class of '74, has joined that of '75.

Lectures! "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

The "shorn lamb" would be a nice animal to have round some of these days.

1st Senior (enthusiastically)—"HO, for the blow-pipe analysis." 2d Senior, (dejectedly) "O, NO, CU shock me."

"You remember Virgil says, 'Joyfully Rusticus ploughs with wooden beak the white billows of the snowy campus.'"

Jones, of "our class," complains that his fire does not like his company, and when he comes in he most always finds it out.

That editor who froze his nose coming *up-town* the other morning, wants to put a flea in the ear of the clerk of the weather.

The students can't afford to go to the lectures. They heroically deny themselves of all luxuries, save their money, and go to the assemblies.

We won't mention the temperature of the chapel and recitation rooms. It would be to fly in the face of providence and to contravene the laws of nature.

"Please close the entry door." So say the dwellers on the first floor. It does not make so much difference to those living on the first floor from the top.

The Junior class takes up astronomy this term. This study has hitherto been one of the studies of the last year. The present arrangement seems better, for it comes in logical order with preceding studies, and before the student has forgotten all his mathematics.

A dove having evidently met its death from exposure, was found near the chapel steps the other morning. Some one coldly remarked that it doubtless lived longer than it would if it had got inside.

Fain would we let the drill and all that pertains to it slumber in the oblivion to which public opinion has rightly consigned it, but a ruthless hand has dragged it from its gathering ashes, and shaken again before our eyes its tattered remains. For all our sakes, let this suffice.

The person who sends us the following says: "If you have seen Noel Hope I will not attempt to describe him; but if not, I can't." The extract is *literatim*:—

NOEL HOPE, A.M., Ph. D., ex-instructor in elocution and modern languages at Bowdoin College, Me., will deliver some of his *recherché* dramatic sketches, Union Hall, Evanston, on the evening of Saturday, Dec. the 12th, '74. Commence at 8 o'clock precisely.—*Evanston Index*.

We are glad to learn that a College Musical Association has at last been organized. This, we think, is a step in the right direction, supplying a long-felt need. The organization was formed at the close of last term, and now has an octette earnestly at work upon the productions of the best musical writers. The primary object of the association is to awaken an interest in vocal music among the students in College. If sufficient encouragement be given to the enterprise, it is proposed that during the collegiate year a series of rehearsals be given, to which members will be invited and furnished with music for jubilee singing. The following are the officers of the association: L. A. Rogers, President; H. E. Hall, Secretary; A. T. Parker, Treasurer. Members of the Octette in practice: C. H. Wells, J. E. Chapman, 1st Tenor; C. W. Hill, Arlo Bates, 2d Tenor; L. A. Rogers, W. W. Sleeper, 1st Bass; H. R. True, H. E. Hall, 2d Bass; Will. H. Sanborn, Pianist.

A sight worth seeing—the streets of Brunswick by gas-light.

A disaffected student gave the following toast at a soiree down town: "The belles of Brunswick, they have plenty of brass but little jingle." We are glad to learn that the doctor visited him soon after, and he now wears a wig.

The back towns are being heard from. One of the boys reports the following as the result of his educational labors. He interviewed a strapping lass of sixteen as to the feminine of Monk. She smiled sweetly, blushed, and said, "Monkey."

A Senior intending to write an essay on "Firdusia, the Arabian Poet," has been searching the libraries for a few items of interest concerning the worthy gentleman, but has failed to discover even his name. He thinks of telegraphing to some "rover of the desert, wandering free," for information.

Mrs. Partington has lately been in town, and in telling Ike that she had attended church and "set in one of the transcripts": "You know, Ike, that I am a very noticeable woman, so I saw all the styles. I also went into the room of one of the editors of the College paper. It had a very sanctimonious look and oriental aspect."

It is a little yagger,
A very little sprout,
And from his little breeches
A little shirt sticks out!
It is a little dirty,
But for that he little cares,
As he entereth the doorway
And proceedeth up the stairs.
He gives a little tapping,
And then a little shout,
Takes your little five-cent piece
And cleans your spittoon out.

The "College Lecture Course" was happily inaugurated on Thursday Evening, Jan. 14th, by an address from Major Sanger on the

"Encounter between the Monitor and Merri-mac." Although the weather was such as usually deters people from patronizing public entertainments, Lemont Hall was well filled with a very intelligent and appreciative audience. The battle was graphically described, and the applause at the conclusion of the lecture was generous and hearty.

Some time ago we remember reading an account by Tyndall, showing how sound is entirely cut off by the atmosphere under certain conditions. We have often thought that Brunswick would have been a fine place for him to have tried his experiments, using the sound of the Chapel bell as his data. Sometimes it can hardly be heard down town, while at other times it is very distinct. On Sunday morning it changes its sound most, for then it often fails to be heard even in the rooms of those nearest to the chapel. We think that even Tyndall himself would be puzzled to explain this last phenomenon by any known law of sound.

Where are the librarians? It rouses our sympathies, and even our indignation, when we see a Freshman toiling up from his room outside, with fourteen ponderous tomes under his arm (we all know the mania of Freshmen for books), and with the rare and virtuous (likewise a Freshman trick) intention of returning them. He is obliged to lurk round the door, hugging his books like a delusive phantom, and trying the door at stated intervals of time, from two o'clock until three. Perhaps he goes in search of the man with the key. He discovers that he (said man) is either teaching school, or sick, or dead, or laboring under some similar calamity, and no provision made—none whatever—for his official duties, and, worse than all, drawing meanwhile a heavy salary. 'Tis not right. Alas for the Freshman, to be denied even the poor consolation of oaths profane, at least for the moment; though after he has reached his

own kingdom, bolted his door, primed his musket, God or his chum only knows, how he gives vent to his pent-up feelings. Again we ask, Where are the librarians? Three times we have endeavored to return a book, but now we have concluded that the book may go to—but we won't be rash—may gather dust on the shelf until the librarian calls for it and we charitably hope he will find us in; but we do not advertise this as he does.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'33.—Rev. Samuel Howard Shepley died in Blairsville, Pa., Dec. 18th, 1874. He is remembered with respect and affection as pastor at New Gloucester for nine years, and as Principal of Yarmouth Academy at two different periods, in which position he gave the Academy high reputation. Of late years he has been Principal of a Seminary for Young Ladies at Blairsville, Pa.

'39.—J. C. Talbot received the Democratic nomination for Senator from this State. We clip the following notice of him from the *Boston Journal*: "Mr. Talbot is a life-long Democrat, but not of the Bourbon wing of the party. He is fifty-six years of age, and has filled several political offices, and is a member of the present House of Representatives, serving his ninth term. In 1853 he was Speaker of the House. He is a lawyer by profession."

'61.—Gen. S. H. Manning, formerly of Lewiston, is now Sheriff of Wilmington County, North Carolina. The *Wilmington Post* pays Gen. Manning a high compliment.

'69.—James Dike is now in Boston. His address is 28 Milford street.

'70.—L. Howe, M.D., has hung out his

shingle in Buffalo, N. Y., No. 9 Niagara street. He studied some time in Vienna, after graduation.

'71.—Alfred J. Monroe died of consumption, on the 3d of January, 1875, at Pau, France, whither he went some time since in search of health.

'72.—Harold Wilder is still studying in Germany. He writes that he never appreciated how slow he was in moving until lately, when he came near being run over by a hearse.

'72.—Geo. M. Whitaker lately met with a very severe loss in the burning of the office where his paper, the *Southbridge Journal*, was published. He has started again under more favorable auspices, having bought out a paper which had been published in the same town; and with an entire new dress of type, his paper is better than ever before.

'73.—Geo. E. Hughes lately had a cake voted him in Bath, at a fair. He is intending to study abroad.

'74.—Moulton had reached the Pacific at last accounts.

'74.—R. A. Gray is now in Shasta, Cal., and writes in very good spirits, sending good council to all the boys "to work and dig like slaves."

'74.—Harry Johnson passed through here, Tuesday morning, Jan. 12th, on his way to Boston, where he intends to study two years or longer.

The *Chronicle* lately contained an account of the method of electing its editors, and the manner of dividing their duties. The *ORIENT* has had no system in the past; and the present board, feeling the evil of this, and wishing to reorganize the system of electing editors and the manner of publishing the paper, would be very grateful for any information as to the methods by which the other College papers are published.

EDITORS' TABLE.

In looking over our exchanges one can not fail to be struck by the similarity between the remarks by many of the editors before noticing their exchanges. We can not blame them, for we are one of the individuals that help make the general fact. Nothing more can be expected when the same topics are to be written about—the commencing a new volume, the end of their duties as editors, the large pile of papers that may have accumulated, the compliments of the season, and, we are compelled to add, the similarity of the papers. There are now two topics very prominent in the College press, as they ought to be, "The race between single skulls," as the *Leviston Journal* calls the Literary Contest, and the meeting of the Boating Association, and every paper, nearly, has its share to say concerning them.

The last number of *The Dartmouth* is the best one we have seen of that publication, and leads us to hope that the new board of editors mean to make it interesting and a fair specimen of what Dartmouth can do. The poorest thing in it is a story entitled, "A Narrow Escape," in which the author represents himself as going through some very startling adventures without any reference to probability. The story is a wretched one, not worthy of a place in a purely sensational paper. In contrast to this there is a thoughtful article on poets and fame, and a spicy piece called "A Bit of Allegory," which, representing the College as a large workshop, shows the follies of the marking system in a light that would please any undergraduate to read.

The Chronicle for Jan. 9 is a splendid number—every article in it has a direct bearing on College matters. If it can only continue through the year in the way it has begun, we think nobody would deny it to be one of the very best of the many College papers.

The College Spectator opens with "The Dying Year"—a poem we suppose it is, though we have not been quite able to make out the reason for the many italics that are used. On first sight we thought it might be a riddle, but not being able to solve it, we came to the conclusion that it was not. The writer of the article on the tunnel under the St. Gothard, we think would have done well to have copied the language of the Encyclopedia from which it has the appearance of being taken, for we think it would have probably been a great improvement in style. They would do well to apply the old saying that "example is better than precept" to themselves

For the little lecture they read their College exchanges, on grammar and good English, loses much of its force when such an expression as "gets on its ear" is used only a few lines above their remarks, "If College journalism is to raise its standard, first of all, good English must be used."

The Cornell Era has a very able review of the Literary Contest in New York. We think that the writer falls into the error which he so much deprecates in the criticisms of other papers, in judging the productions by too high a standard and criticising too severely. The notice of Mr. Cornell that appeared in a recent number was worthy of all praise, and struck us as being one of the finest productions of the kind that we ever read.

The Tripod contains an explanation of the late trouble in the North Western University, which shows that the trouble was very slight in comparison with the talk made about it. We hope they will enjoy Prof. Hope as much as we did. We should like to ask whether he *swings* a cane, and whether he still chants the "Yarn of the Nancy Bell." It seems almost like old times to see an item on Prof. Hope.

The last number of *The Ashbury Review* was a very fair one; but if, as they said, "a large number of excellent contributions were laid over for want of space," we can not imagine why they printed the article called "Theology vs. Infidelity," which is sadly out of place. The general tone of the article is on a par with the lack of taste displayed in signing it "Mulligan Guards." This paper is the only one that we now recollect which mixes advertisements and locals. We think it is in very bad taste.

The Rockford Seminary Magazine is a new exchange on our table, and is a paper, we might say, peculiar in itself as a College journal, for it does not contain a single local allusion that we could find.

The Portland Advertiser, which is one of our most welcome exchanges, particularly shines in its book notices. Many of its reviews would be well worthy of a place in *The Nation*. In a recent number, after a most severe and cutting criticism on Mrs. Ames's new novel, it says that it will praise it as much as it can by calling it by far the best of Mrs. Ames's several novels.

We clip the following from the *Harvard Advocate*, and wish that somebody could do the same here:—

"A Junior is preserving the official announcement of the abolition of Sunday morning prayers. He says it will be an important document for the history of American civilization."

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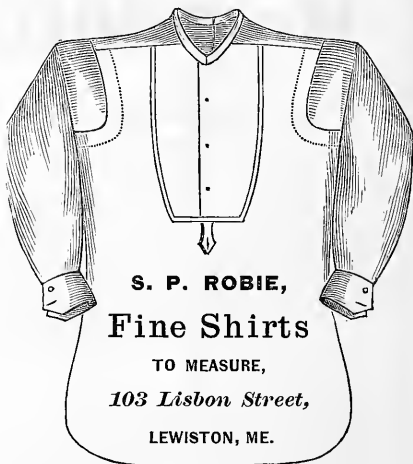
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VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 10, 1875.

No. 13.

WHY WE READ THACKERAY.

We all remember our first impression of Thackeray's novels. The suggestive names, the whimsical drawings, in such apparent contrast with the quiet, sober-looking page, wore an artificial air, and gave to the work the appearance of some long-drawn allegory, devoid of all earnest feeling, and in which the merest puppets of the fancy were introduced, and made to play their parts in the pantomime of the author's misanthropy. And, indeed, there is something typical in these characters. Thackeray was no romancer; it was not his genius to disregard the teachings of experience and go on to frame out of his own imagination ideal personages and extraordinary events. With a mind given to observing and reflecting rather than to creating, he studied men and their actions, not so much to discover rare and anomalous characters or incidents, as to mark resemblances and ascertain general laws. So it is no uncommon thing for him, in the course of the presentation, to step from behind the scenes, and, relying upon the good nature of his audience, proceed to show the application, or deduce the moral of any transaction that has taken place, or is about to take place, upon the stage. And yet, though we are thus led to perceive in the events and characters which he depicts, a wider significance than we are wont to find in the histories of fictitious personages, this does not destroy the illusion, or detract at all from the interest which the work inspires as the record of personal, individual lives. In fact, the actors in Thackeray's novels stand forth with peculiar distinctness and individuality; and long after the narrative is finished the memory of them lin-

gers in our minds as real beings, still upon the earth, and we half expect to meet them sometime in the flesh.

Why is it that the life of everyday people should interest us so deeply? Why do we cleave to certain ones as friends, who are no better or more deserving of friendship than a hundred others whom we pass every day with indifference? Why is it that in College halls we are so entirely satisfied with the society of our immediate neighbors? Thackeray believed, and has shown abundantly, that there is enough in the character and life of any man, be he ever so commonplace, that we shall find curious and interesting, if we can only find it. He is not content with exhibiting to us one side of a character, or the outside merely; he puts it to the test. We see it in good fortune and in bad, in joy and in sorrow, in love and in hate, in its strength and in its weakness, in all the circumstances which life is almost sure to throw around it, in all the qualities with which nature has endowed it. It is unfolded to us by degrees, like that of an intimate acquaintance; it grows and changes as our own characters grow and change. And in the process there are no broken links, no arbitrary results; "it is turned as clay to the seal" and bears the inevitable impress. So real, indeed, are these creations of his own brain that Thackeray half deceived himself. It was surely not from mere barrenness of imagination that he so often carried the same *dramatis personæ* on from one to another of his novels. Pendennis, to whom he has already devoted one volume entire, he does not choose to dismiss there, but causes him to reappear from time to time in his subsequent writings, thus following him on from boyhood

well-nigh to middle life, and never quite losing sight of him the whole way. Indeed, the author confesses at the close of one of his novels, his doubts whether these persons of whom he has been telling are not real beings, and it is with a sigh, which we distinctly echo, that he bids them farewell on the borders of Fableland. In truth, he had wrought so much of himself into his books, so much of what he had been and felt was told in them, that they could hardly be fiction to him. And if in his own experience and his long studying of men, Thackeray found that nothing human is perfect; if he found wrong and sin and sorrow only too common to the mortal lot; if he found that to live is to lose many of the bright fancies of youth, and that every year gives a soberer hue to life; if he learned all this and breathed it sometimes in his writings, shall we for that reason read or enjoy him the less? A little melancholy is common to the race; there are few that cannot, at times, interpret *Il Penseroso*.

If our author is sometimes disposed to rail at things as he finds them; if he sometimes dares to utter sentiments that are prejudicial to the most ancient and respectable institutions and customs, is he alone in that? Who is there among our readers that has ever sat with some College mate, when it was late at night and the people in the next room were abed, and in the confidence that time and place inspire, poured out with flushed cheeks and glistening eyes the doubts and broodings which in calmer moments never break the crust of conventionality and reserve? Such a one finds nothing cynical in Thackeray. He saw in men much that is mean, much that is weak, much that is base; but he saw, too, much that was generous and strong and noble; and in the darkest portions of his writings, when things seem most out of joint, and when the feelings aroused by the recital are most bitter and sad, there is still preserved some little image of purity and truth and love, toward which the

reader may turn and renew his faith. It is this deep vein of charity, a still abiding love for some things at least in the character of his fellow men, that endears Thackeray to us and relieves him from all just charge of cynicism. He was one

"Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true."

With all this, Thackeray is none the less a true satirist. There is a spirit and wit that pervades all he wrote and keeps a permanent hold on our interest. His conversations never lag; his repartees are well turned and keen; and when, as is sometimes the case in his portrayals of fashionable life, he relates a wordy combat between two sharp-tongued old staggers, the clash of wits is like an electric shock. Madame de Stael has said that the humor which comes from a knowledge of human nature has in it always a tinge of sadness. So we find it with Thackeray; and though his writings are illumined by a constant play of humorous fancy, we smile in reading them much oftener than we laugh. There is, however, nothing weakly in this melancholy, nothing puling or effeminate.

Thackeray's pathos is that of a great, brave, tender, generous nature, saddened perhaps by experience, but embittered only toward the base and unworthy, strong in the consciousness of victories won, and meeting the future with a heart yet undismayed.

WHY NOT?

The great influence seeming trifles have in modifying a man's mode of thought, his zest for enjoyment, can be readily seen in many instances. We all know how much the first turn that is given our thoughts, we might almost say our first prejudice about anything, has to do with our enjoyment of it. Often the slightest circumstance that may have prepossessed our minds, has nearly all to do with the train of thought, concerning anything.

Men will take jokes on the first of April which on any other day in the year would not be endured. Can anyone deny that the turkey tastes much better on Thanksgiving-day than on any other day? Is there not a charm about a Christmas or birth-day gift that would be totally gone if it were given on any other day in the year. Is not the pleasure in College sports and customs due in a great measure to the aroma tradition throws around them? We all enjoy new books; is it not in a great measure due to the fact that a slight interest is excited in them before we commence reading, by the thought that many others are reading them the same day? We might multiply instances, but we have cited enough for illustration. "How many things by season season'd are to their right praise and true perfection."

It is now the Centennial of the history of our country. We see in nearly every paper how people enjoy the thought of saying: "It was just one hundred years ago to-day that such and such events took place." It seems to inspire them with that power so necessary to appreciate any history; the power of, in a great degree, making the mind contemporaneous with events narrated.

We think it would please the popular fancy, if some leading paper should devote a part of its space to the history of the times one hundred years ago; dating the column 1775, and using the present tense, even perhaps, using the antique type and copying some of the many odd advertisements that figured in the papers of that date. We should be continually reminded in it of the slowness with which news traveled; for we should not allow them so to break in on the seeming reality after which we are aiming, as to publish the news from all parts of the world under the date on which it occurred, but we should have them make the column in a great measure the reproduction of the better part of the newspapers of the same date. It

would have correspondents abroad who should furnish descriptions of the march of events where they were stationed. They need not be restricted to the facts they might have known at the time; but they, with all deference to probability, might be allowed the great privilege of looking behind the scenes, through documents that have since come to light. How much more interesting it would be to read about the troubles in France at that time, if by some artifice we were made to feel as if we were living along with them; we could appreciate the reality much better if the same intervals of time elapsed in our lives, as between the events narrated. There would be no lack of material to fill up the column, as that time was one of the transition periods of the world, when history was being rapidly formed. There might be plenty of scandal thrown in to spice the more heavy accounts; and to please the ladies we should have full descriptions of the dresses that were worn at various public occasions. There could easily be woven in the account, letters from travelers describing the different parts of the world as they appeared then. It would be an excellent place to revive the old jokes that were floating through the press at that time. We might have reviews of the works that were being published, accounts of important discoveries, &c., &c.

We might go on and describe in general terms all that fills the columns of a paper of the present day, but we will leave that for our readers' better sense. We will not charge anything for the idea, nor need our readers expect that we are going to attempt any such record in the columns of the *ORIENT*; but as part of the immense reading public, we think that such an account might be made much more interesting than a great deal that fills the papers of the present day, besides giving its readers one of the very best histories of that time, in a manner that would be most apt to be remembered.

CLASS CANES.

Among the many recollections which have been called up during the past few weeks is one which dates back to about this time—Freshman year. We well remember how the fever for class canes came on during the early part of the term, and increased, day by day, until before the end of the term we felt it imperative upon us to take some decided measures to secure for the class proper walking sticks, with '75 conspicuously carved upon them. At that time, there was no one who for an instant questioned the absolute necessity of obtaining for ourselves the much-coveted canes, but there was excited debate and much feeling as to the manner in which they should be obtained and style in which they should be made. To make a long story short, we got our canes, and were ready to enter in upon that enjoyment which we expected to derive from them; but, alas! there was not one, I fear, who was not disappointed. Since then, they have been constantly appearing to us, demanding that our attention be turned to finding some use for them, or place in which to keep them. The general inclination was to use them as ornaments; accordingly, we proceeded to hang them upon our walls to suit the individual taste. Where two belonged in the same room they could be grouped together, thus making some graceful figure which generally assumed the shape of an X, which, by the way, could be varied by having the handles up or down. This mode of disposing of them seems to have given the best satisfaction. It has been objected that it gave a kind of sameness to College rooms, but, on the other hand, it makes your guest feel at home to be greeted by the familiar canes. They have been put to other and less dignified uses, and an irreverent friend went so far as to use ours for a stove poker. Many have been the plans devised to make them come in play, but among them all, few, if any, have ever hit upon the use for which they

were intended. '76 followed our example, but '77, either profiting from the experience of others, or from their own good sense, disregarded the custom. The time approaches when '78 must decide the momentous question, and we want to recommend to them that they follow in the footsteps of their immediate predecessors, who, though younger, yet with regard to this, at least, were wiser than those who went before them. Consider well, and don't invest in class canes unless you obtain a better idea of the place which they were intended to occupy in student economy than we had or have since obtained. S. M. S.

From a description of Syracuse University in the *Union College Spectator*, we clip the following:—

"Chapel is held at a respectable hour, 9.35 A.M., immediately after the first recitation. The room is pleasant and commodious,—capable of seating six hundred. Though attendance at services is not compulsory, to our surprise nearly all the students were present. The faculty appear in a body upon the platform, and produce a much finer effect than the distribution of a select few in sentinel boxes. The appearance of a score of ladies in the front seats strikes a visitor from a staid institution for males, as somewhat peculiar. He soon begins to admire, however, and concludes that they are decidedly more ornamental than carved work or fresco. Singing is a pleasant feature of the devotional exercises, is led by a lady organist and heartily supported by the faculty and students. The respectful attention and almost death-like stillness during worship, are particularly noticeable."

We understand that Prof. Packard will deliver the next lecture. His subject is "John Hampden."

Prof. Packard and Prof. J. B. Sewall attended the Annual Reunion of the Alumni of Bowdoin residing in Boston. Among the speeches made, that of Hon. Wm. D. Northend must be particularly gratifying to the students.

THE SONS OF BOWDOIN IN BOSTON.

[From the Boston Journal.]

The seventh annual reunion of the Alumni of Bowdoin College residing in Boston and vicinity was held at the Parker House last evening. The company numbered about forty, and included a good proportion of the graduates of the College living in Massachusetts, but several of those usually present were prevented by business or illness from attending. An hour or more was spent in renewing old friendships and giving and receiving news from mutual friends, and shortly after six o'clock the company was called to order for the election of officers. Mr. Dodge, the President of the last four years, declined a re-election, but he was overruled. The officers, who are the same as last year, with the exception of Vice President, are as follows: President, Hon. John C. Dodge; Vice President, Cyrus Woodman; Secretary, Daniel C. Linscott; Executive Committee, John C. Dodge, Cyrus Woodman, Rev. E. B. Webb, D.D., Rev. G. Gannett, J. R. Osgood, T. S. Harlow, and L. Marrett.

THE SPEECHES.

The company then repaired to the smaller banquetting hall, where one of Parker's excellent dinners was served after a blessing had been asked by Rev. Dr. Rufus Anderson. The President, then, after a few pleasant words of welcome, and a tribute to the advantages of small colleges as giving to the students the benefit of a more direct contact with the matured minds of the professors, instead of leaving them almost wholly to tutors, called upon Professor Alpheus S. Packard, whose term of service in the College has considerably exceeded half a century, to speak in the name of Bowdoin.

Dr. Packard was received, as he always is, with great enthusiasm, and was visibly affected. He returned his thanks to the brethren, and testified to the pleasure he always felt at being present at these meetings. He continued and enforced the remarks of Mr. Dodge as to the benefit to be derived from small colleges. As for Bowdoin, he could say that he did not believe there was anywhere to be found a more zealous, painstaking, and earnest body of teachers. He could properly say this, as he was now almost wholly withdrawn from the active duties of teaching. He thought there was an earnest desire on the part of every instructor to make constant improvement both in the matter and in the manner of teaching. There had been none of the interference between the departments that had been feared, but he thought there should be no thought

of abandoning the old classical training, which had been decided by the best educators to give a broader basis for usefulness in any occupation than any other.

Dr. Rufus Anderson, who was next called upon, excused himself from speaking at length, and only testified to his regard for the College and his faith in the education it gives.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the next speaker, made a very interesting speech. Allusion had been made to his recent recovery from an alarming illness, and after some good-naturedly impatient remarks about his several years' contest with law and medicine, referring to his difficulties in Turkey and his sickness in his own country, he instituted a contrast between European and American methods of teaching, favoring the latter as better fitting the student for active duty in any vocation. That had been his principle in founding Robert College, and the results had fully justified his choice.

Mr. William D. Northend of Salem, said that so much credit had been given to the instructors at Bowdoin, he thought the boys' side of the story should be heard. He believed that Bowdoin owed much to the quality of the young men she received from Maine—hardy, sturdy young fellows, who must work to live. He was not a Maine boy, and was entitled to speak of them. You couldn't have got up a rebellion among the little fellows at Cambridge. There wasn't the stuff of rebels in them. They would have complained and been sent home, and sent back again. But the Maine boys said they wouldn't drill, and they wouldn't, and the drill had to be abolished.

B. A. G. Fuller, Esq., made a humorous speech, in which, however, he introduced a tribute of respect to Mr. Trask, the anti-tobacco reformer, a Bowdoin alumnus, who recently died. Mr. Fuller discussed the question of fame at some length, taking the ground that it consisted in having one's name painted on a Highland horse-car. But this, he remarked, was only repeating history. Phaeton won his reputation by driving his father's horse-car. Pharaoh, too, was remembered, because the wheels of his horse-car "drove heavily." Solomon's fame was only crowned when he built a horse-car of cedar of Lebanon. And so on. Judged by this standard, only one of Bowdoin's sons, Governor Andrew, had reached the pinnacle of fame.

Speeches were also made by Mr. I. S. Harlow, Oliver Stevens, Esq., the Rev. George Gannett, and others. The occasion was an unusually pleasant one, and the company separated at a late hour.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The 28th Annual Convention of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity was held, under the auspices of the Beta Chapter, at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, on the third and fourth days of February, 1875. The delegates appointed to represent the Bowdoin Chapter were James M. Boothby, William A. Deering, and Wilson Nevens.

Since our last issue, three more of the Memorial Hall Fund lectures have been delivered. The second of the course was given by Prof. J. S. Sewall, on the "Adventures of the Japan Expedition." This lecture was a fine

one, and was listened to with marked attention by the audience. On the evening of the 28th ult., Prof. Vose gave us a familiar talk about "The Glaciers of the Alps." By the use of the black-board he presented the matter of the cause and movement of glaciers in a manner easily understood by the dullest. Thursday evening of last week, Prof. J. B. Sewall gave a discourse on "The Culture of Art," which evinced a large amount of study and investigation.

The success of this course of lectures is excellent. Had the gentlemen who have thus far spoken come to us from abroad, we think all would have been especially pleased with the ability shown, and with their graceful address.

In the midst of our severe New England winter it is not a very favorable time to consider out-door sports. There is something mysterious in the air which draws us to the coal fire, and which does not allow us, even in imagination, to stray about ball fields in any other condition than as men of "forty-seven overcoats"; indeed, the thought of sitting stripped to the waist in those wonderful pieces of mechanism familiarly called shells, does not impress a person as half so pleasant in fact as in fancy. Despite these things, however, the meeting which had been called for Saturday evening, the 30th ult., in the rooms of the B. B. B. A., to consider various topics in regard to sports for the approaching season, was largely attended, and very enthusiastic. The treasurer of the Ball Association made a report, which showed the treasury to be in excellent condition; so good, in fact, as to be very encouraging. It is proposed to do good hard work in this branch in the spring, and the Nine will begin practice just so soon as it is possible.

Boating was fully discussed, and the feeling seemed to be strong in favor of class races, to take place either in June or at Com-

mencement. In order to accomplish this, it will be necessary to procure two new boats, and the Sophomores and Freshmen have taken it upon themselves to get them. From various causes, the interest in boating has been somewhat dormant for some time past, but it seems as though it had again awakened, and it is good to see that it is so. Two things, interest and activity, are all which are needed to place us in the inter-collegiate regatta at the end of the third mile where we were at the end of the second in '72, viz., ahead.

College journalism has ceased to be an experiment. This infant of a few years ago, which consisted of two or three publications struggling for existence in the larger Colleges, has grown up with so great rapidity, that every College of any size has its journal or magazine. This growth has been rapid, and although it has been sufficiently vigorous to leave no doubt as to the continuance of its life, yet we find that the journalism of the present time lacks much of the strength and wisdom which experience will impart to it.

Nearly a year ago—luckily or unluckily—the ORIENT fell into the hands of its present board of editors, and as we feel that we are about to retire we can not refrain from saying a word about our successors. Our work has not been to establish, or assist to any great extent in establishing, our paper. It was already able to stand alone when we received it. While those who have gone before have secured for it a good hope of permanency, yet they have but made a beginning in establishing a first-class journal. They, as everybody else, have recognized the weaknesses and deficiencies of their paper.

The present board have endeavored to keep at least up to the old standard, but they have never been blind to their short-comings. It is now as we are about to leave our work to other hands that we feel more and more

the desire to do something to place the ORIENT on a firmer basis than ever before.

It is of vital importance in undertaking to publish a paper—especially in a College of this size—that the very best men for the place should be elected to the board of editors, and that their qualifications for the position should alone be considered in their choice. It is not only necessary for the prosperity of the paper, but it is also due to the College that this exponent of hers should be conducted by her ablest sons. In the past the ORIENT has been published *nominally* by the successive classes. When a new year is to be begun a class meeting is held, at which every member is entitled to a vote, and the editors are elected. When this is done the class seems to think its work is completed. They take no more responsibility upon themselves, and it is a very rare occurrence for any one of them to contribute an article to *their* paper. Now it is about this mode of election that we wish to speak, and that too with no other motives than a desire to assist in the future prosperity of the paper. In the first place, we fail to see the justice of making the editors depend for election on the votes of men some of whom not only feel no concern about what the columns of the ORIENT are filled with, but who do not even feel it an incumbent duty to *subscribe* for it. Are these the men who will be likely to perform the difficult task of selecting a board of editors carefully and wisely? Then bring in that element of intrigue and wire-pulling which has of late surrounded class politics, remembering also, that every man is viewed to a greater or less extent through the colored glass of society prejudice, and what are we to expect from a class election?

The other alternative is to make the ORIENT to a certain extent a private institution, as many College papers are, and have the board of editors perpetuate itself—the retiring board elect its successors. We are well aware that it can be said in opposition to this, that none

can judge so well of a man's abilities as his classmates. All this is very true, but has experience taught us that they use their judgment in the matter? It is the result alone that we look at. We care nothing about the manner in which it is brought about as long as we have a good board of editors chosen. On the one hand, we depend on a class, admitted to be better competent to judge, but subject to the many interests and prejudices which influence a class election, and affected by the votes of some who are indifferent to the result. On the other hand, we have to look to the retiring board, with what resources they have at their command to inform themselves of the abilities of men in a lower class, with interest in the prosperity of the paper, with their perfect freedom from personal ambition, with their ability to thoroughly discuss each man, all of which combine to render it highly probable that they will conscientiously and impartially use their best judgment in the matter.

In addition to this one can only have an appreciation of the peculiar qualities which are requisite in each man in order that the board, as a whole, may be a strong one, after he has had some experience in the matter.

The question is, By which method will the best result be obtained?

We make these suggestions for the consideration of the Junior class, and after they have thought them over, if they should consider them of any value, we should be glad to have a conference with them and see if we can not agree upon some plan which shall promote the interest of all. We, on the one hand, are not satisfied with the present custom, and they, on the other, might think us usurping their rights if we were to elect our successors. Of course no move can be made unless it is satisfactory to all concerned, for the ORIENT must have the undivided support of the students in order to attain any high degree of prosperity.

LOCAL.

It is very quiet in College now.

The *Patten Tribune* can be found in the Reading Room.

The Seniors have at last been supplied with "Manuals."

We understand that the catalogues for 1874-75 are out.

Now and then a blouse can be seen, but, like the coats of blue once so common, they are rare.

There will be one "Modoc" less this term, for his scalp hangs up in one of the rooms of Maine Hall.

When boys stop up the chapel door and delay the ringing of the seven o'clock bell fifteen minutes, a thrill of satisfaction must steal over them.

Prof. Carmichael has been appointed a Member of the Board of Agriculture. H. R. True of '75, and R. Peary of '77, are State Taxidermists. Who treats?

At the auction of the Reading Room papers there was a ready sale, but some of the publishers and editors would not be flattered at the price obtained—"ole clo'" prices.

A promiscuous superfluity of glacial excrescences commingled with concomitant icy phenomena, renders the pedestrian liable to an uncongenial proximity with terraqueous combinations.

Prof. (speaking of the transmission of sound)—Mr. S. if you should hear the whistle of an engine out of sight of the station, could you tell in which direction the train was moving?" Mr. S.—"Yes, sir; I think I could." Prof. (astonished.)—"What! is there anything in the tone of a whistle by which you could determine?" Mr. S.—"No, sir." Prof.—"How then could you tell?" Mr. S.—"By the number of the whistles."

They play "Rounce" now in the North end of Appleton.

One new man has joined the Senior class, and also one enters '76.

Look out for your ashes and slops, they may rise up in testimony against you.

Vacations easily obtained after the 15th. You don't even have to put in an excuse.

The Athenians have purchased a new stove. Now if they only had some wood.

Prof.—"What verbs do not have an object?" Student—"Sum doesn't." Prof.—"And some do."

When the yeas and nays of the Seniors were called in regard to "Mahan's Outpost," the nays had the ascendancy.

Will Thompson is the happy possessor of a beautiful lily in full bloom. It looks all the more tempting by contrast with the outside atmosphere.

It is said that '78 are going to buy a class boat. We are glad of it, only don't get excited, keep cool. If you had had the boat last Wednesday night, who knows but what you would have been pulling down Main Street and have got yourselves into trouble.

We like to encourage piety, and do sincerely wish that every student in College felt the power of the spirit strong enough to read two "chapters" each night just before he "puts him in his little bed"; but when one man, allowing no division of labor, takes all the burden, and chants by the hour, coming it strong and full like a Methodist minister at a camp meeting, it grieves us; and when this occurs under our bed-room, it does worse, it keeps us awake. A Junior says that dropping twelve-pound dumb-bells at the rate of two hundred and forty per minute, on the floor above, is a good receipt for the cure of this habit.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'26.—Died, Fitchburg, Mass., Jan. 25, 1875, Rev. Geo. Trask. Well known for his efforts, both in lectures and by his tracts, against the use of tobacco.

'43.—C. M. Cnmston and W. H. Moulton, '74, in company with two other gentlemen, recently made a visit to the Yosemite Valley. The *San Francisco Bulletin* speaks of the trip as one which has been very rarely attempted in winter.

'55.—Thomas H. Little, A.M., Superintendent of the Wisconsin Institution for the Education of the Blind, died at Janesville, on Thursday, the 4th. He suffered severe injury in endeavoring to save a pupil, when the institution was burned last summer, and the care and labor of the summer had reduced him to such an extent that he sunk under an attack of pneumonia after only a few days of severe illness. Mr. Little was the oldest son of Thomas Little, Esq., of Augusta, Me. After a year or two of teaching, he gave attention to the education of the blind, in Ohio, Louisiana, and finally in the institution at Janesville, which he managed with rare success for about twelve years. He leaves a widow and four young children. The deceased had an insurance of \$10,000 on his life.

'55.—Hon. Wm. L. Putnam of Portland, is writing a biographical sketch of the late Hon. George Evans, '15, to be read at the next meeting of the Maine Historical Society. Mr. Putnam was the law partner of the distinguished subject of the biography during his last days, and is well qualified for the task which he has undertaken.

'56.—Died in Dakota Territory, Charles H. True. He was private Secretary of Governors Coburn and Cony; was associate editor of the *Portland Evening Star*; removed

to Dacotah, and became editor of the *Vermilion Republican*. He was born in Litchfield, Maine.

'59.—A large company of the friends of Rev. Amos Harris, former pastor of the Baptist Church, visited Weston, Mass., Tuesday afternoon, and presented to him a sum of money, amounting to two hundred dollars. The affair was a complete surprise, Mr. H. being away at the time of the arrival of the company. Mrs. H. was the recipient of a handsome camel's hair shawl, given by the ladies of the society. After partaking of a bountiful collation, the company returned home at an early hour.

'60.—Rev. Chas. S. Perkins was installed as pastor of the Casco Street Baptist Church in Portland, Thursday, Feb. 4. He was born in Auburn, Oct. 25, 1835, and graduated at the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1864, was settled in Providence seven years, and Greenville, R. I., two and a-half years. The installation sermon was preached by the Rev. C. F. Penney of the same class.

'67.—James P. Dixon is teaching in Great Falls, N. H., with great success.

'71.—W. P. Melcher is attending medical lectures at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia,—first course. He will be through in about a year.

'73.—A. J. Boardman has been in town.

'74.—A. G. Bradstreet was in town last week. He is now putting up a new iron bridge in Lewiston, having sole charge.

'74.—E. N. Merrill was in town last week. He is reported as speaking French and German very fluently.

'74.—S. V. Cole has accepted the position of temporary Principal of the Grammar School in Brunswick.

'74.—Harry Johnson is going to study in Berlin, Prussia, not Boston, as stated in our last issue.

'74.—L. H. Kimball has recently returned from his California trip. He is now in Bath.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A very sensible article appeared in a recent number of *The Dartmouth*, calling for more honest criticism from their exchanges. It asked for fearless criticism, not prompted by the thought of appeasing their exchanges with a few flattering words, so that their own productions should not be criticised in return. There is one kind of criticism,—or, rather, remarking upon an exchange,—which we very much dislike; it is criticism in general terms, without a word of true criticism, adverse or favorable: The — is a very fair paper; or, It is quite poor; or, On the top of our pile, or at the bottom; or, It contains an article entitled so and so. For our part we would much rather see the name of the BOWDOIN ORIENT in the list at the bottom of the column, than to feel that in all probability the editor who was reviewing the papers had read no farther than the title. We think there is nothing like sharp criticism. The editors of a paper can not be impartial judges of the productions that appear in their columns, since they can not separate the author from his writing; but an outsider, seeing the article only, could form a just opinion of its merits.

Then many writers are safe in the armor of their own self-conceit, while none of their friends dare attempt to penetrate it. Yet a good honest criticism will generally find a weak spot in it, and make the writer feel that perhaps he is not so able as he thinks himself. But, on the other hand, if there is anything to praise, praise it. The editors of this paper have *The Magenta* to thank for a very sharp criticism on their first number. It made them put their heads together and do their best to improve. They have also many of the College papers to thank for a few words of praise when they had worked faithfully to improve.

We know that in our criticisms we have often broken the rules we lay down for others, and perhaps in the future may seem to break them; but, if that is the case, we must ask our readers to pardon us and make some rule that will cover all cases. We have simply expressed our prejudices in one particular, and if there is any reason in them we ask others to act on them.

The Magenta has an appeal to the students at Harvard to write for the College papers. We must confess that we were a little astonished at their being compelled to do so. We supposed that with the immense body of students at Harvard they were only troubled as to what they should choose from the many contributions that were handed in. We

looked in vain through their columns for later particulars of the terrible conflict in which two innocent and lamb-like Harvard students were knocked down and handcuffed by two of the brutal and God-forsaken, and, we should be tempted to add, long-suffering policemen of Cambridge, for humming an air on the College grounds when returning from the opera. The last *Advocate* contained such a convincing statement of the case, and such a scathing denunciation of the policemen, that we expected nothing less than to read of their dismissal, and that even the mayor himself had apologized to the students for the ferocity of his policemen.

The first number of *The Trinity Tablet* under a new board of editors, is promptly on hand, which leads us to hope much from them. Their literary department in the last number could not have kept the editors awake many nights thinking how to fill it, for an account of the Boating Convention with the rules in large type is easy matter to prepare. The opening editorial expresses the hope that they will have stacks of communications before the next issue. If they do, they ought to publish it in letters of gold and be heralded abroad as the champion editors, for there is no paper that exchanges with us, but the editors of which have to accept the stern fate of writing nearly everything themselves. We should like to ask what the matter was with the types on the bottom of page ten and top of page eleven. We clip one item from it and hope it may serve our readers in good stead every day:—

"A student made a call on a young lady the other night, and found another fellow there; so he resolved to *out-sit* him. After he had been there an hour, he proceeded to remove his overcoat and make other demonstrations; but the other fellow wouldn't take the hint 'worth a cent'; after he had waited until nearly twelve, he left in despair. His chagrin the next morning can be easily imagined, when he learned that the other fellow was a cousin of the young lady, and intended to *stay all night*."

We think it speaks very well for the taste of the editors of the *Tyro* in copying a poem called "Millais's Huguenots," from the *Spectator*, but not so highly for another quality in not crediting it, though we have the charity to suppose that they had good reasons for not doing so. In asserting their own in their exchange column, we think they come off best; we hope the *Yale Record* will criticise them again, to see if they will be able to give as good as they receive. We feel inclined to offer odds in favor of the ladies.

The last number of *The Bates Student* is better than the average, both in appearance and literary merit. We are glad they explained the article on

wealth that appeared in the December number as being intended for fun, for we thought then that the writer of it must have been an idiot, and never dreamed that it was meant to be funny. We hope the students at Bates will enjoy the article on "Some Philosophical Terms," which, from a cursory glance, seemed to be largely made up of quotations from the various authorities on metaphysics. We do not enjoy reading such articles in College papers and we should advise the editors of *The Student* to aim after articles of a lighter nature, for we think that in all their many readers, there will not be five who will read such an article.

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VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 24, 1875.

No. 14.

CHORUS FROM "ANTIGONE."

Beam of the morning light that breaks
O'er our own Thebes of seven gates,
Most beautiful light of by-gone years
Which now upon our sight appears,
Hail! golden eye of golden day,
Which tints with roses Dirce's spray!
Well hast thou driven with swifter rein
The Argive, when his troops were slain,
That haughty leader, vain, unjust,
His gleaming armor soiled with dust!
Late leading whom against our land,
Bad Polynices did command;
Right eager he, chief power to gain
(Indeed, he wished his brother slain),
As eagle-like, with screech and yell,
Swooped down upon our citadel,
A tide of warriors snowy-white,
Their horse-hair helmets shining bright!
Though halting high above our towers,
And hurling bloody spears in showers,
Besieging every separate gate,
He went away, nor did he wait
To glut his impious jaws with blood,
From our own hearts a welling flood,
Nor fire our shrines and temples grand—
Their coronets of towers still stand.
So great a din of war arose
Behind the backs of routed foes,
For Zeus a boastful tongue detests;
And, seeing pride mount in their breasts,
As headlong toward the city rolled
This rattling stream of burnished gold,
With fiery shaft he overthrows
One who along the rampart goes,
And thinks his course at end to be,
And even now shouts "Victory!"
Dashed down, upon the earth he fell,
Upon his shield emblazoned well,
And passionate breathed forth his life,
With furious, hostile feelings rife.

Great Mars to some good fortune gave,
To more, a lone and darksome grave.
The seven captains, each in place
Before a gate, fled in disgrace,
And left their brazen panoplies
To Zeus, who God of Battles is;
Except the brothers two who came
From father, mother both the same—
These had the lot of common death;
And with their last expiring breath
Assailed each other; while their spears,
Now doubly-conquering, blood besmeared.
For glory-giving victory came,
Rejoicing in fair Thebes' great fame.
The war is over! Now forget
The sun of peace from sight did set!
It now is risen! Let's rejoice
The livelong night, and raise the voice
To praise the Gods. Let Bacchus lead
The dance! Now to our task proceed!

"K."

LITERARY MEN.

A peculiar organization of society is necessary for the production and support of men whose entire powers are devoted to literature, and whose livelihood is dependent on the reception of the product of their exertions. One of the most essential conditions of this organization is a sufficiently high standard of culture to insure the correct appreciation of real merit, and the speedy rejection of inefficiency, for without this no inducement is extended to the man of fine ability and erudition, while for him below mediocrity the incentive offered is incalculable. However enthusiastic a man may become over a specialty, however much he may feel that by application and careful research he could master the subject and give to the world re-

sults of great importance, he will not be persuaded to devote himself exclusively to the task unless he be moderately confident that the public is competent to understand the value of his toils, and possesses the disposition to reward him accordingly. It has been a generally accepted truth that a young country does not afford the combination of circumstances, together with other considerations, requisite for the creation of an indigenous and meritorious literature. The universality of this conviction has often caused the harsh criticism of many a worthy, but hastily examined, work of American authorship; intrenched and protected behind this fortification, it was preposterous to ascribe credit to such a writer.

Although our literature embraces a fair share of respectable names, they are separated by so long intervals of time, it is not strange the impression should have become prevalent that we have never begotten any writers of special excellence. Our authors have been compelled to strive singly against much adverse criticism. For one man unaided, following strictly the precepts of no particular school, to build up, as it were, a literature which by its own intrinsic strength and majesty wins the admiration of mankind, which is ever after esteemed a model of its kind, is an honor not granted to many. Homer, pre-eminent among the Ionic and Æolic bards, singing with his inimitable sweetness, with a harmony which has found rest in the hearts of the cultivated of all succeeding ages, unappreciated and unknown by the masses only because of the bar of an unfamiliar language, achieved enough to alone immortalize the Greek tongue and insure the perpetuity of epic poetry. Dante, by the forces of his wonderful imagination, wove tales so weird yet bright, so stirring yet at times so soothing, as to give them a distinctness amounting almost to reality. The fame of such a one is dependent upon no contemporary support. Shake-

speare, disregarding to a large extent the principles of all the English schools, by his tremendous mental capabilities elevated the drama from oblivion and established forever the celebrity of English literature. But these three are placed afar off from other men. They belong to no particular nation. They are the world's children, idolized by every heart; and hence it is, perhaps, that when we think of one of them, the country is overshadowed by the man, and we praise not the land of his nativity, but the mind of the author.

Ordinarily, however, the reputation gained by a people is due to the united efforts of a group of writers whose creations are not individually remarkable, but whose combined ploddings tend toward the elevation of literature. Thus England, in connection with Scotland and Ireland, has renown second to none as a land of literature, but it would, perhaps, trouble us to mention a more distinguished living author than Thomas Carlyle, who is certainly equaled, if not surpassed, by many Englishmen engaged in kindred pursuits.

So is it with us. The memory does not immediately summon a writer who by the common consent of critics and readers would be lifted above the heads of all others. Yet most of us have a conviction that there is something commendable and valuable about American literature of the present day; and, although this belief has not been loudly trumpeted abroad, it remains not the less firmly seated in the mind, nor would it be easily destroyed. In Bancroft we have our Macaulay, while the histories of Motley have been read and admired by other than his own countrymen. The frankness and simple spirit of Francis Parkman's style have led us willing captives with him through descriptions of the customs, superstitions, and deeds of the aborigines, while a recital of the dangers to which the missionaries who attempted the conversion of these savages were subjected, has kindled

within us a sincere respect for those early Jesuit laborers. We do not rise from a reading of either Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, or Holmes with a sense of satiety, but rather with a feeling of pleasure and elasticity, caused by the delicacy of the poets in their beautiful wielding of words.

But perhaps the most truly characteristic portion of our literature is that which makes its appearance in the magazines. As the *Spectator* influenced the intellectual taste of England, raising it from the enjoyment of a style not entirely chaste to the appreciation of undefiled discussions upon criticism and morality, creating habits of inquiry and study within the domestic circle which grew stronger and stronger,—so our magazines, though working on different elements, and without the advantage of Addison's pure English, can but do the same for America, in many respects. Whatever may be the decision in relation to other departments, that of essayists is assuredly subordinate to none in extent, learning, or originality. Around the periodical these *literati* gather and reveal their best thoughts upon its pages. Scattered about the rooms of all the homes of the land, these publications furnish the busy husband and wife, or the maturing child, with reading material which occupies many spare moments.

From this general dissemination of good literature there must be a great increase in the culture of the lower classes, especially those of the country, who are removed beyond the reach of libraries, and who are unable to afford the luxury of a private collection of books.

LOADING.

Aristotle has said that whoever delighteth in solitude must be either a wild beast or a God. We would not attempt to deny the general truth of this statement, yet we venture to say we can easily point out many men in College, not even approximating to the

divine in their natures, who would be delighted to partake of absolute solitude for a few days. It requires a man endowed with a more than average will and an application almost superhuman, to sit down and profitably read Bancroft or Macaulay, in a room where six or seven others are conversing at the tops of their voices, or amusing themselves with a game of cards. It is ridiculous for one to think of discussing satisfactorily to his own mind the various theories of metaphysics amid such a scene. Yet every day gives evidence that such a lot has fallen to not a few. The men who have made themselves most agreeable to their classmates are most afflicted with loafers. Their generosity and hospitality have drawn around them a crowd that never thinks that its continual presence may become a bore.

There are several bands of professional loafers in our College, corresponding to the different sets or societies. We presume it is so in all educational institutions; we know it was at the fitting school. Every band has two or three headquarters, or depots, where they daily congregate. Their time is generally divided about equally among their most popular friends, whose rooms they appropriate and disarrange to suit their own convenience. They are always smokers, and although your tobacco disappears marvelously, you would be perfectly silent and apparently pleased if they would not condemn the quality. When a man who has loaded a monstrous pipe from your store, and like a volcano has vomited forth smoke and lava until you can neither see plainly across the room nor safely approach within two feet of your spittoon, gets up and says "I don't like that tobacco," you don't feel just right. You don't know as you like him; his room would be more agreeable than his company. Loafers have their peculiarities and characteristics like all other classes of men. A tall, melancholy-looking man comes into your room. It is too cold, your chairs are uncomfortable, nothing that you possess

seems to harmonize with his mind; yet he sticks to you like a mule to a stack of hay.

Pretty quick another comes. He is well dressed, and has a pompous address that would fain make you believe your guest no inferior personage. You cannot help commencing the conversation, although you know that ten minutes afterward you will be cursing the day that man came into possession of this faculty. Your visitor takes up the cue and runs on with such a rabble that you only wonder how long he can go without being wound up again. You are equally surprised at the abundance of his speech and the scarcity of his ideas. His expression is much better than his impression. You tire of his monotony, and nervously pull out your watch to see how long before the bell will call you to a more profitable exercise.

The door opens, and another light shines in your presence. A harmless-looking individual, whose beard all grows upon the top of his head, which is crammed full of the technicalities of a College course, wants to write a letter. He takes out your stationery, scribbles awhile, then tears it up, saying, "It's of not much importance, guess I won't write to-day." He then immediately begins a discussion on rank. Wants to know what honors you expect, and if the last prize was rightly conferred.

While you are considering in what way to answer him, you are interrupted by a short, good-looking, curly-headed fellow, who earnestly solicits a game of whist. Being unable to effect his wish, he snatches up the cards and seats himself, apparently feeling much hurt, at a game of solitaire. You are now expecting that big-bellied, bullet-headed classmate, who can sit so comfortably and listen to any kind of conversation, ever remembering to bring out a good round oath at the proper time. He is now one of the company. But the circle is yet incomplete. It needs that little man of the phlegmatic temperament, to

drink in the conversation of a whole hour without uttering a word, to perfect the circuit.

When your fire-place becomes the centre around which sparkle all these wits, your sanctum becomes transformed into a pandemonium. Fortunately they remain with you but half of the time, for there is another mutual friend who must not be slighted. But when he closes his door, or inhospitably refuses them the weed, woe is unto you. It is like keeping a hotel, as you are expected to furnish everything, and that of the best quality; but it is very unlike it in that you receive no remuneration for your pains, which is the principle object of keeping public house. There are times when we like to spend an hour, even in such society, but to have them intrude themselves upon us at all times, with the idea that they are keeping us company, grates upon the harsher chords of our nature. We begin to feel that "a crowd is not company, fairs are but a gallery of painting, and conversation but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love." It is a good thing to have a few friends—human nature requires it. The heart rebels against monopoly. It cherishes no joys that are not increased, no griefs that are not lessened, by imparting them to an associate. We have all sorts of prescriptions to open and perfect the organs of the body, but there is no receipt that can open the heart like a true friend. So, also, there is nothing that will close so tightly all the avenues to one's affections, weaken his joys, strengthen his sorrows, and substitute for the pleasant smile the solemn look of melancholy, like too many or a few false friends. There is a certain bond of friendship which unites all classmates, but it is not of that kind that qualifies everyone to be the room-mate of another. We all have preferences, and we like to assert them, especially in this matter. If we want a mate we like to select him ourselves, and not have him force himself upon us. There are not half-a-dozen men in Col-

lege to whom one would willingly give access to all his possessions, yet every loafer takes it for granted that such is his privilege.

We would not decry sociability among College students. But we think there is need of a social reform in Bowdoin. We have run to extremes. The better half of the students are too much reserved, while the remainder are altogether too free. Both are in the wrong. It would be well for each one to ask himself to which party he belongs, and having ascertained, throw off his reserve or restrain his freedom.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following characteristic letter will be read with interest by the many friends the writer has among "the boys." The unique style speaks for itself, and we think will be introduction enough to those who have known the composer:—

CHICAGO, *Feb'y 15th, 1875.*

Dear G.,—I received your "phiz" O. K. Have sent it on to Kansas to prevent the grasshopper plague next season, for you couldn't get even vermin to enter a State where that was. Left Boston one week ago to-night "sober"; turned in just after we left Springfield—which, by the way, is a small town on the banks of Mike Harrigan's saloon; look it up. When we pulled up at Syracuse, N. Y., for breakfast, I was well to the front. You know what a twenty-minute railroad breakfast means, and can imagine that I didn't lose any time in tying my shoe-strings. Had just got well on my second cup of coffee, when some one gave me a wipe over the face with a fur cap. As I hadn't previously wiped my face, I should not have minded it, had it not upset my coffee. In an instant I was up, ready to put in Dole's "fifth course," when I was greatly relieved to find it was one of the East Hampton boys—of Brooklyn. He was bound "somewhere," and expected to bring up in San Francisco, so we concluded to work along together. We changed cars at Rochester for Niagara. (For description of the above rapids, see Prof. Alcott's American travels.) We left the train at the suspension bridge, which you know is about two miles below the falls proper.

This bridge is a mathematical wonder, constructed by the engineer who is spending money on the East River bridge. When we had satisfied our curiosity we began looking about for a team to get to the falls proper. And here let me put in, in a low tone, that the most imposing thing about Niagara is the imposition practiced upon the Gentiles (this being biblical for foreigners). The hotel clerk kindly informed us that as it was out of the season he could get us taken down to the falls for five dollars. We told him "we warnt goin' on that train." After scouring round awhile we found a party who did similar favors for the public for fifty cents per capita. Without further consideration I chartered him and took a through ticket, payable at the last station. The only feature of Niagara at this season is the ice bridge, extending across the river just below the American falls, from which you look up into the very face of the cataract. Our driver was a most stupid fellow. I showed him where the water had cut its way down into the solid rock; argued from this that the fall must soon eat its way down to the level of the river below, on a principle that I claim as original, viz., "Drops of water day by day will wear the hardest stone away." I showed him Agassiz's statement of where the falls would be in a million years, and told him he had better sell out, and wound up by offering him a dollar and a-half a dozen for his horse before his business was ruined; but he still remained immovable. Dolt! As I am expected to appear on the floor of the Chamber of Commerce before it closes, I must hasten to say farewell.

Wise or otherwise, I remain your stranger,

A—.

We are glad that the Juniors have decided to allow the present board to elect their successors. We thank them for the compliment, and we will try and do our best to merit it by electing a strong and equitable board. The advantages of this method were set forth fully in our last issue, and we hope that the precedent now established will tend to make the ORIENT a much stronger paper than ever before.

Prof. Vose lectured on the "Old Glaciers of America," instead of Prof. Packard as announced. The lecture was very interesting.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

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E. H. HALL,
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F. B. OSGOOD,
G. R. SWASEY,
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The exchanges of the ORIENT have been placed in the Reading Room, and if any of our readers wish to know to what an extent the passion for journalism prevails among Colleges he will only have to look at the size of the pile that accumulates each fortnight.

The oration before the Alumni at the approaching Commencement will be delivered by the Rev. George B. Cheever, and the poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, both of whom graduated from Bowdoin in 1825. Nathaniel Hawthorne was in the same class, and in his "Note Book" he has given us quite

a lengthy and interesting description of one of his classmates whom he had just met for the first time since graduation. We are all of us more or less acquainted with the gentleman of whom he wrote. John S. C. Abbott, the historian, was also a member of this class.

We do not know whether any special exertions have been made to secure the attendance of the members who are still living, which is quite a respectable number, but we think it would be pleasant if the larger part could be present to celebrate their semi-centennial.

We almost feel as though we must apologize for taking up space to comment on the state of the General Societies in College, and it is not now to undertake the hopeless task of reviving in them to any degree the interest which the Secret Societies have so entirely drawn away. The lamentable fact that Athenæa and Peucinia are dead, as literary societies, stares us in the face; and, however lamentable it may be, it is none the less true. Although the time is past when their members assemble to test their abilities in debate, and the literary and honorary positions of these societies have long ceased to be sought after, yet their libraries—or a part of them—still remain. It is in the books stored within their halls that we feel interested. It is needless for us to describe the abuses which are practiced upon these libraries. In the first place, they have not for a long time been regularly kept open—to be sure there have been spasmodic periods of regularity, but it has not been the general rule. Then, again, the librarians have been almost powerless to enforce the return of books, and the treasurer equally so to collect the dues. Persons taking books out seem to feel no care whatever of them, and instead of returning them to the library loan them to whoever wants them. As a result of this, while the catalogue says that the Peucian Library contains over 7000 volumes and the

Athenean nearly 6000, the actual number of books on the shelves would be much less, and the librarians could not tell where to look for the greater part of those which are missing. For example, we tried for a whole term to get some of Hawthorne's works, and during the time did not find a single volume in the library except one of his note books.

It is no use to talk about a reformation. That has been thoroughly tried, and with no encouraging results. Why not, we ask of the graduate society, put the books under the charge of the College Librarian and thereby secure for them the efficient management which the College Library enjoys? A tax might still be charged for the use of these libraries; and, furthermore, it might be secured as the fines of the College Library, by a charge on the term bill. Last Commencement, notices were posted for a meeting of Pencilia, to consider, among other business, what should be done with the library. Nothing was done, and we understood at the time that the notice was not sufficiently advertised to secure a quorum. We wish to recommend this subject to the Alumni for careful consideration, and we hope that something may be done about it next Commencement.

LOCAL.

Will you loan me your skates this evening?

Prof. Carmichael delivered the introductory lecture to the medical class.

The medical class is a little larger than usual, and shows the average amount of intelligence.

There is only one trouble with the Senior boat-crew. Their feet are too big for the business.

Jacobs, 78, injured his finger very badly while passing ball in the gymnasium the other day.

Carl Schurz is expected to lecture in Brunswick. He comes under the auspices of the Senior class.

Those students who had their heads examined by Prof. Swain positively decline to answer any questions.

Is the taking of text-books from one student's room by another and forgetting to return them, considered stealing. Evidently not.

Practice in the Gymnasium is going on briskly. Every one seems interested, and no doubt the "season" will be a lively one after it opens.

A certain Senior was recently found by one of the Professors, in the Anatomical Cabinet, speechless with surprise. He has since recovered.

All the Seniors have returned but three, one of whom has been expected daily for four weeks. Query—When will he return? Later Edition—He has come.

Professor White's lectures to the Scientific Seniors are very interesting this term, as is attested by the voluntary attendance of several from the Classical division.

The Senior part men for the next exhibition are as follows: R. R. Baston, C. A. Black, S. M. Carter, E. H. Hall, W. H. Holmes, E. S. Osgood, Myles Standish, and F. R. Upton.

Warren, the photographer, will be here soon, to "do" the Seniors. He offers to all the members of the College the same rates as the class of '75. It will be a good chance to secure pictures.

Major Sanger has established a class in fencing, this term, which quite a number of the students have joined. Thus far they have practiced with wooden swords, but more formidable weapons are expected to be used soon.

Last week a suspicious-looking individual, tall, wrapped in a long cloak, was seen on the campus. He did it. Yes! Posted a notice of the Hallowell Classical Institute on the bulletin board. Are they seeking to allure some unguarded youth from his Alma Mater?

The new quartette club, consisting of Messrs. Holmes, Noyes, Standish, and Petten-gill, does not wish to be considered as running "an opposition" to the one already existing. Their advertisement is unassuming and gently persuasive: "Gentlemen! ten pins will secure your admission into the greatest sound-contorting establishment of the age. We make melody far superior to the tinkling of water down the eaves-spout, or the organs of the sweet-mouthed crow. For ten matches only! Come and see us and you will not fail to hear us." Criticisms in our next edition.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit-wrapper?—*Providence Journal*. About a medium pattern.—*Hartford Times*. Say a knell.—*Lowell Courier*. Somebody tolled him.—*Boston Advertiser*. Grave jokes all.—*N. Y. World*. And not pleasant in these coughin' times.—*Hartford Times*. This is tomb-uch.—*Danbury News*. Yes, and it is shrouded in mystery.—*Chronicle*. High time a protest should be entered.—*Niagara Index*.

Why ghost thou on so? Of course we think these are all merely hearse-y. But though editors may carrion in such a manner we hope there still remains a shade of sense in the editorial boards to put an end to any mor-tu-ary jokes. The lack of life in them palls upon us. Think of dressing up a subject in such grave clothes and making it precede a long line of mournful jokes. It's very mortifying. Such a wasting of good wit should not be sod after, it is very dispiriting. If it is not too obsequious, the editors of the ORIENT, if they perhaps have carried the joke too far, even run it into the ground, would ask their readers not to undertake to resuscitate it, but to cover it with the oblivion which it merits.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'67.—Geo. P. Davenport lately delivered one of a course of lectures in Bowdoinham, his subject being "Sunshine." The *Bath Times* had the following notice of it:—

"It was before a full house, and listened to with great satisfaction. The subject was ably handled, and the sprinkling of wit and humor which characterized the production gave it a zest truly refreshing, while the many practical points it contained can not fail to benefit all who heard it. The lecturer very graphically depicted many of the darker traits of human character and the practices of individual and social life tending to produce and perpetuate discontent and misery. The fine and ennobling characteristics were shown up with much skill, showing that Mr. Davenport is no unconcerned spectator of human life, but has a clear insight of the thoughts and principles governing men, as well as being a close and active observer of action. The lesson inculcated and the plan of life laid down by Mr. Davenport, if universally followed, would produce without doubt a state of society upon which would fall the undimmed rays of perennial sunshine. We may add, without fear of contradiction, let the lecturer succeed in every effort as in this, and repeat these efforts often, and he can hardly fail to stand among the most popular lecturers of the day."

'68.—W. F. Shepard is practicing medicine in Andover, Mass.

'68.—C. G. Holyoke is in the Senior class in Bangor Theological Seminary.

'69.—H. S. Whitman is studying theology at Tufts College.

'72.—F. W. Spaulding was valedictorian of the last class at the Medical College of the University of the City of New York. The *New York Tribune* has the following summary of his address, in which he chose for his subject "The Ideal Physician":—

"Premising that this ideal was always pre-existent to the real, and only useful as a perfect model to be approximated by the latter, he compared the hero as a patriot and soldier to the nobler type—to

him who can look beyond personal and national interests to those of humanity—the true physician. Unassuming and unknown to fame, he spends his life in the performance of kind acts, often with the only remuneration of a consciousness of duty performed and its attendant reward. The valedictorian addressed his classmates briefly in concluding, reminding them that from this moment their paths diverged, and inciting them warmly to consecrate themselves to the humane work before them.”

’72.—E. H. Lord, now acting principal of the Lowell High School, assisted by Prof. Bicknell of Cambridge, lectured on Spectrum Analysis, in Mechanics’ Hall of that city, recently. The *Lowell Courier* speaks of it as follows:—

“Mr. Lord explained the discoveries of Newton, Fraunhofer, and Kirchhoff relating to the refraction and absorption of light, and succeeded in throwing on the screen a handsome continuous spectrum. Spectra of sodium, human blood, carmine, silver, and other substances were also thrown upon the screen and then clearly explained by the lecturer. It was one of the very best lectures in the course, and we congratulate Mr. Lord on his success, which must be very gratifying to himself. The audience was the largest which has been present at any lecture in the course. The use of the spectrum in scientific research has come to be most important, and an explanation of the process is exceedingly interesting.”

We clip the following from the *Lafayette Monthly*, and we hope that the students will act on the advice given, and also if they patronize any of our patrons, they will mention the fact that they saw their advertisement in the ORIENT:—

“Tickle me and I’ll tickle you,” is a good motto to adopt in regard to our advertisers. Our business men have been most generous in giving us aid and encouragement, filling all our available space. In turn, we recommend our readers to peruse our advertising pages before buying anything they may want, and see who are your friends. You may be sure that any man who aids us in one way will also treat us generously in another. Therefore, if you want any favor from business men, go to those whom you know are generously disposed toward you.”

EDITORS’ TABLE.

The *Abbott Courant* is a new exchange on our table. It is a bright, wide-awake paper and we should advise the other College Papers to try and exchange with it, especially if any of the editors have ever been at Phillips, for many pleasant recollections will be aroused when they read about the doings of the “Fem. Sems.” and the “Theologues.” We clip one story as a warning to that College character, the flirting Freshman:—

“Once upon a time, as a young lady was traveling, a Freshman from — College entered the car, and took a seat directly in front of her. He soon took out a card and, having written upon it, dropped it into the seat where the young lady was sitting. Apparently taking no notice of it for some time, she at length picked it up, and, leaning forward, said: ‘Boy.’ No answer. ‘Boy.’ Still no answer. (Louder) ‘Boy, here is something you’ve dropped.’ Freshie made no further attempts in that direction.”

The *Magenta* is of the opinion that the poem on Millais’s Huguenots is decidedly the best undergraduate production that it has seen of late. We shall think more than ever before of the good judgment of their critic in selecting this poem from the many in the College Papers for commendation, for it was well endorsed before it appeared in the *Tyro*.

The *Chronicle* has lately had some trouble with a local paper. Its principal grievance seems to be that its editors were called boy editors. In its criticism of the Camilla Urso Concert, it has gone beyond the ordinary run of criticism in College Papers. When a musical critic commences his criticism with remarking on the audience getting their money’s worth at a good concert, and that it does one good to listen to good music, and the like common-places, the least that his readers can ask of him is to let them off with the copy of the programme and perhaps a few words about the audience. But in this case no such escape is granted, the critic giving full play to his ideas. In speaking of Madame Urso he says, “Her treatment of the instrument was excellent, perhaps even masterly.” Perhaps! Poor Camilla, after a long life of faithful work to have your playing spoken of with a “perhaps.” “In the concerto, particularly, she betrayed a tendency to neglect some of the finest and more delicate shadings of the composition.” Whoever wrote this may have thought how acute his readers must consider him to be in discovering such niceties as can only be expressed by “betraying a tendency” and “more delicate shadings.” We can assure him that his readers will only think what a consummate prig he

is. Further on: "Of course we do not know what motive led Madame Urso to substitute the 'Witches' Dance' and the 'Carnival of Venice' for 'Sarabande and Tambourin.' Such a threadbare theme as the 'Carnival of Venice,' patched up with such incongruous and outlandish noises, or with flashy variations, must beg the name of true music, even when played by a master." The "Carnival of Venice" a theme! a threadbare theme! The critic may well think that "he lays himself open to the charge of harshness and censoriousness"; but he can console himself with the thought that his readers will dismiss him with the remark, "What a fool!" before they will prefer any such charge against him.

The Earhamite, a new exchange, devoted to the interests of Earlham College, informed us of one fact, as indeed have many of our College and University exchanges, that is, of the existence of the Institution which it represents. On looking at the advertisements we find that it is an Institution under the auspices of the Friends Society, having "ample lawns and play-grounds." The best thing in the magazine is a paper read before their Alumni, on "Superior Academic Degrees." Speaking of the scholarly status of the average M.A. of to-day, the writer asks, "Has he read or can he read Browning's *Sordello*, or the more subtle disquisitions of Herbert Spencer?" and several questions of like import. Through such a series of questions we always seem to see the writer's "I can," in large italics, and that takes away all force of the rhetorical questions, to our minds.

The Williams Athenæum has reduced its size, a great improvement, we think. The putting of the arms of the College on its title page is a very good idea, it shows that they wish to go before the world bearing the seal of approval from "Old Williams." The gentle rub they give Harvard is very well done.

The Niagara Index fully sustains its reputation for general blackness. The copy which reached us had three separate large blotches of ink on it, besides an indescribable blur round each letter. We thank them for their kind notice of the *ORIENT*; but we should have been much pleased with it had it been more grammatical.

[The following notice of the *Advocate* has had nearly all its point removed by the fact that its leaves are now cut, but as the notice was in type before we received the last number of that paper, and as it expresses our feelings, we think best to let it remain. That dignified exponent of Harvard now

lies on our table, flat as a pancake, nothing to mark it from the common herd of College papers.]

The *Harvard Advocate* is one of the very few of our exchanges that come to us uncut. We like it in that form. Taken with the elegant paper on which it is printed, and its beautiful typography, we think it gives it the appearance of an aristocrat among the College Papers. There is a pleasure to us always in running the paper knife among the leaves of a new uncut book and bringing it out through the mellow paper, leaving the jagged edge, which always reminds us of some off-hand sketch, or some ancient carved work, where much of its beauty seems to be in the very roughness. We like to glance over the pages while we are separating them. It almost makes us feel as if we had a personal introduction to their contents; and then there is the added pleasure of thinking that we are the first ones to enjoy the reading of that particular volume. We always feel that we have done a little to earn the feast that is set before us. But on this very account there is all the more need that your pages should be the better filled, friend *Advocate*, when you compel your readers to go through this incantation before partaking of your store, for if they are not, disgust will follow promised joy.

What shall we say in regard to the tight wrappers in which the *University Herald* is done up? Can we say that there are any pleasant associations awakened in our mind by the process of tearing little pieces of the cover at a time, of perhaps digging out a part even of the paper itself? Do we enjoy the process, or value the contents any more for it? We should say not. The only comparison that is suggested to our minds is a rusty lock. This may seem a little thing to notice, but it is one that has done our temper no good, and we should be very glad to have it remedied.

The Delaware College Advance fills its first page with a burlesque poem called "Lartome." We did not consider it a very readable parody as we did not know what the original was that it followed; and as for rhythm we could not discover any, but thought it read very much like inverted prose.

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VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 10, 1875.

No. 15.

COLLEGE PRAYERS.

If a stranger should visit Brunswick, and some morning, wandering up by the College, he should hear the sound of the Chapel bell, let him post himself by the gate and watch.

First, he sees a few dignified men pass in, exchanging greetings with each other; then he would perhaps see a few stragglers at the different gates, all with their faces turned towards the Chapel; then the bell commences tolling; soon the paths that before almost seemed destitute of life are filled; each building sends forth its quota, and from all sides lines of young men approach. After a few minutes he can not help noticing that each separate line seems to have a point in it where there is a change in the actions of those composing it, for on one side of that point nobody seems to hurry, while on the other side all seem animated by an impulse to pass that point. He might easily imagine old Father Time pricking them with his scythe and shaking his hour-glass in their faces, flying from one line to another; perhaps even by the bell ringing a few seconds longer than usual it might seem that he took some of the students on his shoulders and carried them into the Chapel, so they might truly be said to be there on time. When they are all in, he would think of the devotion of the students to religion, as evinced by their anxiety to attend religious exercises. Perhaps he may wish that he was in the Chapel, for in all probability he thinks that the services must be very interesting where all take such pains to attend them.

But if he went into the Chapel how disappointed he would probably be,—instead of that devotion he expected from the students he would find an utter want of

it. At the desk is a venerable man, whom the students all respect, and whom all think to be thoroughly in earnest. Our stranger must think that they have a queer way of showing their respect. During the reading of the Bible very few seem to pay any attention; nearly all are interested in watching or even talking to their neighbors. But though his faith in the devotional spirit of the students must have received a hard knock, he may yet think that during the prayer, at least, more reverence will be shown, for he will probably reason to himself, "Most of these young men were brought up in Christian homes, many of them are professedly Christians, nearly all believe in the truths of the Bible and in the efficacy of prayer. Surely they will show some reverence when that Christian man pleads for them, and asks Divine counsel and blessings for the day's work." He is doomed to disappointment, scarcely any of the students rise; there are very few bowed heads among them, sometimes none, and the whispering goes on as before. Naturally he thinks for a reason for such behavior, and, on looking round he easily discovers it. Scattered through the Chapel are men with lists in their hands, marking those that are absent.

Supposing that instead of closing his eyes and appearing to be praying earnestly, the Professor should open them, and still repeating the words of his prayer, have the students pass him in a line so that he could personally mark those who were present. All would unite in calling it blasphemy for any man to repeat the holiest words with no other purpose than to pass away the time, or to carry out a form while his thoughts were not with them. Yet we can not reason ourselves from

the belief that the present form of conducting prayers is none the less blasphemous, though we should think that it can not be so, since they are upheld by so many whom we know to be good earnest Christians. We can not see why the principle of the maxim in common law that "the partaker is as bad as the thief" does not hold here. If a man should engage another in conversation, so as to give his accomplice the chance to strike the one with whom he was conversing, down, they would both be equally guilty before the law. We can not see any vital difference between the two methods of conducting prayers. Though the first shocks us most it seems to us preferable, since there is only one to blame; while in the second, the monitors, if there is any blame in either case, are doing wrong, while the Professor is, in fact, doing the same thing as in the first case; for the monitors are in reality his eyes, acting by his will, to save him time and trouble, and seemingly to change an absurdity. We suppose that our reasoning must be false, for if it were true the present system of conducting prayers would not continue a day in this College; more than that, it would never have been introduced.

We urge it that it may be refuted, and we most earnestly ask to have it, for believing what our reasoning brings us to, makes the present way of holding prayers worse than a farce in our eyes.

The thought has often occurred to us whether at first a good earnest Christian would be willing to take the position of monitor. He must know that the habit of perfect inattention to the reading of the Bible and prayer that he would acquire in the doing of his duty would cling to him. And we think that it would take a stronger argument than the Jesuitical one that he was doing a great deal of good in making so many young men come where they could hear prayer, when he knew that scarcely any of those who were made to attend heard a word that was said.

But he probably would do it trusting to the judgment of those who knew better than he the niceties of right and wrong.

Following such a course of reasoning as this no wonder the students so often say, "What's the use of prayers? They just pray long enough to let us be marked. It is no more a religious exercise than if they had a gymnastic performance, while we were marked." And their behavior fully carries out their belief.

We think that nobody would deny that there is something wrong in the present system. who has ever noticed the utter lack of devotion among the students, and a few suggestions may not be out of place.

I. If the students must be marked, which we by no means think necessary, make the process entirely separate from the religious exercises; have the students marked as they enter the Chapel, as is done in the English Universities; or have a roll call, as in the Glasgow University, and in most of the fitting schools; or in some way manage it so that all may, if they wish, give their undivided attention to the exercises.

II. Have all the faculty attend as a regular custom, for the students can not argue themselves into the belief that they need prayers so much more than the faculty. Then when they see that the exercise is attended by others as if it were a matter of pleasure, they cannot complain with any grace of the hardship of going themselves; and it would put an end to that remark that is so often heard at the present time, "Why should the faculty expect us to get up and go when they are too lazy to go themselves. Example is better than precept."

III. Have the faculty sit apart by themselves, not sit, as at present, like sentinels among the students, for it looks as if they came to prayers for no other purpose than to watch the students. "Watch and pray" might well be said to be their motto at prayers at

the present day. Trust the students; and public sentiment will compel them to behave well.

IV. Have good music. The fondness of College boys for music is well known. There ought to be a good organ in the Chapel before we can have singing, and it seems to us if some of those friends of the College who care so much for its sectarian bias, had taken more interest in its religious welfare we should have had one long ago. Then have a certain number of picked singers to lead and furnish the rest with books, those that sing at all by note on the front seats, and we think there would be a great change among the students in the interest they took in prayers.

There are many in College at the present day who read the works of Spencer, and others of the same school, and bow to them as teachers. When one of these approaches you and asks you for anything, no matter how you dismiss them from your attention, as boyish or as persons wanting to be thought smart, they have a very uncomfortable habit of asking questions. They ask you: You believe in the Bible? Then you believe that when it is being read it represents God speaking to you. When prayer is offered by any one in your hearing you are supposed to be addressing the Creator of the universe, who is infinite to you in every respect. Yet in either case you do not show as much respect as if you were addressing a common person. If you are a student, supposing you take refuge in argument that you do not consider College prayers as a religious exercise, but only as taking an account of stock, is not something wrong to give you an argument like this? 7.

NEGLECTED WORTHIES.

In our College reading there is one branch of literature that is almost universally neglected. I mean the old English dramatists. We should look upon it as criminal ignorance to be unacquainted with the works of Shake-

speare, while we carelessly turn a cold shoulder upon a host of his contemporaries who are insignificant only as they are overshadowed by the magnitude of Shakespeare's genius. There is in these old writers a mine of scarce-known beauties that will reward the labor of acquaintance with a ceaseless source of pleasure.

We are accustomed to look upon the Elizabethan Age as the golden age of English literature, and to regard its rapid development at that time as a phenomenon that can be accounted for by none of the ordinary laws of human progress. This, of course, is a false conception. The progress of literature in that age was wholly in accordance with the spirit of the times. The minds of men were set in motion by new forces that were acting upon them. Every department of human knowledge had been revolutionized: religion, through the Reformation; philosophy, by scientific discoveries; literature, by the newly discovered art of printing. It was an era of new ideas, and it would have been strange indeed if there had been no development of literary genius.

Of the host of dramatists who first raised the theatre in public estimation, a few names have come down to us with an importance out of all proportion to their merits. Or rather, to speak more truly, the rest have lost to us the importance that belongs to them. Always omitting Shakespeare, as embracing in his 'myriad-mind' the merits of them all, the only names that are quite familiar are those of "Rare Ben Jonson" and the twin writers, Beaumont and Fletcher. Kit Marlowe, honest old Decker, Heywood, Chapman, Ford, Webster and the rest are quite forgotten; "poor, poor dumb names" that have lost all power to stir our hearts. The pathetic epitaph of Massinger, the only memorial of his death, might be applied to the works of these old noble minds, "March 20, 1639, died, Philip Massinger, a *stranger*."

There was a time, a century or more ago, when Beaumont and Fletcher were the most popular of English dramatists. Two plays of theirs were brought upon the stage to one of Shakespeare's. To mention them, it was said, "is but to throw a cloud upon upon all other names and benight posterity." Such extravagant praise can not, of course, belong to them, but they do not deserve that posterity should reverse the process and benight them.

The lyric portions of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are inexpressibly sweet and tender. Their minds were cast in a finer mould than those of most of their contemporaries, and when they were not degraded by the necessity of pandering to the popular taste, they reached the highest form of poetical expression. Milton is said to have taken the model and principal incidents of his "Il Penseroso" from a beautiful song of Beaumont's on Melancholy.

Chapman is bold, vigorous, and stately, full of axiomatic observations on life and character, lofty thoughts, and vivid descriptive passages. He excels in metaphors and aphorisms, while a rich and delicate fancy often plays with exquisite grace among the sombre shadows of his verse. His imagery is sometimes ponderous and unwieldy, oftener lofty and impressive; sometimes filling the mind with grandeur, sometimes winning it with delicate touches. Here is something that can scarcely be excelled in grace:—

"Like a calm
Before a tempest, when the silent air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken
For what she fears steals on to ravish her."

Sometimes the pathos of their descriptions steals into the heart like music. Ford especially delighted to deal in these pity-moving scenes, and, though inferior in general to his fellow-dramatists, he has some touches of great beauty. The contention between a youth and nightingale in "The Lover's Melancholy" is one of these:—

"One morning early
This accident encountered me; I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art or nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
Indeed entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony
Proclaiming (as it seemed) so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard: I wonder'd too.
A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge; and, for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her down;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger: that a bird,
Whom art had never taught eliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice;
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds; which when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropt she on his lute
And break her heart."

Keats's Ode to the Nightingale has been called the finest poem in the language, on that subject, but I believe this must take precedence of it.

Hours might be spent, with keen delight, over the choicest of these forgotten treasures. All that our language has of real worth in dramatic literature, with few exceptions, was produced in the half century from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the close of Charles the First's. Passion and pathos, wit and fancy, grand metaphors and graceful imagery—all the lights and shadows of the human heart—are portrayed with the unerring skill of a master.

CUI BONO?

There is in man a certain energy always roused by resistance. Whatever puts difficulties in his way, whatever seems to say to him "Here is a limit to your knowledge or your

power, here you must be content to stop," offers a defiance which it is not in his nature to disregard. Baffled many times, he returns to the attack with a zeal grown hotter with the conflict. Through Egypt into the sea flows a great river whose sources had never been found; around the North Pole lies a region of ice still unexplored. At the river's head was sought no heap of treasure; the hope of finding a Northwest Passage has of late sent no one to the Arctic; yet in the one search or the other, many adventurers have laid down their lives, and the world has mourned them as heroes. Something more than the hope of material gain impels man to this sacrifice. That all-aspiring ambition which would find the limits of the universe itself, can not brook that, on this little ball to which man's journeyings must always be confined, there should remain a spot beyond his reach and beyond his knowledge. And if the barriers of nature prove impassable, where experience stops theory takes up the task, and from one-half a world blazing with the light of knowledge essays to pierce the gloom that overhangs the regions yet unvisited.

Nor is it the outward and material world alone to which this proud curiosity extends. Man himself, his place and relations in nature, are problems that have always demanded some solution, however partial or absurd, from thinking minds. From earliest times men framed religions and systems of philosophy which the inquiries of a succeeding generation never left unchanged. Revelation came, but not quiet to the restless activity of mind. It is with knowledge as with wealth; great accumulations awake new greed. If, as Carlyle says, all the wealth of Europe would be insufficient to make one bootblack happy for more than a few hours, it is equally true that nothing short of infinite and absolute knowledge would suffice to man. Revelation could not explain everything, of learning in general it did not treat; it gave no answer to many of

the questions that man was continually asking himself. The abstractions of Philosophy it was not intended to advance or encourage. Yet speculation again became rife; men in general were not willing to accept, nor has Religion itself always heeded the ancient admonition, that "of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." For good men will write metaphysics, and orthodox colleges will attempt to teach it.

There comes a time when every college class, having learned all that is contained in the world of facts, is thought fitted to leave that *terra firma* for the world of opinion and conjecture. There is no lack of flying machines of all plans and constructions, from those which soar on ethereal wings to others which labor as heavily as the famous vehicle of Darius Green. Under the Professor's direction we embark in some one of these aerial contrivances and eagerly set out into the mysterious depths. We very soon meet with difficulties. Cross-currents are encountered; some other voyager pursuing a different course, strikes us with an unsettling shock; the helmsman assures us we are going north, while our own senses tell us that we are going south; disbelief and indifference succeed to perplexity, and so our journey goes on and draws to an end; we have arrived somewhere — we don't know where; in some way — we don't know how; for some object — we don't know what. Yet man must ever climb, and can never be taught the limits of his sphere; we must not quarrel with this restless mood that will not be gainsaid, nor call it too aspiring; it has wrought miracles before, and may do so again; it is the one testimony of a boundless soul. Thus we pondered upon generalities, sitting with the "Outlines of Man" before us, and watching our neighbor, who, in spite of constitutional difficulties, oft repulsed but still resolute, vainly grapples with the, to him, unsolved mystery of tobacco.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the way of a petty nuisance, there is nothing of which we are more frequently or forcibly reminded than the practice of cleaning out spittoons at the pumps. It has been the universal custom to commit this necessary article of College furniture to the little "yagger" who presents himself at your door, seeking to earn a half-dime by removing the contents of the aforesaid article. The little "yagger" takes it to the pump and there empties the filth and washes the spittoon, leaving the vile contents on the snow, to gradually run into the well. It calls up anything but pleasant associations to see partly burned matches and cigar stubs lying on the

snow under the spout of the pumps, as you set your pail down to get the supply of water that must serve for all purposes.

Spittoons we must have, or else give up the luxurious and genteel habit of using tobacco, and if we have spittoons they must be cleaned. The only remedy for the abuse is to see that the cleansing process is carried on at a proper distance from the well. It is unpracticable to think of keeping anyone on guard at the pump, and so we mildly suggest that each one take it upon himself to impress on whoever he employs, under the pain of losing his five-cent-piece, the necessity of keeping *away from the pump*.

Just now is the dullest time of the College year. There are no exhibitions, very few out-of-door sports. Even the pleasures of the gymnasium can be enjoyed only by those Spartans who are working with an eye to base-ball and boating, and in whom the fire of enthusiasm is sufficient to supply the place of burning coal. Within the recesses of the Medical Hall, it is true, "mongst horrid shapes and sights unholy," a few warlike spirits meet to perform dexterous feats of arms, and in another corner of the same building a choice circle of acute and inquiring minds hold midnight assemblies and discuss recondite matters of science.

The College is full of work, perhaps more so than at any other season; but there is not much to excite us. The attempt to fasten the Chapel door and so prevent prayers and recitations, failed; failed as it was bound to fail; failed ignominiously. The door was opened; prayers and recitations went on as usual, and the man who had rested his hopes on this cunning scheme, took a dead. At least, we suppose he did; he deserved it at any rate.

Our "Prof. of Carpentry" is a man of resources. The holes through which he will crawl in to open that Chapel door are as small as those through which he will crawl

out to escape mending a broken window. He ought to be promoted. No, there is no excitement. A rain comes, and a pond gathers on the campus, and a sheet of ice is formed; a little skating and a few frozen ears, and then the air grows damp, the sky grows heavy, and two feet of snow fall. Then Muir comes and traces compound curves through the snow with a flat-iron and calls them paths. So it is with us, and so it is likely to be for a month or two yet. Even the laudable attempts of the faculty can hardly afford us more than a temporary amusement. Even when a professor jocosely announces to the Senior class that "ever since the commencement of their career they have been signally successful in rendering themselves infamously notorious as the class that has received and deserved more of admonition," etc,—even this exhibition, mirth-provoking as it was, could but ripple the surface of our life, nor long disturb its equanimity. And yet, this will not last always. By and by, about the middle of the summer, spring will come, and the snow on the Delta will melt, and the ice in the river will break up. Then will Bowdoin awake from its long hibernation and stretch itself, and shake the slumber out of its eyes, and gayly disport itself and begin to raise a dust.

We are glad to be able to chronicle so animated a state of affairs as is seen in athletic circles at present. The gymnasium is the centre of gravitation about four o'clock p.m., and presents an exciting scene; indeed, one disagreeably so to the unwary looker on who fails to dodge the thick-flying balls. The men who aspire to places on the first and second nines are working regularly under the direction of the captain of the first nine, Payson, and director Parker. The improvement in muscle and preparatory practice is a good stride toward the excellence aimed at this season. The uniform of last year, having become worn and past the age of useful-

ness, is to be replaced by a new and tasty suit from Geo. Wright's, Boston,—retaining the shirt of last year with some amendments, and substituting for the tight pants, loose knee-breeches and blue stockings, which with the white caps and shoes will present a neat appearance. Several changes will be made in the nine for '75, but just what, can hardly be known till after some out-of-door practice; but that the strength of the nine will be increased by changes in position and new members, we are assured by the knowing ones. But the ball men are not having it all to themselves by any means, as appears by the crews who are industriously learning how this paddling your own canoe is done on dry land. The new sliding seats have been put into the gymnasium, and work very smoothly, the steel runners and apple-tree ways proving much better than the old ones of wood alone. The Seniors have elected Hall to captain the class, and the crew will be chosen from the following men: Rice, Baston, F. Osgood, and Curtis; just how they will be arranged being undecided as yet. Their boat is filled with stationary seats, and they will probably pull the old stroke. Pratt, the captain of '76, has five men at work, from whom the crew to represent the class in the June regatta will be picked. They are as follows: Pratt, Sargent, Robinson, Evans, Stevens; and Rogers, who soon returns, will join them. They have arranged to buy the class boat of '73, which is in good condition, and intend to put in sliding seats. '77, though feeling the benumbing effects of Winter more than the rest, still has live spirits who confidently assert that they possess the "boss" crew. Crocker has chosen Sewall, Hargraves, Blake, Cousins, and Brinkerhoff, from whom to select his four. They are to have a new boat from Blaikie, and pull with a coxswain. '78, though few and last to hear from, are much swollen with determination and muscle. Their liberality and life should be a reproach to some who assume

to be examples to them. They have ordered a new boat from Blaikie, and pull with a coxswain. Burleigh is working the following aspirants for seats in the boat: J. W. Dyer, Paine, Sewall, Hall, Thing, and Baker. It is proposed to have the regatta just before the Senior examinations in June. Field Day is much talked of, and the unexpected success of last Fall has inspired those who pined for fame and a pewter cup, to an unwonted pitch of enthusiasm. We learn that the flag used at Springfield in '73, which belongs to Boardman, '73, is like to become the property of the College, and we hope to see it gracefully waving over our coming College contests. Foot-ball, which has had a somewhat precarious life among us, is coming into more favor, and we trust this excellent and healthful game will be largely patronized in the Spring.

Last July, when the present Junior class buried Anna Lytics, some of us had the idea of marking the grave with a stone. Why not put this idea into execution? It is not yet too late, and it may make a precedent for other classes to follow. Would we not in after years, when we come back to Bowdoin and see a small grave-stone behind the chapel, vividly recall the sultry July evening when, by torch-light, with weeping and wailing (?), we danced around the fire which consumed all that was left to us of the Sophomore's greatest friend, Anna Lytics? Let us think seriously of this, and come to the determination to mark with a stone the last resting-place of our dearly beloved sister.

76.

There are some men in the Senior Class who consider themselves capable of establishing, or overthrowing, in a single hour, theories in metaphysics that men of perhaps equal ability have devoted their lives to without any very tangible results.

LOCAL.

How are you, boor?

Warm lectures and full of light.

Gulls are plenty here at present.

The Junior part men are Robinson, Bates, Stevens, and Payson.

You see, gentlemen, if the gas had not given out it would have been all right. The experiment holds.

Our first year we were Freshmen; our second, Sophomores; but now, alas for our poor class! — says we're boors.

'75 has been "signally successful in making itself infamously notorious as receiving and deserving more admonitions than any other class in College."

"Say, Chum, can you lend me four dollars to pay up my term bill?" "No, I haven't got it; but you may sell my ponies to Prof. — and raise the tin."

The Peucinian Society is defunct as far forth as the purposes for which it was established are concerned, and Henry W. Longfellow is coming here next Commencement, too.

Prof. —'s little daughter goes to Sunday school. Last Sabbath the teacher asked her how many years ago Christ was born. She promptly replied, "Eighteen hundred and seventy-five." Teacher—"Wasn't it a little before that?" "Yes'm, it might have been a few years B. C."

One of the down-town teachers recently made a novel analysis and rendering of the German "Undine." One of his scholars, meeting with the word, asked its meaning. "Why, don't you see, there's *un* means without, and *dine* means dinner: to go without your dinner." We hear he is to superintend the final revision of the article on Philology in Appleton's New Encyclopedia.

The Medical class numbers eighty-six.

Class Day will be Tuesday, July 6th??

"Elevated for debt, March, 1875. Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

The next board of editors who will superintend this paper are Rowe, Bates, Libby, Kimball, Clark, Hawes, and Morrill.

The game was Auction Pitch. Pet had just dealt and was awaiting bids. In the hush that followed the highest bid, eight, the clock upon the mantel struck nine. Says Pet, "I'll take nine and set the clock back."

Those fellows in Portland, who have been so eager to beat Bowdoin at chess, were recently defeated in their correspondence game. Not feeling satisfied with that they sent down one of their number, Merrill, to compete with one of our club. Black of '75 was the man who fought him. Five games were played, lasting eighteen hours. Black won three. The man who was beaten of course was to pay all expenses. Merrill paid the bills and went to Portland. We don't expect to see him down here again for some time.

There are two little boys in Brunswick. Nothing very funny about that, you say. O, no; but they are smart little boys, and we fear if they reside here long enough they will lose this virtue. But our story is this. One day the oldest, about ten years, took his little brother to task for his sins. "Now, Georgie, you know you took the name of your heavenly father in vain, and you must go right and tell mamma." "No I won't." "But you must, for you have done very wrong. You are a bad little boy." "Well, I shan't tell her." "Then I shall." "You may." The mother enters. "O, mamma, Georgie has been taking the name of his heavenly father in vain." "Why, Georgie! what *did* you say?" Georgie declined to make a statement. Older brother answers for him. "He said, 'the devil take those marbles.'"

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'50.—Gen. Howard, in a recent letter to the *Chicago Tribune* says with much truth: "Nothing grieves me so deeply to-day as the almost chaotic condition of our country. There has been grievous misconduct, and it seems to me it has been increased a hundred-fold by unrelenting defamation. Hold up a company of men to public contempt as hypocrites and thieves, and hold them there with fiendish joy until they prove themselves individually and collectively innocent of any wrong-doing! This does not promote truthfulness and honesty. It is not worthy of American journalism. It involves the innocent in the meshes of public disfavor, and gives extraordinary power to evil-doers, enabling them to justify their misdeeds by the common cry that 'all men are corrupt!'"

'70.—Everett Hammons has opened a law office in Bethel.

'73.—E. J. Cram has recently received a very handsome present from his scholars in Kennebunk.

BOWDOIN ALUMNI DINNER.

The fifth annual dinner of Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York City, took place Monday evening, Feb. 22. At a meeting held prior to this, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Nathaniel Cothren; Vice Presidents, Nehemiah Cleaveland, Rev. D. C. Weston, Thomas H. Hubbard, Dr. C. F. Brackett, and David S. Roe; Secretary, J. E. Dow; Treasurer, Wm. A. Abbott. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, toasts were responded to by Col. Henry Stone, Dr. Cleaveland, Chas. C. Soule, Charlton T. Lewis, Wm. A. Abbott, Prof. Weston, and Dr. Brackett. Letters of regret were read from Gen. Chamberlain, Dr. Allen of Girard College, and P. W. Chandler of Boston.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The last number of the *Dartmouth* has an article on Oxford University, written by a graduate of the class of 1829, at the request of one of the Professors. We glean from it that the total revenue of all the Colleges and the University is, in round numbers, about \$1,500,000, and the number of students about 1700. The Bodleian Library has an endowment of about \$30,000 per year.

Their "Memoranda Alumnorum" has been placed in charge of a graduate. We wish some such Alumnus could be found to do the same for the ORIENT. We take exception to one remark they make in that connection, that the *Dartmouth* has always been one of the best College periodicals, for we do not think that, unless having a great many very heavy articles in each number constitutes the ground for such a claim, though the present board have improved in that respect somewhat. They have seemed to take it for granted that the students of Dartmouth have read the life of Daniel Webster, and have spared us the infliction of numerous articles about that worthy. We had about reached the conclusion last year that Daniel Webster was the only man that had ever graduated there.

The *Magenta* contains a reply to the request of Union that Harvard should give up its color. We think that such a request was hardly worthy of an answer; since any College that had once worn a given color at any regatta would seem to have the sole right to wear it at any succeeding regatta, no matter what other Colleges might enter afterwards. We tried to understand the article, "Gentilshommes, Bourgeois, Artistes," but failed utterly. We should think, from the many typographical errors in it, and the incoherence of the thoughts, that it might have been written to fill space, and we most earnestly hope, for the credit of the *Magenta*, that it was. The rest of the paper was bright and racy.

The last number of the *Advocate* has a poem called Elaine, signed by T. C. P. It is a fine production, noticeably above the average of even the *Advocate's* poetry. Some few numbers ago, a poem with the same initials appeared, entitled "The Syrens," which was quite remarkable for its merit. It has had that praise which is always dear to any poet, for the copy of the paper that contained it was placed on a convenient shelf in one room, and has been taken down several times and that poem read. We hope we shall have more from the same writer. In the account given of the *Advocate* supper we notice that several of the Faculty were pres-

ent, and one of them asked for criticisms in the College papers upon matters of government and instruction, for by them the Faculty were enabled to judge of the feelings of the undergraduates upon subjects which concerned the interests of the College. One clipping will show that at least one student at Harvard suffers from the same cause that troubles many of the students here:—

"A Freshman complains that his father sends bi-weekly letters but no checks. A Sophomore friend assures him that this is a proof of *unremitting* affection."

The *Beloit Monthly* has an interesting way of bunching its exchanges, we should judge that the editor, when he returns from the post-office, makes a note of those received on any one day, and if he has an idea jots it down. With this assumption, we think he must have had about two ideas a week before the last issue. If he criticised his exchanges at all, we think the good advice he gives on criticism would be much more beneficial. An article on "Our College System" has many good ideas in it, and much of it was profitable reading, according to Sir William Hamilton, since it was not "most in unison with, but most adverse to, our opinions," which statement is made, by the way, under the head of what some one has said. Another statement, in common with the rest of the article, savors very much of Hamilton: "Within the College walls the student is an end unto himself; out in the wide world he is a means to an end;" for we find in "Oxford As It Might Be," the statement that in the University as a school for liberal or general knowledge "the student is considered as an end unto himself." The article, "Works of Fiction," overflows with imagery and short quotations. The whole article savors more of veal than anything we have seen for some time in the College papers. In one sentence of thirteen lines the author laments the hardship of this life in five different figures, the last one of which was the hardest to understand. We think the author must have had an unique experience, for he describes himself as "listening to the echoes of eternity in the whispering voices of the winds, as they played on the harp of ages." What? How? When? Where? This is the first time in all our reading that we have ever known the harp of ages to be played on. We should think that the writer had a stock of images and quotations, which he wanted to use, and so, without any regard to their meaning, had thrown them in. The editorials and locals, which are most important in any paper, are very good.

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VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 24, 1875.

No. 16.

THE WORKS OF YOUTH AND OF OLD AGE.

There is a certain strange charm in the study of a favorite author. The discovery of the simple beauty of his descriptive powers; the soothing influence of some touching, gentle, and loving recital; the amusing effects of his quaint sarcasm; the remarkable facility that is displayed in the transition from a style which is modestly narrative to one which speaks with the grand force of eloquence; all these things reveal the genius of the writer, and heighten our admiration for him. But there are those who scorn the use of mere variety of style to secure readers and disciples. They see before them the object which is to be attained, and deal hardy, whole-souled blows at all intervening obstacles. Crude questions of philosophy, politics, social science, and ethics come forth from the capacious recesses of their minds, molded into symmetry and vested with all the prestige of established and recognized principles. In the examination and criticism of this latter class, especially if the great underlying motive of the author be not clearly understood, we are apt to become wearied by the monotony of style, and to consider those compositions the most excellent which may chance to have been examined first. If our investigations are systematic, these are of course the earliest productions of the writer; and hence it is that in many cases we believe first efforts to be the best.

Indeed, among all those popular prejudices which have so little foundation in fact or reason, there is probably no other so generally prevalent as the notion that youth is the time for faultless literary work. This is true in

certain of those branches in which ardor and enthusiasm are of primary importance, as in songs and ballads; and is especially true in regard to Scotch and Irish poems of this character. Before the hard facts of life, its coolness and practicality, have dwarfed or destroyed implicit confidence in virtue and goodness, the mind finds a joy in these forms of expression which is unknown to maturer years. Another department in which the young surpass the old, paradoxical as it may appear, is that of religious poetry. Just after the boy has passed into manhood is the time when his way is most darkened by conjectures, suppositions, and vain longings. It is not strange that such a state should find relief in poetry which is rendered interesting by this very perplexity. Milton had scarcely arrived at his majority when he composed that beautiful ode on the "Nativity"; and the idea finds strong confirmation in our own poets.

But a glance at the past will reveal to us that those perfected models, those volumes to which we go for pleasure and consolation, which contain the most tempting feasts of wisdom, which have stood the test of ages, were not the results of inexperienced hands, however much of genius there may have been, but of years upon years of patient drudgery. Dante was forty-four years old before he completed the first part of the "Divina Commedia," in which he displays wonderful command of wild, unearthly portrayal, and seems to find delight in a state of physical torment for the wicked. In the "Purgatorio" he manifests a milder spirit, which is more at peace with himself and with humanity; while through the instrumentality of his characters he deprecates anger, pride,

envy, and vanity. It was only after an interval of calm reflection and study that the "Paradiso" was produced, which is full of beautiful sentiment and elaborate thought, and which is the crowning glory of his life. The study of Chaucer is surrounded with special difficulties, and, though we may be aided by an excellent glossary, it is pretty hard to awaken much enthusiasm over anything but the "Canterbury Tales," which are, indeed, so much superior to his other writings that even the names of the remaining ones are hardly familiar to us. In these, however, though the sense may often be obscured by some ill-understood passage, we at once detect the gleam of descriptive and narrative powers which have rarely been equaled. And yet Chaucer was about sixty years of age when he began these tales. Although Milton wrote some of his most elegant sentimental and religious poems when quite young, "Paradise Lost" did not appear until fifty-seven years of severe mental application had wrought their influence upon him. The principle which we have stated would seem to find its strongest contradiction in the writings of Goethe, for those who have read his greatest work will be quite sure to assert the superiority of the First Part of "Faust" over the Second Part, which was written several years later and was the product of his old age. And indeed the First Part is an agreeable poem, for it treats of subjects of common experience in a pleasing and natural manner. In the Second Part, Goethe deals with loftier themes in a more stately style, which can be appreciated only through careful attention; and therein lies the secret of the disfavor which is usually bestowed upon it. But when it is seen and felt that there is a connected plan in this pursuit of the Ideal, the enjoyment is as keen as before, and we find a force and richness that was wanting in the other portion. Although Faust loses much of his personality, the loss is more than counterbal-

anced by the hidden meaning contained in every passage. What significance in that single line, "Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!" and in the contest for the departed soul.

While it is highly probable that some youthful devotee may startle the world by the fire of his genius, and that his lesser companions may fan the flames till they dance right merrily, it is as highly improbable, from the nature of the case, that he will learn nothing from experience, which is the most bountiful of all teachers. Why is it that even the later speeches of orators, who are supposed to have a natural adaptability for their stations, are so much more profitable to read? Is it not because the original power of the man has been strengthened by the stores of wisdom which have been garnered from year to year?

Indeed, we believe that very few of us are ready to admit, after a little meditation, the truth of the remark which Baccalaureus made to Mephistopheles:—

"It is presumptuous, that one will try
Still to be something, when the time's gone by.
Man's life lives in his blood, and where, in sooth,
So stirs the blood as in the veins of youth?
While half the world beneath *our* yoke is brought,
What, then, have you accomplished? Nodded—thought—
Dreamed, and considered—plan, and always plan!
Age is an ague-fever, it is clear,
With chills of moody want and dread;
When one has passed his thirtieth year,
One then is just the same as dead."

(Taylor's Trans.)

It is often said that the literature of old age is like the weak, trembling touch of some master artist who has lost the power of using his brush with freedom or effect. It may be so, but it is not always the strongest hand that makes the fairest line of beauty. What may be lost in boldness of touch and smoothness of individual lines, is more than redeemed by a sweet blending of colors, by a bewitching softness and mellowness. So with the last and fondest efforts of those grand old

masters of the pen. If their early writings were characterized by disdain of restraint, by marked peculiarities, and by vigor, these last are filled with indefinable tenderness; with symmetry and grandeur which remind us of the old oak; with a pathos which touches us as the notes of the dying swan. *C. F. S.*

HOW WE TALK.

Peculiar to every College are its customs. The habits and conduct of students in other institutions seem strange to us; *they* would be foreigners to Bowdoin's fashions and usages. No man finds his exact counterpart in any living being; just so no body of men find a perfect imitation of their characters in any other body. No two men will travel precisely the same road, even to obtain the same result. We are rational, willful beings; and so sensitive is our rationality to every influence that we find ourselves, though plodding on to the same destination, far distant from each other on our journey. When, then, men have different objects in view it certainly is nothing strange that they adopt different means to attain them. It is perfectly consistent with the laws of human nature that College students should adopt a mode of life differing greatly from that which the rules of mixed society would prescribe.

Liberties are taken and granted that would seem boorish and insulting under any other circumstances and surroundings. The address of a man thoroughly imbued with College customs would be repulsive in good society. And it often happens that the best of us, when called out of our narrow sphere, so forget ourselves and weave into our actions the coarse threads of recklessness that we appear eccentric. It has been said that you could tell a Collegian when you met him in society, though he were a perfect stranger, such are the peculiarities which mark him. We should naturally expect these peculiarities to be the

expression of a higher state of culture, more refined tastes, and every act and speech tempered by a certain regularity and exactness. But such expectations are the result of delusion. The student is an anomaly; an exception, but not exceptionally superior. There is a certain originality and oddity in his conduct which is the necessary result of relations with only beings of the same sex. Being thus peculiar in his habits, it is not to be wondered at that he should have a dialect of his own. It would need but little observation to perceive that he had not left this last stone unturned to make himself notorious. The student's dialect is one of despatch. It consists of the expression of ideas with as few words and as easily as possible. It is the inevitable result of the lazy, listless habits he is constantly contracting. It comprehends, under certain phrases, all the common, necessary ideas one student wishes to convey to another. So applicable are these phrases to any subject, that men will converse for hours using them almost entirely, and each will have an intelligent idea of the meaning which his comrade wishes to convey. Some curious persons have collected these phrases and published them in book form, and they are so numerous that they make quite a respectable volume.

Our attention was especially called to the differences between our mode of conversation and that of the outside world, when a friend recently visited us. We spoke of "deads" and "cuts" and "grinds," of being "hauled up" and "shoved," in a most familiar way. But our friend was always calling for a translation and an explanation; and we found ourselves thrown back upon the good old English we were wont to use, and in which our certificates of moral character were written, when, with them in hand, we meekly sued for entrance at the gates of our Alma Mater. He spoke to us of the habits into which we had fallen. We gave notice to his remarks and found that almost every sentence of our speech might be

made the subject of criticism. Our friend at first thought this corruption of our vernacular tongue was the characteristic of ourselves alone; but a slight acquaintance with some of the other students convinced him that we had spoken truly when we told him the whole College was afflicted with the same dialect. We then proceeded to explain to him the meaning of some of the most common expressions which we thought he would be most likely to meet with, and he was soon able to understand nearly everything which was addressed to him. He was, however, dumfounded when a fellow came in and said that he got a "sail" that morning by using a "faker." He could not imagine how any one could sail on dry land, neither had he ever heard of using a coil of anything for that purpose. While he was trying to extricate his reason from this confusion of his ideas, another began to tell him how he had just "buttoned up a Modoc." Now he had set it down in his mind that that tribe had been nearly exterminated, and he could not understand why the remaining representatives should need the services of one like the fellow who addressed him, to assist in adjusting their wearing apparel. We saw his perplexity and relieved him, by saying that the speaker simply meant that he had got the better of one of the medical students in some sort of controversy.

The hour for recitation was now approaching, and our chum very placidly remarked to us that we had better be "coaching" each other up on that "quiz" if we didn't want to be everlastingly "chawed up" by Prof. —. This was too much; and our friend burst out in emphatic denunciation of the carelessness and perversity of our conversation. We remember the scathing words in which he condemned the use of such vulgarity; and afterthought has convinced us of the justice of his remarks. We can not help learning these expressions from being in contact with

them; yet we question whether it is advisable to employ them. Some of them, it is true, contain ideas very pointedly expressed, and we might make use of them anywhere without confusing those whom we are addressing. But they are all included under what the world calls slang; and when our four years in College is ended we must forget them, or at least lay them aside, if we wish to be admitted to or understood in respectable and intelligent society.

There is another property of the student's language which can not fail to attract the notice of any one who is the least bit critical. This is bad grammar. We find this fault very common among the lower classes of people. As we rise in the scale of intelligence it becomes less common, until at last it would seem that there ought to be a point in society we could reach, where it would disappear entirely. We do not know where we might more properly look for this point than among the undergraduates and alumni of a College. If a man has passed through the necessary drill required for entrance to any College, and in addition to that, has spent three years of study upon the classics, by which means alone it is claimed a good knowledge of English Grammar may be obtained, and then doesn't speak properly, who can we expect to find that will? We should certainly say no one, did not our experience tell us that we should have to set it down as a fact that there are very few good, practical grammarians in the world, if they are only to be found in our Colleges and Universities.

Now we believe there are a great many good grammarians, but a comparatively small number of practical ones. This is the case in Bowdoin. There are many students, some of whom have been teachers, who know all the rules and exceptions in the English language, yet are constantly making use of such expressions as "hadn't ought," "it's him," and so forth. We venture to say there are a few

who, at first thought, would mispronounce the word *address*, more who would blunder upon *alternate*, and not one in twelve who would give the first syllables of *measure* and *pleasure* their accurate sound. No one would dare to say students didn't know better. They must know better; they can not help it if they know anything at all. It is carelessness, it is habit, one which has been acquired by association with people of low speech, and which has never been effectually broken up. We see this power of habit exhibited daily in the use of stimulants, in profanity, and other familiar ways. It is a power that is hard to conquer; and when men's wills have been too weak to overcome it directly, they have had recourse to other means. Accordingly, we have in College societies formed in which each member indirectly aids his brother to become master of himself and of his acts.

We form societies for the purpose of leaving off the use of tobacco, in which fines are to be paid by the first who breaks the contract. We have them also to prevent profanity, in which the fines are quite small, perhaps nothing more than a single gum-drop. Why not, then, form one for the promotion of pure, simple, and proper conversation. Let each one pay a fine of five cents into a treasury for every slang phrase which he utters, for every grammatical error of which he is guilty, and every mispronunciation which he makes, and these habits and this carelessness of speech will be in a great measure overcome and avoided. Besides this permanent benefit, the contents of the treasury will from time to time furnish transient ones in the shape of repasts which it will more rejoice the unpolluted tongue to taste, than the mind of a second-class wit to have a hundred slang expressions just from the mint.

Princeton College has received a donation of \$100,000.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Early in last term the Bowdoin Chess Club received a challenge to play a game by correspondence from two amateurs of Kingston, Mass., Messrs. Prince and Burgis. The challenge was promptly accepted, and the game began Nov. 5th, Black and S. C. Whitmore representing Bowdoin. The game was finished March 11, with the following record:

RED. Bowdoin.	WHITE. Kingston.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. B to B 4
3. Kt tks P	3. P to Q 3
4. P to Q 4	4. Kt to K B 3
5. P tks B	5. P tks Kt
6. Q tks Q ch	6. K tks Q
7. P to K B 3	7. Q Kt to Q 2
8. B to K 3	8. P to K R 3
9. Kt to B 3	9. P to B 3
10. B to Q B 4	10. K to K
11. Kt to K 2	11. P to K Kt 4
12. Kt to Kt 3	12. P to K Kt 5
13. Kt to K B 5	13. P to Q Kt 3
14. Kt to Q 6 ch	14. K to K 2
15. Kt tks K B P	15. R to R 2
16. Kt tks K R P	16. P tks Q B P
17. Kt tks K Kt P	17. Kt tks Kt
18. P tks Kt	18. R to Q Kt
19. Castles Q R	19. K to Q
20. B tks P	20. P to Q R 4
21. B to Q 6	21. Resigns.

As the game soon assumed a one-sided aspect, a second was begun, Kingston having the first move and retaining the choice of men. This game is still unfinished, Bowdoin being two pawns ahead, with no disadvantage of position.

CAGLON.

Human depravity has reached its lowest grade. We have heard stories of viciousness in one's moral make-up, but never expected to see it exemplified in our time. We utterly fail of being able to conceive of the degree of abjectness with which the man who walked out of the Reading Room with a twenty-cent paper-cutter in his pocket must regard himself every time he surveys his sneak-thief face in a decent looking-glass.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Spring is coming. The occasional warm, sunny days remind us that a pleasanter season is at hand. The one great drawback to the enjoyment of being out in the open air on one of these fine days, after being shut up in the house all winter, is the fear of becoming the mark for a certain number of persons who seem to think that they can't get along without snow-balling every innocent passer. Amusement is good in its place, and there are few of us who could live without some sort of relaxation. And, in fact, it always gives us pleasure to see children at play when they take a proper time and place for it. It is a pleasant sight to see a baby comfortably seated

upon the nursery floor with his rattle and blocks, or a crowd of boys in the field with their snow forts and their mimic battles; but there must be some limit set to either of them. Municipal ordinances and policemen make it their business to keep the streets clear of these flying missiles, as they would of any thing else which endangers the safety of those frequenting them; but here on the campus all law is put at defiance, and no one is safe upon the paths when there is moist snow on the ground. There have already been several instances of damage done, or of narrow escapes from it. We saw one person whose eye was swollen up from a blow he received from a hard snow-ball, as he was entering one of the halls; another quietly sitting at his table was surprised by having his window broken and being at the same time hit by the ball which came through; still another tells us that a valuable ornament in his room barely escaped destruction by one of the missiles coming in at an open window. It seems as though these jocose lads might find some other amusement which would be less at the expense of others; and if they can't, we hope that some means will be devised to keep them out of the principal thoroughfares. To be sure, they would not be able to add the manly and ennobling sport of breaking glass to their other fun, if they were required to go out onto the delta to play; but, on the whole, we are not sure but it would be as well for all concerned.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF CLASS OF 1825.

YARMOUTH, Mar. 13th, 1875.

Messrs. Editors,—In your notice on the 164th page of the ORIENT, of Feb. 24th, you say, "We do not know whether any special exertions have been made to secure the attendance of the members who are living," &c. As a member of the committee having this matter in hand, I will state: There are thirteen members of the class living. Twelve have

already agreed to be present; and the other, Wm. A. Stone, who lives in Mississippi, has been written to and we hope will agree to attend. In addition to the oration by Dr. Cheever and poem by Prof. Longfellow, we may have a class history by Rev. J. S. C. Abbott. He has been applied to by the publisher of *The Independent* for such a history for his paper; and if he consents to prepare it I have no doubt it will be given at some time during Commencement week, in connection with the Semi-Centennial services of the class.

Yours, very truly,

SAM'L P. BENSON.

LOCAL.

How do you like your negative?

The singing, Sunday evening in the chapel, was a great success.

The "Lions of Judah" die hard,—that is, if one can judge by the way in which they growl and howl.

The Seniors were money out-of-pocket by having Carl Schurz make his little speech—but then it was an epoch.

Call at No. 17 A. H., if you want to see some curious and beautiful specimens of foreign art. No trouble to show goods.

The Juniors are good at chemistry. A few of them know what H_2O means, but the majority of them don't use it. They take it straight.

The picture man thinks that although some of the members of '75 may be suspended, none of them will ever be hung for their beauty.

The dance the other evening was a great success. The young ladies were numerous, and of course the students were happy. Several young ladies from out of town graced the occasion.

'75 will soon finish the "Outlines of Man," and will then take the "Law of Love, and Love as a Law," by the same author. The young man who sent for this book under the impression that it was a concise manual for courtship, will sell his copy cheap. We understand that he has since sent for the Ready Letter Writer.

During the recitation in Mental Philosophy not long since, a Senior was laboriously attempting to give the distinction between science and philosophy—"Science, from Latin *scio*, that which we know; and philosophy (pause and puzzled expression) is that which we don't know." The class seemed to think that there was more truth than poetry in the reply.

The professor was explaining to his class in physiology how sneezing was frequently produced through a reflex action of the nerves, on many persons, by using a stiff hair brush. A member of the class noted for his originality, quickly responded that he had noticed the above mentioned effect, but added in explanation of it, "It is always apt to make you sneeze when you raise a dust."

"The Lions of Judah" have their abode in Appleton, much to the discomfiture of those who have no ear for music. The name assumed by these singers is the subject of their favorite refrain, which constitutes both the introductory and finale of their entertainments. The special appropriateness of the name is from the resemblance in their power and volume of voice, to the roar of the "king of beasts," who, in this respect, has stood hitherto without a rival. We wish this chorus of musicians would make its rendezvous in some other locality, where it could be appreciated. Its solo has no charms for us; its duet is not endurable; its quartet is terrific; and its octet can be justly qualified by no adjective now existing in the English language.

When young ladies visit their friends in College and ask all manner of questions, it is no wonder that they sometimes get rather unmeaning answers.

The following explains itself:—

BRUNSWICK, *March 17th, 1875.*

To the Editors of the ORIENT.

A recent issue of the ORIENT purports to give a quotation from remarks recently called forth from me by the conduct of members of the Senior class. I am glad, in justice to this class, to be able to say that the sentiment of the alleged quotation is one I have never entertained; and in the second place, in justice to myself, that had such an opinion been held, I could not have expressed myself in such a manner.

H. CARMICHAEL.

The other day, as we were walking through the streets, we witnessed a terrific contest between three Yaggers and three Freshmen. The fight was long and desperate; it was fought like modern battles,—every man for himself. We thought if they had been Seniors they would have used the principle of grand strategy, and massed their forces at different points, and separately defeated each division; we mean they would have all thrown their snowballs at the same individual. The Freshmen were defeated, as they deserved to be—for they had nothing to gain and much to lose in entering such a battle.

To illustrate the way stories travel, we will relate one instance. During the recent small-pox excitement, the Selectmen of Brunswick, thinking that a hospital was required, looked at a building in the outskirts to see if it would be suitable. The next night it was burned, and the story was circulated that the house had been all furnished with materials to fit it for a hospital, and that the sick were to be removed there the next day. Now the *Telegraph* gives the true account, that the house was not considered to be at all fit for the purpose; and the person who set it on fire made a great mistake, as well as those who circulated and believed the story.

MAINE STATE BASE-BALL CONVENTION.

The meeting was called to order at half past three o'clock Monday afternoon, March 8th, in the rooms of the Resolute Base-Ball Club, at Portland, by Mr. S. R. Small, the President of the Association. The President then appointed a committee on credentials, which consisted of Messrs. Day, Sanford, and Taylor, who reported that the following clubs were represented: Resolutes of Portland, Bowdoins of Bowdoin College (Brunswick), White Oaks of Windham, Irons of Portland, Androscoggin of Lewiston, and White Stockings of Deering.

A constitution was then presented by Mr. Day, which was read and accepted. A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Sanford, Small, and Taylor, to draw up by-laws, which were read, and, after some debate and the addition of several amendments, accepted.

Messrs. Day, Stevens, and Small, committee on nomination, then reported the following ticket, which was unanimously accepted: S. R. Small, President; A. Sanford and W. F. Taylor, Vice Presidents; J. F. Day, Sec. and Treas. The following judiciary committee was then appointed by the chair: Messrs. Taylor of Androscoggin, Stevens of Bowdoin, Waterhouse of Resolute, Morrill of White Stocking, Small of White Oak.

The championship season for senior clubs will be opened on the 17th of June, by a game between the Bowdoins and Kennebecs, on grounds to be mutually agreed upon by the clubs. In case the clubs can not agree, the judiciary committee have decided that the game shall be played in Topsham. The first game for the junior championship will be played on Saturday, June 19th, between the Haymakers and Live Oaks, on the College grounds. The emblem for the senior championship will be a pennant; for the junior, a pair of foul-flags.

A suggestion was here made by Mr. Stevens, that the Bowdoins should not be challenged between the dates of ten days before the beginning of the summer vacation and ten days after the close of said vacation. This was afterwards made as a motion by Mr. Waterhouse and carried.

Voted to allow all clubs in the State until the 17th of June to enter the Association.

On motion of Waterhouse of the Resolutes, after considerable objection by the delegates from Bowdoin, the playing rules of the National Association of Professional Base-Ball Players were adopted.

The meeting then adjourned at half past six, subject to a call of the President. S.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'25.—The Rev. J. S. C. Abbott writes to the *Independent* as follows concerning the famous class in which he was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825: "George Cheever and I learned our alphabet together; Longfellow and I were classmates in school, fitting for College; Hawthorne is painted on my mind's eye as, silent, solitary, with melancholy mien, he walked the College grounds. Jonathan Cilley, who might have been one of the greatest men in the nation, but who was early shot by Graves in a duel, at Washington, rises sadly before me. In the preceding class was Frank Pierce, with whom I have had many a tussle to see which should throw the other on the bed. Socially, he was one of the most lovable of men; and his wife, Jane Appleton, the friend of my childhood, was certainly one of the most beautiful and accomplished of women. Pitt Fessenden, a ruddy boy of seventeen, was admitted by all to be the 'smartest' little fellow in his class. Calvin Stowe was the wit. You could generally tell where he was by the roars of laughter. John P. Hale, in a lower class, was an incessant joker. His fund of humor was exhaustless. He had ability to make a first-rate scholar, but his genius led him in other directions. S. S. Prentiss, or 'little Prentiss,' as we always called him, was a mere boy in College; but he was then brilliant, chivalric, and the soul of honor. No one who knew him could be surprised at the brilliant career which opened before him."

'30.—Thomas Drummond, Chicago, Judge U. S. Circuit Court, North Dist. Ill.

'43.—George Payson, lawyer, Chicago.

'43.—Erastus Foote, capitalist, No. 127 Dearborn St., Chicago.

'44.—J. L. Pickard, Supt. Public Schools, Chicago.

'44.—Arthur Swazey, pastor Ashland Av. Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

'48.—A Boston paper says: "Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins, who spoke on the Southern educational problem in Horticultural Hall, Sunday afternoon, is well known as one of the most effective advocates of municipal reform in New York City, who has done as much to defeat the Ring at Albany, and to recover, through the courts, the money sought to be filched from the people, as any other man. He has given much attention to educational questions, and is an able speaker.

'50.—John N. Jewett, lawyer, Chicago.

'53.—Melville W. Fuller, lawyer, Chicago.

'62.—A. N. Linscott is practicing law in Chicago.

'63.—R. W. Robinson is practicing law in Chicago.

'64.—H. T. F. Merrill is practicing law in Chicago.

'64.—A. O. Fellows is practicing law in Chicago.

'67.—J. V. Smith, lawyer, Chicago.

'73.—From an account in the *Bridgton News* of the closing exercises of the High School in that place, we clip the following: "With the close of the winter session Mr. Richardson concludes two years of service as Principal of the school. Under his efficient charge it has continued to advance, each succeeding term, like incoming tidal waves, carrying it to a higher plane of educational attainment. In regard to Mr. Richardson's connection with the school, we heartily subscribe to the well-merited tribute paid him by the S. S. Committee in their Annual Report:

"We doubt if there can be found in the State at large, now running under the act authorizing it, a school with which this will not favorably compare. This school has been under the continued charge of Albert F. Richardson, A.B., to whose energy and untiring devotion to the interests of the school, rendered more effective by his affable, courteous, social qualities, is this pleasing result largely due. Evidently the right man in the right place."

EDITORS' TABLE.

The *Williams Athenæum* changes its appearance nearly every issue. Why are the College arms omitted from the last number? We hate to have any of our exchanges change their form unless it is a decided improvement. We like to feel that they are old acquaintances, just the same as they have been in times past. The editorials of the *Athenæum* are its strong point—they are all of them good and interesting. There was a letter in it from ex-President Hopkins to the New York Alumni, which made us think that it was no wonder they called him "Mark the perfect man."

A communication on College Journalism has much that is good in it, but we do not agree with the writer in many of his statements. He thinks the contributors for College Papers are not granted space enough to give their ideas. He laughs at the idea of a man's doing anything in the number of words to which the writers for the *Argus* prize are limited. He asks, "What can a man do with 1100 words?" We should advise him to read Bacon's essays and find out. The famous essay, "Of Studies," has 650 words in it; and there is enough thought in it to save several long magazine articles from oblivion. Many of Lamb's essays, and any of his "Popular Fallacies" would come inside the number required. Many papers in the *Spectator* could have competed. Yet none of these were introductions "to what the author *would* write if time and space allowed." We like short articles. "It is the life and soul of a magazine never to be long dull upon one subject; and the reader, like the sailor's horse, has at least the comfortable refreshment of having the spur often changed." Much about nothing, or nothing in much, characterizes many of the articles that appear in the College Papers.

The *New England Journal of Education* has robbed us of two exchanges which we scarcely read and given us one which we read with pleasure. We notice that they have correspondents at several of the New England Colleges. Who is there to take that place here?

The *College Argus* has several very fine editorials; one on the study of English, is very much to the point. In speaking of a writer who used bad English, wishing the College Journals used better English, it said that "consistency is a jewel oftener praised than possessed." This remark would apply with great force to the headings of many of the criticisms on exchanges.

The *Philomathean* is the only one of our ex-

changes that comes to us without any advertisements. We think if it put the money it could obtain from them into procuring better paper to print on, their readers would be as well satisfied. One of its editorials advocates the wearing of the cap and gown at exhibitions. We can not see the use of reviving that which has almost been discarded by the common sense of College undergraduates, and which can only be introduced to die out in a short time.

The last number of the *Cornell Era* was the best that we have seen. It has improved very much since last summer. Then we used to point to it as an argument showing the evils of neglecting a classical education; now we show it to illustrate how good a paper can be issued every week. Their remarks on exchanges were very good; and if any of our readers care to know how we think exchanges ought to be criticised, they should read it. We were astonished at what they said about the *Yale Lit.*; for not having the pleasure of an acquaintance with that veteran, we had tried to form some notion of it from the notices in the *Record* and *Courant*. We had just reached the conclusion that it was as near perfection as any magazine could be; and now the *Era* tells us that it is far from it, and points out several absurdities.

We beg the *Asbury Review's* pardon for having spelt *Asbury, Ashbury*; and we will plead for our excuse that we never heard of their University except through their paper. Under the head of poetry they have some rhymes about "The Old-Fashioned Girl," who is waiting for the author.

"Somewhere, in the world so wide,
On some land, borne by some tide."

The author evidently does not like crimps, &c., and with rare poetical genius thus expresses it:—

"Hair so satin, smooth, and brown,
Neither coil, nor twist, nor crown,
Not a braid, not a curl,
Wears my sweet Old-fashioned Girl."

This long list of the various articles used in fixing a lady's hair, from our being at a loss to know their meaning, naturally suggests to our minds that the writer may have been a young lady; which idea is strengthened by the next stanza, for we think no young man would sigh after one of whom it would be said that—

"Such old-fashioned songs she sings,
Talks of such old-fashioned things,—
Honor, duty, justice, sin."

The article on College Secret Societies was the best production in the *Review*. It was well expressed and straight to the point. This paper

stands next to the *Niagara Index* in personal appearance, but it lacks the wit that makes the *Index* a welcome visitor.

— The *Cornell Era* gives us "The Tale of King Kalakaua," beginning,—

Her graceful arms in meekness bending,
Across a breast as white as spray,
Gently advanced the Boston maiden
To greet the King Kalakaua.

By no means! That's not the Boston maiden's method of attack. We suggest rather,—

Her Virgil on her breast she laid;
She knew more Greek than words can say;
Blue-stockinged came the Boston maid
Before the King Kalakaua.

—*Harvard Advocate*.

A young man, who had been jilted, on reading these wrote the following,—

With stock of knowledge scant and small,
Whose conversation brings dismay,
With cheek supreme, the Brunswick girl,
Now dances with Kalakaua!

With robe and crown the King stepped down,
But with disgust he turned away.
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She waltzes worse than words can say!"

Harper's Weekly has a picture of "An Indian Sledge Drawn by Wm. Cary." It would seem as if Wm. ought to get a better job than that.

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VOL. IV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, APRIL 7, 1875.

No. 17.

THE DÉBUT.

In the middle of winter, on a certain fine day,
A party of four slowly wended their way
To the Maine Central depot, to take the late train,
Intent on a journey, come snow or come rain.

Well, they entered the cars and they each took a seat
And deposited snugly their sizable feet,
Then gave themselves up to delicious emotion,
Reflecting how charming would be the commotion
When the ladies of Lisbon should let their gaze fall
On the students of Bowdoin, observed of all.

On rumbled the train, and the shrill whistle screeched,
And at length, in due season, the station was reached.

Then they left the warm cars, all buddled up tight,
And briskly they walked in the cold winter night,
Till they came right in front of the Central Hotel,
Welcomed by sounds from the factory bell.

Then they slackened, of course, their undignified speed,
And solemnly paced; but yet they took heed
Of the great crowd of people all eager to see
Whether Gods, men, or fishes the singers might be.

In the hall there was plenty of bustle and noise,
And a plenty of exceedingly bad little boys.
There old men and youngsters, with fat men and thin,
United in making a horrible din;
While the homely old maids, with their well-balanced
jaws,
Uttered sounds very similar to those of buzz saws.

At last, by command of the potent chief cook,
The people assumed a soberer look,
Stopped talking, and eagerly opened their eyes,
And gazed at the doorway with unfeigned surprise,
As into the hall-way the gallant four marched,
With raiment well brushed and with collars well starched,
With scarcely a single hair out of its place,
And each with sweet smiles overspreading his face.

O proudly they ambled from door-way to stage;
Ascended, and opened their books at the page
Whereon was the ditty which first was to be,
I think you have heard it, the gay "Upidee."

They hemmed and they hawed, to clear out their throats.
With hearty accord they struck the key-notes,
And then came the music. How grandly it rose!
Why, it thrilled all their hearers to the tips of their toes;
And they shouted and roared, with apparent great glee,
With such kickings and jumpings as ne'er you did see,
With tearing of hair and much cracking of bones,
Which served but to injure the beautiful tones
That flowed from the lips of the four men of song;
But still the four floundered right bravely along.
Their shouting and puffing rose above the loud roar,
And it poured down the stair-way, out through the front
door,

Up through the still streets, till the rest of the town
Were awakened, and fancied their houses torn down.

But as they were winded the music soon ceased.
The singers descended, feeling very much pleased
With the stamps of the men, and the screams of applause
Which came from the old and the young ladies' jaws.

Then came "ye old folks," with their voices so shrill,
That they called to one's mind an old wheezy saw-mill;
After that came, at the people's own call,
A remarkable song—the familiar "fish-ball."
Next on the programme, the "Stars of the Night";
And to say that it pleased them would be more than right.
The "Dutch Warble" followed, and tickled them all,
From the old to the infants just learning to crawl.

Like the crashing of thunder, disrupting the air;
Like the yell of the Modocs, when lifting some hair;
Like the yowing of cats and the braying of asses,
The applause bellowed forth from the lads and gay lasses,
Till the solid brick walls of the house began grumbling,
Supposing that they from their places were tumbling;
While the shingles and clapboards sprang up in affright,
Intent upon seeking their safety in flight,

And the panels and pans in the pantry loud panted—
Panicky times! you may take it for granted.

But the people were silenced, the wounded removed;
Their feelings of pleasure and rapture were soothed;
And they went down to supper in very great haste,
As if they had scarcely a second to waste.

In preparing the supper, with great common sense,
The Lisbonites spared neither time nor expense;
And while in their cooking they can not be beat,
They need ne'er in eating to "take a back seat."

The signal was given, the havoc began,
And with it came business for kettle and pan,
While the buxom young waitresses jumped to and fro,
With platters and glasses and heaps of baked dough.
But the fell famine-breeders, with terrible yell,
Swooped down on the food with their talons, pell-mell;
Gobbled up all the vegetables, pastry, and bread,
And each chuckled them into the hole in his head.
The sausages, ham and eggs, tripe, and roast beef,
Once set before them all too soon came to grief.
Pie after pie disappeared in succession,
And seemed to make hardly the slightest impression;
But at length the old landlord gave up in despair,
Declaring they'd cleaned out the whole bill of fare.

When the supper was finished the people went back,
And opened again with their horrible clack.
Those charming young ladies the students then chaffed,
And stories were told at which they all laughed;
But in the midst of the fun there were heard some loud
cries,

A handsome young girl was seen wiping her eyes.
A singer approached her, with accents most tender,
And asked if assistance to her he might render.
She dried up her tears, and heaved a great sigh,
And gently she whispered, "Yer kin if yer 'll try."

Of course he was willing, and asked in what way
He could help her. Would she tell him how, pray?
"Yaas!" she said boldly; "I'm gwine now to tell
What I cal'late will saoon make me feel putty well;
I want you 'ere boys to haowl me a taoune;
Grant me, O grant me this paoweful baoune."

So they went to the parlor to sing once again,
And the ladies all followed with joy quite insane.

Soon were they all silenced, the people were dumb,
And naught could be heard but the chewing of gum,—
Which, by the way, is the chief occupation
Of the ladies of Lisbon of very high station.

Four coats were unbuttoned; four handkerchiefs shown;
Four hands were raised promptly; four noses were blown;
Four mouths were wide opened; four tongues were rolled
round;

Four breaths were long drawn, and four voices did sound.
The music of course was exceedingly sweet—
No wonder the ladies all thought it a treat!
As it rose first so grandly, with melody sublime;
Then fell low and soft as the silver bells' chime;
Then louder and louder, till it ceased with a crash;
Ah! that was an ending "which settled their hash."

The fun being over the "bass" went to bed,
Very much fearing a cold in his head.
Not so with the baritone; he stayed behind;
To see some one home he had made up his mind:
So he primmed himself nicely with brush and with comb,
And said to a lady, "Shall I see you, Miss, home?"
She gazed at him fondly, then said, "Yis, yer may;
For the folks bain't yet come with the boss and the
sleigh.

Our haoune bein' distant sum three mile or more,
Yer 'll have sum tall travelin', naow, yer may be shore."
The baritone's smile quickly left in disgrace;
A pale, ghastly hue overshadowed his face;
He faltered, then stammered out, "Miss, don't it seem
As if 't is 'bout time for the folks and the team?"
The maiden sighed deeply, sank low in a chair,
And rooked to and fro in her mighty despair,
For she felt disappointed to lose such a beau;—
The baritone should n't have used the girl so.

She departed at last, and the trio then hurried
To bed, and then deeply in sleep were soon buried,
All dreaming of music, bouquets, and bright eyes,
Till the porter's loud voice woke them up in surprise.

They started for Brunswick, while the sun was yet low,
And the bright eastern sky was displayed in its glow.
Arriving in town, at about the hour eight,
In what might be called a deplorable state;
And though somewhat ugly, and tired out, too,
Yet declaring, *nem. con.*, 't was a splendid début.

SHALL WE DANCE?

However strong the prejudices or strict the laws with which a religious sect begins its history, these are very apt to be materially modified by time and prosperity. The narrowness of view which led our Puritan fathers to regard the violin as one of the chosen instruments of the devil, and to see something inherently vicious in the simple act of dancing, is fast passing away. Ask almost any minister of the gospel, to-day, whether he objects to dancing, and he will evade the question. What is not forbidden now, in the next generation will probably be granted without hesitation.

But it is not from the casuist's stand-point that we wish to discuss this matter. Is it advisable for students in College to form or keep up the habit of dancing? Several points are urged in favor of the affirmative. It is said, for instance, that we need relaxation, and such relaxation as this exercise affords. Now, we think that any one who has studied himself while in habitual attendance on dances, or has observed their effect on others, will only resort to this argument when he is in great danger of losing money in some enterprise which he has projected, and fears moral less than pecuniary insolvency. Let us look at the matter. It is very often said that if people would dance during the day, and thus avoid encroachment on the hours of rest and sleep, the great objection to this practice would be removed. Just so; but that can not be. Our regular occupations will not permit it; and then it must be confessed that even if it were possible, there would be far less pleasure in the rites of Terpsichore under these circumstances. It is the "sound of revelry by night" that captivates the youthful fancy; and, moreover,—we crave the ladies' pardon,—gaslight is far more friendly to good looks than is the full glare of the sun. Night, then, is *par excellence* the time for dancing and always will be.

Now, we do not deny that the excitement experienced by a young dancer, swayed by the spell of music and the charm of the other sex, is a very pleasurable one. Too much so; for therein lies the danger—the danger of excess. Enter a public hall when the dance has just begun, and watch. A kind of intoxication has seized upon the performers, and, for the time, enjoyment appears at its height. Four or five hours afterward, and still the dance goes on. Faces have lost their animation; eyes have grown heavy and dull; and in the pauses of the music the very bones of these people ache; yet they dance on,—enslaved, bowing before the tyranny and cruelty of pleasure, that allows its devotees to gorge themselves and yet leaves them unsatisfied.

Now may we, calm, rational spectators of the scene, exclaim with Milton:—

"Hence, vain, deluding joys,—
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!"

At last it is ended. A few hours of sodden sleep, and the day with its duties is upon the tired reveller. The too long continued excitement, that last night sustained him, is gone, and a weary lassitude has taken possession of his whole being. He feels as if he had lain all night on a bed of leeches, which had sucked out of him all vigor, both of mind and body. Yet for him as a student there is no respite. The inexorable bell rings not a moment later; professors are not one whit more indulgent in consideration of his last night's dissipation. What he lacks he has voluntarily forfeited, and he must recover it as best he can, without asking any favors.

"But," it is asked, "would you have a man remain a barbarian? would you have him immure himself within College walls, and there, amidst rude student habits, forget or never learn the customs of the world at large?" That a certain physical ease and confidence are acquired by the habit of dancing, and an acquaintance with some of the

minor conventionalities of society, is of course true. That the real culture, or even polish, demanded in life, is thus to be obtained, can hardly be said. We have all noticed that the most inveterate dancers often speak very slightly of the company they meet in pursuing their favorite amusement. It is not that intelligent people do not dance—they very often do; but they generally put off their intelligence before entering the ball-room. The truth is that we do not *expect* to find brains among our dancing acquaintances, and so do not find them. Everybody tries on principle to talk nonsense to everybody else, and everybody succeeds; and all are filled with mutual contempt.

If, after a training of this kind, continued for some time, the dancer finds himself in company where intelligent conversation is in order, he is utterly at a loss. Lacking his accustomed resources, he perceives with consternation that he has nothing to say. The blankest and baldest commonplaces are all that desperation itself can suggest to him. What habitual dancer is there who has not known such an experience?

But the waste of time and vigor, and the acquiring of a frivolous and vapid style of conversation, are not the only evil effects of this practice. Its disastrous influence on one's habits of study is only too apparent. No man, unstrung as his nerves are apt to be, can apply himself with profit to his books while the strains of last night's waltz are lingering in his ears,—which is very likely to be the case, especially if he is a beginner,—or when, in anticipation, he hears the mellifluous scrapings that to-night will inspire his heels.

In view of all these facts, can there be more than one opinion as to the advisability of our dancing? We trow not; and yet it is one thing to convince the reason, and a far different thing to persuade the will.

If the question at the head of this article were "Should we dance?" there would per-

haps be no difficulty in answering it in the negative; but standing as it does, "Shall we dance?" we must confess that, in all probability, we shall,—as long and as often as possible.

OLD NOTES.

Herbert Spencer tells us in one of his many admirable books, that those facts with which we have recently become familiar are apt to unduly influence us, and to give rise to the idea that they are known to us alone. Perhaps something of that spirit has prompted the writing of this article; but we have been impressed of late by the great exertions which the friends of education are making to place our Colleges and higher institutions of learning on a more substantial basis, so that they may be removed beyond the influence of varying circumstances, and may be so situated as to conduct their works in an unimpeded and independent manner. The princely sums set apart by our large-minded citizens within the last decade for these purposes, are without precedent in American history or in that of any European nation. The establishment of the school on Penikese, the endowment of Drew Seminary to the amount of one million dollars, the gift of a similar sum to the University of Tennessee by Mr. Vanderbilt, are but familiar instances of events which are taking place about us every day. While the wealthy are enabled to put their feelings in more practical form, the interest which they have is really no stronger than that which is manifested by the intelligent and refined portion of every community. Never before, perhaps, has there been such a universal desire to increase the efficiency of our Colleges. The wisest heads of the nation are thinking of the matter; and, as a result, wonderful improvement has been made in the means afforded for illustration, experimentation, and research. To what extent this

augmented activity is due to the annual increase of College graduates, we are not able to say, but it can give only a partial explanation. This trouble has been taken, this expense incurred, this war of words waged, that the pursuit of knowledge might be rendered more profitable to the student, and that he might leave his College halls with a better trained mind. It is right that he should feel compelled to make the most of privileges which have been offered him through the kindness of strangers. Duty to himself and gratitude to the donor both incite to the greatest possible exertions.

While it is true that to acquire a solid education the student must depend to a large degree on his own hard labor, and while it is no less true that donations and friendly sympathy can have but a secondary importance, it is no less true that College faculties have duties to perform towards students which do not end with the mere rigor of discipline or with the formality of class-room instruction.

We hear a good deal now about rooting out barbarous College customs, about the want of confidence between faculty and student, and about the want of interest that is shown by some in their studies. The easiest way to remedy the first evil is by the introduction of a little social knowledge into our courses. It is not very remarkable that students are a rude and mischief-loving set, if they associate for four years with none but men. What they need, is something to take the place of the homes from which they are gathered; and the substitute can be found in cultivated society, in just such society as professors are supposed to enjoy. Here is a simple remedy for many evils. If it be urged that this would subject the teacher to great inconvenience, we admit the force of the remark; but he is not a true guide of youth who is not willing to sacrifice something for them.

We think the same remedy would strangely

change the condition of the second-named evil. If the knowledge of the professor is confined to the association of the class-room, it must necessarily be one mingled with more or less of unpleasantness. But a more natural acquaintance would reveal much to be highly esteemed in both; and when discipline did come, we could feel more confident that there was nothing of malice in it, but simply action for our best good. It is probably hard for men occupying the position of professors, to look upon a collection of rude, ill-informed men and boys as their equals. But this is a wrong principle, and must inevitably give rise to that idea which can work so much wrong, viz.: that the student exists for the professor, rather than the instructor for the pupil. He is a wise ruler who raises the subject to an equality with himself. Let him who is forced to endure punishment understand the motives and cause of it; and if he be a true man the chances are that he will not only bear it with a quiet grace, but will even gather from it fruits that would have turned to gall had he been left in ignorance of the spirit of his disciplinarians, and had been led to think that there was no desire to do him a kindness through apparent harshness.

The third subject is too broad to be mentioned here; but it is a question for careful consideration whether a more personal system of instruction, a more careful attention to the peculiarities of the pupil, will not remove this blemish.

Some of the Seniors have original ideas in military science. If, in time of great national peril, they are ever called to the command of armies, they will conquer in every general engagement. The following shows what will be their caution. Military Prof.—“In case your advanced guard were hard pressed, how would you act with the main body and reserve?” Senior (thoughtfully but deliberately)—“I should retreat.”

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The next issue of the ORIENT will be published shortly after the vacation, by the editors from the Junior Class whose names have already been announced. We should advise them to have their printing done at Lewiston; for, of all the duties of our office, that which has given the most pleasure has been our personal relations with the printers at the Lewiston *Journal* Job Office.

A new association that has lately been started in College is especially worthy of notice and commendation. It is called the Bowdoin Scientific Association, and is devoted

to the cause of scientific inquiry. The theory that its meetings are conducted on is that every man has some specialty in which he is interested; and acting in accordance with this theory the meetings are generally taken up by a familiar talk from those who are supposed to be conversant with any particular subject, in regard to it. For example: one evening a talk was given by one of the members, on Chemistry, illustrated by several experiments. Another evening, one of the members, who had been a printer before he entered College, explained many of the terms used in that art, and showed the members how type was set. The advantages of such an association are very apparent; it gives the student the training that he may most need in after life, that of explaining the knowledge he may have acquired, in familiar terms, and allowing him to do it before an audience of friends and equals before he is called upon to speak before those who will criticise every word. Besides the training that is given, an opportunity is afforded for performing experiments.

The other evening, a brilliant electrical light, obtained from a battery kindly lent to the association by Prof. Carmichael, added much to the interest of the meeting. By means of a few ordinary lenses a magic lantern was constructed, and several photographs which had been taken of the members were thrown on the screen. The light was also used to take a photograph of one of the members, and each member had an opportunity given him to try experiments with it.

The need of some such association has long been felt, and we most earnestly hope that it will be the means of sending out many scientific investigators, who will do good work to redound to the name and fame of Bowdoin.

"O would some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

So said Burns on a certain occasion; and thousands of people since, with imagined hu-

military, have repeated his words. And yet, if we remember rightly, it was not his own defects that Burns was considering when he uttered this oft-quoted sentiment, but those of another. If he had said, "O would some power the giftie gie ithers to see themselves as we see them," his prayer would have been less often on the tongue, but far oftener in the hearts of his readers, than it now is. That people do *not* care to see themselves as they are, is a truth that a very short experience in a photographer's rooms well illustrates.

Now, of course, students as a class are not more vain than other people; and yet perhaps most of us are conscious of an unpleasant contrast when we compare the image which the sun makes of us with that conception of our own appearance cherished in our private minds. It comes like soft balsam to our wounded feelings when the operator assures us that those ugly blotches and imperfections of the skin will work out in the finishing; that the eyes will be made brighter; and that the mouth, so extensive, can be shortened. Hard is it on the other hand for the sitter, contemplating with concern a too erect and generous ear, to be told that the difficulty is insurmountable and that this can not be toned down. It becomes us therefore to be considerate of each other's feelings; if we see a fellow likely to become aware of a disagreeable truth, to reassure him, to lay the blame on the camera, on the operator, on the light, striving in all ways to sustain him in a delusion so common, so innocent, and so beneficent.

Perhaps it may not be inappropriate at this time to suggest a few points in regard to Commencement parts, for the consideration of all interested in the success and agreeableness of that occasion. It has been customary in this College to take a day at Commencement for the recital of what are (for the sake of nominal variety) called orations, dissertations, disquisitions, and the like. On that day twenty

or thirty A. B. fledglings come out before the audience and pour forth their seven or eight minutes of "dreary mediocrity." No matter how carefully each individual has collected his speech from the reviews, there is apt to be a woful sameness about the whole of them—always the same monotony of dress-suits and stilted rhetoric. The result of all this is that the crowded church of people grow restless—the air gets stifling—the president becomes tired—and the whole proceeding develops into an awkward bore for all hands.

There are now in the Senior class forty-three men; and after making all reasonable deductions we shall find that there will be at least twenty-five who will deliver their parts. Allowing only six minutes to a man, any one can readily see how it will come out. We have said nothing about the orations for the degree of A. M., which are, if possible,—being in Latin—even more tiresome than the effusions of the "A. B."-ites. The majority of Colleges have in our way of thinking a better style of doing things. Only a limited number of men go on to the stage. Why not adopt that plan here? We would suggest that '75 come to some definite understanding about this matter and solicit it as a favor of the Faculty that ten, or at most a dozen men be appointed to speak at Commencement. And furthermore we would with all due reverence suggest that these appointments be made, not in accordance with past merits or demerits, but simply in accordance with the interest of the part that is handed in to Prof. Sewall.

We are once more reminded, as the term draws near its close, of the reviews which take place at that time, and which are sometimes dignified by the name of examinations. At the end of each term our conviction grows stronger that it would be much better for all concerned, if less reliance, for an estimate of the progress the student is making, was

placed upon the rank in daily recitations, and more stress laid upon examinations. However boldly men may assert that they would scorn to study for rank, and declaim against the whole system as one which gives no adequate record of a man's ability or what he has accomplished in his College course, yet the fact remains that most of a class in College "study for rank" to a greater or less degree. There are few men who would not rather see a perfect mark opposite their name on the rank book than one which would indicate a less degree of excellence. And it is not strange that a man, although he may thoroughly disbelieve in the present system, should strive to obtain honors under it, for all the so called "College honors" have their value in the world. It always must happen that people who are unacquainted with the inside of a College will regard those men who are assigned the best parts at Commencement as the most talented and scholarly of their class.

We suppose that it was for this very reason that the system was adopted. It was thought that by this means the indispensable stimulus to exertion in the study of the course would be afforded. The first aim of a College course should be discipline, a thorough and systematic mastering of each study as it is presented, and not a fitful, fluctuating energy expended chiefly on those studies which meet our individual tastes.

In order to insure this constant application, some system of ranking and reward must be resorted to, at least with the class of students we have here. By our present system, relying as it does on single recitations, there is a stimulus obtained which acts to a greater or less extent on every man in College. So far so good. But the question which then presents itself is, Does not this system turn a great part of the labor expended into a money channel?

So long as the daily recitation is the test, it is the business of the Professor to find out what the student knows about the lesson; and

he must govern himself accordingly, always remembering that he must be fair to the rest of the class.

Now it has always been our experience that the temptation offered to pass over a difficult point with a few ambiguous sentences and a knowing look, is too great for the ordinary student. To be sure, it is not always easy to deceive the Professor; but still there is a direct premium offered to him who shall conceal his ignorance instead of saying that he does not understand, and so get the desired information but a lower mark. Then, again, the men who study and really do good work must inevitably study more with regard to making a single recitation than to gaining a comprehensive knowledge of the subject in hand.

In some studies, like mathematics, one must understand each step as he goes along, for everything above is dependent on what is below; but in many of our studies, by sufficient application, it is as easy to get a lesson in the middle or last of the book with no knowledge of what precedes, as it would be with perfect familiarity with everything that has been gone over. It is in these latter studies that one finds himself involuntarily spending more time upon his lesson the day he expects to be called up, especially if he takes no particular interest in the study.

We can not help thinking that we should get much more uniform and systematic study, and derive a proportionally increased amount of discipline and knowledge, and that College honors would more nearly represent the amount of good obtained from our course, if recitations were made of little or no account in determining a man's standing, and were made the occasion of more instruction from the Professor, and each term was closed with a rigid and thorough examination from which the standing of each member of the class was ascertained, and at which there was a minimum limit fixed below which a man could not fall and still remain a member of the class.

LOCAL.

Sunday morning prayers are unpopular.

Wanted—a Yagger at the north end, A. H.

Prof. Young is lecturing to the Juniors on Philology.

Grand dance after the Senior exhibition. Secure your hacks.

Snow-balling on the campus will be strictly forbidden on and after June first.

They are fastidious at the south end of A. H., for there they say "End-lady."

Full many a student can say with truth:

"Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the Topsham side."

Prof. of Rhetoric—"If I say, 'a dose of strychnine will kill a dog, therefore it will kill me,' what sort of an argument do I use?"
Student—"An argument from experience."

Some of the Junior boating-men are tough in the extremity of the world. After pulling seven or eight hundred strokes on the weights, they rise airily and double a couple of miles around the gymnasium.

The singing by the students in St. Paul's Church, Easter, was very fine. The choir consisted of Alden, McPherson, Baston, Wells, Mitchell, Chapman, Whitmore, Hill, Rogers, Swasey, Clarke, Sewall, and Parsons.

A catalogue of Columbia Law School has been sent to every man of the Senior Class in the Classical department. But that's where they made their mistake, for there will be more lawyers in the Scientific division, according to all accounts.

At the Boating Meeting last Tuesday, O. C. Stevens was appointed delegate to the Convention of the Boating Association of American Colleges. Several amendments of the Constitution were proposed and adopted, and a few by-laws were also accepted, pro-

viding rules for the regulation of the boat house.

The lecture that Prof. White was to have given the Senior Class on Paleontology, last February, which was postponed on account of the non-arrival of the specimens, will take place the last of this term, when a very fine collection of old fossils may be expected for illustration.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Dennison proposes next term to leave the Boston papers at the rooms of such students as may wish to take them. His prices are \$1.00 per month for the *Advertiser*, 75 cents for either the *Globe* or the *Journal*, and 50 cents for the *Herald*. Any who wish them may leave word at his store, where back numbers of the ORIENT may also be procured.

One feat of reckless daring deserves to be chronicled. The stealing of the chapel bell, thermometers, gates, and other small articles is completely thrown in the shade. We refer to the stealing of the yellow flag that indicated small-pox in one of the houses down town. Think of the thrill of satisfaction that individual must have experienced. We think he must have felt very much like singing "Excelsior."

The concert the other evening by Mr. Rice's class was a great success. The uniting of the Bath and Brunswick societies furnished a fine chorus. We were glad to notice several of the undergraduates singing. We think more should have been there, for a better chance to obtain a good training in chorus singing is seldom offered. A supper followed to which we are sorry to say no tickets were sent the ORIENT editors; so we will not attempt to describe it, but will suppose that it probably was not worth going to, as we believe all they had was crackers and milk.

If any one does not believe that Yankees are given to striking out paths for themselves

and cutting across lots, he should take one look at the campus at Bowdoin when the snow is on it. From every end to every club a bee line has been cut by individuals who, it is but fair to suppose, are only doing on a small scale what they will do on a large one when they graduate, by opening new paths in science, breaking down old prejudices, and finding shorter and more direct methods for accomplishing results. For our part, though, we prefer to walk in the well-trodden way, and we much prefer the man who widens that to the one who strikes out for himself.

The other evening during a driving snow storm three Seniors, generally thought to be sane, walked to the salt water. One of them proposed it because he thought it was so absurd, and the others took him up, and so the three walked seven miles after dark to stand on salt water ice. We have heard of students walking to Bath after midnight, breaking the ice in the river to take a bath, and running round the campus on a bitter cold night with only one garment on, simply because they were dared, and we had hoped the race was dead; when, alas! these Seniors took up the old custom of seeing who could be the biggest fool, and blasted our hopes.

The Junior Scientifics after finishing their course in photography under Mr. Gurdjian, voted to take a trip to the White Mountains next summer vacation with him. From various indications through College, we think they mean business, for in many of their rooms the cameras have been rigged up. Sometimes a cigar box answers the purpose, and in one case a collar box with a lens stuck in it was thought instrument enough to compel a man to sit down before it; for like all amateurs they have no mercy on their friends, and make them all victims of scientific enquiry. Their talk is appalling to the uninitiated; positive and negative, baths and solutions, all the terms connected with their art, trip out of

their mouths as readily as remarks about the weather from the common herd of mankind. Judging from the interest manifested the course has been a great success, and we most heartily wish them a happy journey and many pictures.

The Senior and Junior Exhibition is announced for Monday evening, April 5th. The following is the order of exercises:—
Salutatory Oration in Latin.

Edwin H. Hall, Windham.
Metrical Version from Horace.

* Arlo Bates, East Machias.
Vocula to his Soldiers. (Eng. ver. from Tacitus.)

* Franklin C. Payson, Portland.
The Responsibility of the Ballot.

Reuben R. Baston, Hiram.
The Rise of Personal Liberty.

Charles A. Black, Paris Hill.
Designs of Catholicism in this Country.

Seth M. Carter, Auburn.
Wallenstein's Soliloquy. (Eng. ver. from Schiller.)

* Walter A. Robinson, Bangor.
The War against Alcohol.

Walter H. Holmes, Calais.
The Poetry of Edgar Allen Poe.

E. S. Osgood, Fryeburg.
Ancient American Civilization.

Myles Standish, Allston, Mass.
Robespierre to the French.

* Oliver C. Stevens, Boston, Mass.
College Loyalty.

Francis R. Upton, Peabody, Mass.

* Juniors.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'71.—C. E. Clark is studying medicine at Boston Medical School.

'72.—F. G. Dow is in the Senior class of the Columbia College Law School. His residence is at College Point, L. I., and his city address at 117 East Seventeenth street.

'72.—S. L. Gross is in the Junior class at the same school. His residence is put down at Brunswick, Me., and his city address 39 West Twenty-fourth street.

'73.—A. C. Fairbanks is studying music at the Boston Conservatory.

'74.—Ernest Hobbs has accepted the position of Superintendent of Leigh's Mill, Boston Highlands, Mass. His address is 32 George street, Boston Highlands.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The great number of College papers could easily be construed as one of the signs of the times. As is often said, the day for oratory has passed, and now the great chance for appealing to men is through the public press. Where a man by his voice can reach a few hundreds the editor may reach thousands. That this fact is realized is proved by the wonderful extent to which College journalism has spread. There is scarcely a College without its paper; and yet many of them are not more than two short generations of students old. The admirable training that is given by them to the students is one great result from them; and if they are well conducted, and liberally supported by the Alumni, they must exert a powerful influence in interesting the graduates of a College in their Alma Mater.

The many styles of papers is an interesting study; while all have nearly the same aims, no two will be found in any way alike. One might think that perhaps by means of them the quality of the education given in any College could be determined; but we think if he tried to do so he would find himself in deep water very soon. The greatest difficulty he would meet with would be the averaging the merits of any one paper; for the variations in the different issues of the same publication is one of the most wonderful features of amateur journalism, and the hardest to account for.

All College journals can easily be divided into two great classes, the College paper and the magazine; the *Yale Record* would serve as a good example of one and the *Dartmouth* of the other. They are very sharply divided in our minds, for we read one and not the other, unless we feel in duty bound to; though some of the magazines, as the *Nassau Lit.* and *Hamilton Lit.*, by means of their editorials and locals, tempt us to read that part which is devoted to College matters, and a few of the lighter literary articles. But we have one confession to make in regard to them. After reading one of Emerson's essays, where he recommended that people should form clubs, the members of which should read up on subjects that interested them and report to the others the results, we reasoned ourselves into the belief that the articles of a magazine could be looked on as the reports of the members of such a club, and would be very valuable reading. We tried it; for like all the results of reasoning that starts with Emerson they have a semi-practical bearing that convinces one. We had read a few, a very few, biographical essays in our exchanges when

the thought occurred to us that it might be better to go to the fountain head of these articles, the encyclopedia, and have our knowledge first-hand. We then saw how much we were mistaken, and stopped; for no one would think of taking the encyclopedia for light reading, or—if our prejudices were consulted—for anything except the barest reference.

There is one thing very noticeable in all College papers, that is there one-sidedness. They only represent the student, and generally represent him as a grumbler. There are ten articles in College papers finding fault with the existing state of affairs to one praising. It is but natural, and we think perhaps it may be good. Dr. Carpenter in his *Mental Physiology* speaks of the benefit of giving way to the emotions; he mentions how when persons are very angry if they write out their feelings on paper they will feel much pleasanter; he accounts for the sense of comfort some people feel in swearing, in the same manner. We think the students may be benefited in some such way by a good grumble in the College paper. They know they have said what they wanted to, and that the faculty have probably seen it, and whether it does any good or not their conscience is satisfied; and having said all they could, they have at last no arguments left to grumble with.

There is one thing that we very much dislike to see in College papers,—the dunning of subscribers. We think it is hardly fair on those who have paid, to have the remarks, "Pay your subscription!" "Subscribe for the ——!" thrown in at short intervals through the paper. There are plenty of ways of notifying subscribers without doing it in the columns of the paper; and more than that we should think that a proper amount of business pride would prevent any editor publishing his lack of money; it savors too much of the country newspaper. But in looking over our exchanges we think it speaks well for the business common sense of the editors that so few of them published the advertisement of a bogus doctor in New York; in the first place in not allowing an advertisement of that class in their columns, and in the second place in not recognizing that an offer worded in the manner that was did not mean money.

The editors of the *ORIENT* whose labors close with this number, most heartily hope that the acquaintances they have made among their exchanges in words may in some instances be made in person, for we often think that there are warm hearts prompting much that is written.

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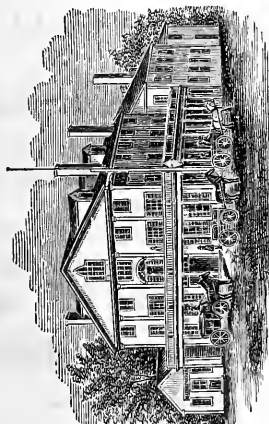
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